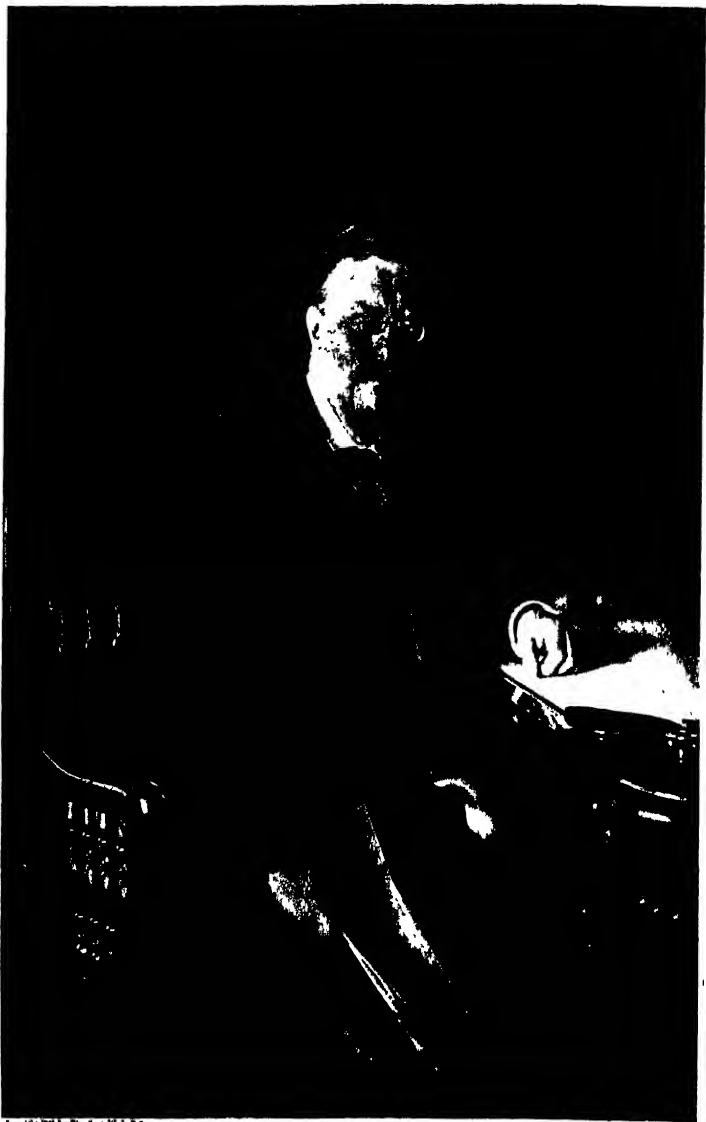


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Theodore Roosevelt

ROOSEVELT

AND THE

OLD GUARD

By

J. HAMPTON MOORE

President, National Republican League, 1902-06;

Chief, Bureau of Manufactures, 1905;

Member of Congress, 1906-19;

Mayor of Philadelphia, 1920-23

LINE DRAWINGS BY C. K. BERRYMAN



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FOREWORD

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was a kaleidoscopic character. No matter the angle from which he was observed, he presented a different picture. Consequently, it is worth while to record the impressions which he made upon those with whom he came in contact, for each point of view reveals some new and striking feature of his remarkable personality.

The millions of men and women who believed in Theodore Roosevelt with almost reverential faith will welcome this book in which J. Hampton Moore has presented an intimate study of the Rough Rider President. In the first place, Mr. Moore, through occupancy of high official position, enjoyed exceptional opportunities for associating with Roosevelt, and he also possesses, by virtue of early journalistic training, the faculty of vigorous and picturesque narration. He saw Roosevelt with the eyes of a trained observer and yet there was no mental astigmatism in his vision. The greatness of Roosevelt's character impressed him, as it did others, but he also detected the flaws which demonstrated that Roosevelt was human, after all.

My own acquaintance with Roosevelt extended over many years—from the time of his appointment as Civil Service Commissioner by President Harrison until his death—and he twice honored me by appointing me to the highest office within his

gift in the District of Columbia. I can, therefore, fully appreciate the fine analysis of his character which Mr. Moore has penned, and can also commend its accuracy. Most of the followers of Roosevelt were intense partisans. Mr. Moore has tempered his admiration with justice and his book thus becomes a valuable contribution to Rooseveltian literature.

Our country made tremendous strides under Roosevelt's stimulating personality. Too much cannot be written about him. The time will come when everything he said and did will have the value which now attaches to the traditions of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Moore has, therefore, rendered a distinct service to his fellow-countrymen and to future generations by giving permanency to interviews and incidents which throw additional light upon a many-sided man. He has done his task *con amore*, and it is this spirit of friendly enthusiasm, balanced by ripe judgment, which gives the book its charm.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST.

INTRODUCTION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was intensely human. He was dynamic but not sacrosanct. It would have grieved him to learn, even at the hands of his worshippers, that his fame on earth was due to the favor of the gods. He was reared in an atmosphere of refinement, and he adorned the world of letters. There was an element of imperiousness in his buoyant personality, but in him also there was clean thinking, a mind and a will to proclaim and defend the standards of righteousness. In private as in public life his grand endeavor was to better human conditions, or, to be more exact, to set them right. He stood for a man-to-man justice—humanly achieving, but suffering human setbacks, even as other men.

Being learned, he had small patience with those who display that “little learning,” which is “a dangerous thing”; but he gloried in the pursuit of learning, studying nature and its marvellous works, even as he studied men and statecraft. He was no prude. He loved the wild, but not the weakling; his contempt for the mollicoddle was axiomatic.

He could ride and he could shoot. He could match his strength with cowboys, and his wit with politicians. All these things he did. They were

a part of the earthly activities that in his philosophy went to the making of a real man.

There are restless souls who crave excitement and stir communities, not merely to dispel *ennui*, but to accomplish something. Roosevelt was one of these. He was no sluggard as some humans are, but strove mightily to take himself out of the ordinary, even to attain the heroic. He did not wish to be of the idle rich; nor could he be one of the "dumb, driven cattle." He wanted a place in the sun. His letters to Senator Lodge, his Harvard crony, bespeak this intense desire. Those who watched him in real life observed it.

He was popular with the masses and yet not of them; nor could he be satisfied, as they were, and as since his death they continue more and more to be, willing supinely, to

"rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

To quote Foss, he might "be a friend to man," but he would not "sit by the side of the road."

He was ever and always:

"Up and doing,
With a heart for any fate."

Some men become leaders through the power of oratory, or through the influence of money, or because of a personal magnetism that grips the crowd. If they lack resolution, or fail in their

resources, or if the personal charm wears off, their leadership may disappear. Who has not seen leaders come and go for one or the other of these reasons? With Roosevelt it was different. He was talented and resourceful; he had ample means to sustain himself in a controversy; he had resolution of mind; he had steadfastness of purpose; and he was untiring. He could draw crowds wherever he spoke; he could command a host of readers for whatever he wrote, and he cultivated mannerisms, which accentuated his individuality, and attracting public attention, took him from the commonplace.

He was not always a wise leader, but he was always a leader,—vigorous, impulsive (and therein he was not always wise),—eloquent or witty as the occasion required; able, self-reliant, and quick to act. An always impelling personality, he set up high ideals and fought for them with a persistency unequalled in his generation. He never shirked work, nor wasted a moment of time. He wrote a message or read a book, while the average man was sharpening his pencil, or thumbing the uncut pages.

Roosevelt was *sui generis*. He led in his own way; in nature study, on the ranch or in the forum. He led as if ordained to lead; as if he was personally responsible for his leadership; as if he was to be a model for the younger generation, and for all time. Once, during the campaign of 1903, when, as President of the National Republican League, I was touring the country as far as the Black Hills

in the northwest and Arkansas in the southwest, I spoke before the Hamilton Club of Chicago, contrasting Roosevelt, the youngest President, with his predecessors, and by way of compliment to the Club, likened him, in some respects, to their patron saint, Alexander Hamilton. The speech was printed in one of the Republican magazines and in due course reached the White House. I did not expect to be complimented on what had been said, but I did learn that I made no favorable impression, placing Roosevelt side by side with Hamilton. Roosevelt was not to be contrasted.

The specialty of Roosevelt was the breaking of precedents. No one in the White House, not even Andrew Jackson, was quite so bold in challenging the existing order.

And no one understood the trick of phrase making better than he. If he who coins a new word is a benefactor of the race, Roosevelt ranks high in the craft. "De-lighted," took on a new meaning after Roosevelt had used it upon his visitors at Albany and in Washington. He was not offended when the cartoonists, caricaturing but actually celebrating him, applied themselves to a variation of khaki uniforms, sombreros, goggles, and exaggerated teeth. Wherever these cartoons appeared it meant—Roosevelt. That hunting tour in Louisiana, under the guidance of my old friend, John M. Parker, inspired the famous Washington cartoonist, Clifford K. Berryman, to produce the "Teddy Bear." The President was not of-

fended at Berryman. He enjoyed having the bear around.

Henry M. Whitney of Massachusetts and former Senator William E. Chandler, who undertook to speak for the President, after interviews at the White House, contributed to the establishment of the "Ananias Club;" but unwittingly they did more—they made the name Roosevelt a synonym for the integrity of the White House confidence. Race Suicide?—that was Roosevelt; Simplified spelling?—that was Roosevelt; Malefactors of great wealth?—Roosevelt; Muckrakers?—Roosevelt, and so on. If you were even to say "done to a frazzle"—it was Roosevelt.

All these were minor considerations, but they were sufficient to make Roosevelt very much talked about—and that was good politics. Many a victim felt keenly the effects of Roosevelt's denunciation, but that did not hurt Roosevelt; it emphasized his leadership. It was what *he* said or did that counted.

The real Roosevelt was a creator of thought and things; he was also an iconoclast. He could build and he could shatter. At heart he was an autocrat—most successful leaders are;—he bent social and political conditions to his convenience. He disagreed with President Harrison over the Civil Service; he fought with Mayor Strong who appointed him Police Commissioner of New York, and he cut official red tape in the Navy Department to get into the Spanish-American War. He

aimed to be first on the ground. Once there he found fault with his superior officers.

He cared little for the order of precedence in official life, and when power came to him, frequently hurdled the barriers of discipline and routine.

The one precedent he failed to smash was broken by Woodrow Wilson,—also a phrase maker. Wilson upset the practice of a century when he came in person to deliver his messages to Congress. If Roosevelt had thought of that “stunt” first it is certain that Wilson would never have gotten away with it.

Roosevelt fought Congress, because Congress was deliberate and too slow for his innovations. He “took” the Panama Canal and waited thereafter for legislation. He appointed judges, but in some instances openly criticised their decisions. And yet no one ever questioned his integrity. For he was Roosevelt!

He was an admirable husband and father; he was devoted to wife and children; and his home life was exemplary. One of his sons, who developed exceptional ability, was named for him, and followed for a time in his footsteps, but he was the junior. Theodore Roosevelt—student, naturalist, hunter, writer, soldier, statesman—Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York, and President of the United States,—detached luminary in the political firmament—he was in a class all by himself.

It was fortunate for him that, along with daring and grit and disregard of custom, he had sufficient means to enable him to speak and attack, without fear of reprisal. If money had been his object, or if he had been dependent solely upon the salaries of his various offices, he probably would not have been able so violently to oppose the trusts or so-called "special interests," or to resist the temptations which often cause the fall of men in public life. It was this power of independence that made the power of money fear him.

Through all his quarrels with leaders in politics and in the economic world, he "played safe" with the people. He chose high ground from which he could appeal to their moral or righteous sense. He made enemies in this, for greed is found in high places, but enemies gave Roosevelt no concern. He watched them, more closely than the public knew—and he planned to circumvent them more cleverly than they knew.

Sometimes he was unjust,—as I believe he was in opposing Taft in 1912—but his strength was in his incorruptibility. No matter how hard he hit, and he hit viciously when he did hit, the masses believed in him. It was well for the country that his personal character was unimpeachable. Had it been otherwise, his ambition and hasty judgments would have counted heavily against the wealth of esteem that now and again exalted him as a demigod.

In politics he was eminently practical. He

recognized the power and authority of the Platt machine in New York and deplored its methods, but he preferred to work with it rather than trust the Mugwumps or the Goo Goos, who "highly resolved" but accomplished nothing. It required political skill of the highest order to negotiate the Governorship of New York, the Vice-Presidency of the United States, and finally the Presidency itself, when the State and National machines were apathetic or secretly in opposition, but Roosevelt did this, winning machine support, and keeping himself officially independent of machine domination. So also, he kept personally clean and free from taint.

A truly masterful American he was, but a politician withal, the best to give-and-take, "speaking softly," or with "the big stick," who ever reached the White House.

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Roosevelt and the Old Guard

CHAPTER I

RISE OF THE ROUGH RIDER

WHEN Spanish-American War talk filled the air in the early part of 1898, Theodore Roosevelt, former member of the New York Legislature, defeated Republican nominee for Mayor of New York City, former member of the United States Civil Service Commission by appointment of President Harrison, former President of the Police Commission of New York City by appointment of Mayor Strong, and now Assistant Secretary of the Navy by appointment of President McKinley, was thirty-nine years of age. Before his fortieth birthday, October 27th, he had quit his Naval post, had gone into the Army with the Rough Rider regiment, had fought at San Juan, had been mustered out at Montauk, and had reëntered the political arena as Republican candidate for Governor of the State of New York.

Before the War started and while he was still Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Five O'Clock Club of Philadelphia, of which I was Secretary, sought to give a Naval flavor to a dinner in honor of the new Mayor, Charles F. Warwick. Secretary Long was invited and sent a hand-written note

of regret. The Assistant Secretary, who had been "ripping 'em up" as Police Commissioner of New York, was now "doing things" in Washington, even to the annoyance, it was rumored, of the Secretary and the President. He had a way of going ahead without consulting anybody, and for this reason there had been a doubt in the minds of President McKinley and Senator Hanna, the President's friend and advisor, about appointing him to the Navy berth. He was so much talked about, although some of our Naval men were opposed to him, that the Club wanted to see and hear him. I was commissioned to negotiate with the Assistant Secretary, but owing to our Cuban troubles, in which he was asserting himself, had doubts about succeeding.

"I thank you much for your invitation," he wrote, under date of March 15, 1898. "I wish I could accept, but it is simply out of the question. I have more on my hands now than I can attend to, and I can't go into anything new. I am very sorry."

When that letter was written just one month had elapsed since the blowing up of the *Maine* in Havana harbor. Congress had voted \$50,000,000 for national defense, the War and Navy Departments were busy, and the Navy was buying ships. Roosevelt knew, of course, that war was imminent.

In a message to Congress, April 11th, President McKinley said negotiations with Spain had failed. April 19th, Congress declared Cuba independent

of Spain and three days later the American Navy, under Sampson and Schley, blockaded all Cuban ports. The formal declaration of War was promulgated April 25th. In addition to the \$50,000,000 for national defense, Congress authorized a bond issue of \$400,000,000 of which \$200,000,000 was sold. Ships were purchased, coast defenses were set up, and calls issued for 200,000 volunteers. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt participated in the purchase of ships; as an Army man, second in command to Colonel Leonard Wood, he assisted in recruiting the Rough Riders, and by the exercise of all the influence he possessed and some of this was political, he managed to get into the actual fighting in Cuba. Theoretically and historically well informed upon naval and military procedure, he fought vigorously and successfully, while he criticised freely what he believed to be the derelictions of his superiors, including, as his private correspondence reveals, Major-General William R. Shafter under whose command the advance of the American Army landed in Cuba, June 22nd. He was vitriolic in his strictures upon the Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, and his private opinion of Nelson A. Miles, the General of the Army, who landed in Cuba, July 25th, was not exalted. His attitude toward these men naturally engendered ill will. But correspondents, like Richard Harding Davis, and the magazine writers, got the Roosevelt viewpoint and so extolled the Colonel's activities,

that taken with the excellent service he rendered upon the field, he became, in the eyes of the seasoned politicians of the United States, a Presidential possibility. As it turned out they were right for on his return to civil life in New York, the Governorship was immediately broached to him and became the stepping stone to the higher office.

From camp near San Antonio, Texas, May 19th, before any troops were landed in Cuba, Roosevelt, now the Rough Rider, evinced his foresight as well as his knowledge of world conditions, by urging his friend, Lodge, then in the Senate, not to permit peace to be made until three things had been accomplished: the annexation of Porto Rico to the United States, the liberation of Cuba from the thralldom of Spain, and if need be to thwart Spanish domination, the acquisition of the Philippines. When the treaty of peace was finally signed, those three points were written into the document. We took Porto Rico and the Philippines, and Cuba was made free as Roosevelt, with broad vision, had insisted.

The war over, Roosevelt laid aside his military uniform to become Republican candidate for Governor of New York. Even then, there may have been in his mind a higher ambition for he took occasion to speak slightly of the suggestion that Admiral Dewey, who had returned loaded with honors, would make a good candidate for the Presidency. It was rather interesting, too, to note that Roosevelt was Tom Platt's candidate, al-

though he had frequently condemned Platt's methods and Platt was a typical example of the Old Guard. It was quite natural, when the Peace Jubilee was planned for Philadelphia on October 25th, 26th and 27th, 1898, that every effort should be made to secure Roosevelt as an additional attraction. President McKinley and his Cabinet attended, and all the great naval and military forces were represented, but Roosevelt was absent. I was General Secretary of the Jubilee Committee, and in a position to size up the Roosevelt sentiment. Attending the celebration were thousands who had come, wildly anxious to see and hear the Hero of San Juan Hill. But over in New York it was not so unanimous. Reformers like Carl Schurz were bitterly opposing the Colonel and there was much uncertainty about his nomination. As James Rankin Young, a Washington correspondent, afterward a member of Congress, wrote at the time, "the political outcome in New York is doubtful." *The Inquirer* boldly stated that the Republican campaign managers in New York had told Roosevelt "that he had better stay at home and look after his little gubernatorial boom or perchance he would not be elected."

Roosevelt's campaign for Governor of New York was a combination of picturesqueness, idealism and practical politics. His journeys up and down the State were spectacular; he preached reform and, at the same time, he kept himself thoroughly informed as to the progress of the struggle. "Hol-

land," a noted correspondent, contributed a pen picture of Roosevelt as a politician to *The Press* in its issue of October 22nd, 1898, as follows:

"The Colonel has revealed qualities as a campaigner which he was not thought to possess. No one doubted his capacity for great industry, or his ability to make interesting and persuasive speeches, but in addition to that he has shown himself to be a keen general as well as a good campaigner upon the platform. He had yesterday all the district leaders in consultation. They discovered in a little while that he was too strong a man to be susceptible to flattery, or to be beguiled by vague general reports as to the conditions in the various districts of the city. He revealed an intimate acquaintanceship with each district and with many of the citizens in each district. He declared he did not want to have any one say that everything was rosy and the campaign was satisfactory, but he wanted to know where the weak spots were, to be told who was at work getting out the voters to the registration places, and he gave hints and advice that were of the utmost value and which undoubtedly will produce good results in the registration of to-day and to-morrow. The district leaders came away from that meeting enthusiastic, not so much over the Colonel's personality as his capacity for details. He revealed himself as a political fighter very much as he did in the charge of San Juan as a campaigner in time of war."

While the Colonel did not appear in the military

parade at the Peace Jubilee, there were enough Rough Riders to make a respectable showing, and all along the crowded thoroughfares they were met with the wildest kind of a demonstration. And it will be remembered by those who witnessed the great procession that the enthusiasm for the Rough Riders was shared by the 10th Cavalry Regiment (colored) which was generally credited with supporting the Colonel at San Juan and El Caney at a time of dire need.

The Colonel did not ride at the head of his men, but the ovation which they received was largely intended for him. He knew that winning the Governorship of New York meant more for his future than listening to the plaudits of the multitude.

CHAPTER II

KICKING TEDDY UPSTAIRS

THE Republican National Convention of 1900 was held at Philadelphia. The City, through Mayor Ashbridge, after a volunteer committee had partially failed in the effort, undertook to raise and turn over to the National Chairman, Mark A. Hanna of Ohio, a fund of \$100,000. In addition a convention hall to accommodate 16,000 people was to be provided, and much Philadelphia hospitality was promised. The Mayor, under the new arrangement, became the Chairman of the local committee of citizens which did effective work, the display and entertainment incident to the Convention being conceded by older delegates, to be the best they had ever enjoyed.

Being General Secretary of the Convention Committee, President of the Pennsylvania State League of Republican Clubs, and President of the Allied Republican Clubs of Philadelphia throughout the Convention period, I was in direct touch with Convention details and met most of the big men of the Convention. These included Hanna, the close friend of President McKinley, a newcomer in political control and leader of the Old Guard, or "Stand Patters," which phrase he coined; Charles Dick of Ohio; M. S. Quay of Pennsylvania; Joseph H. Manley of Maine; Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin;

Powell Clayton of Arkansas; Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia and Charles G. Dawes of Illinois. Taking part in the Convention were such old line Republicans as Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois; Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who was permanent Chairman; Chauncey M. Depew of New York; Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana; Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio; Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio; Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut; Benjamin B. Odell of New York; George A. Knight of California; Sereno E. Payne of New York; William J. Sewell of New Jersey; Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa; John M. Thurston of Nebraska; Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado, who was temporary Chairman; John W. Yerkes of Kentucky; Lafayette Young of Iowa, and the much-talked-about "Hero of San Juan Hill," Governor Theodore Roosevelt of New York.

The leader of the New York delegation was Senator Thomas C. Platt, who was not very happy over Governor Roosevelt's independent methods in New York, although the two men were as friendly as an "armed neutrality" would permit. The Governor and "The Boss" sat in the same delegation at the Convention and there were thousands constantly watching both men and their movements.

Platt, the typical, old line politician, was seen to confer with other practical minds like Quay, and Payne, and Sewell, and the newspapers were filled with stories conjuring up all sorts of schemes to head off Roosevelt who was accused of "taking the

bit in his teeth " in New York, regardless of those political amenities which are held to be essential to successful " organization."

The fear of the managers was that the New York Governor, who had grown immensely in popular esteem, might actually interfere with their plans for renominating McKinley. To prevent anything like a stampede and at the same time to get him out of the Governorship, where he was a menace to Platt and the corporations, it was thought best to attempt to nominate him for Vice-President, an office he had declared he did not want, because it was something of " a show place " and gave no promise for the future. It is now known that while the Governor would have preferred, if he could not make the Presidency, to be reelected Governor, a somewhat doubtful matter just then, his real objective was the Presidential appointment as the first Governor-General of the Philippines. There, with the power of a military dictator, he hoped to make good as an administrator and humanitarian.

That Roosevelt was a " worry " to the older leaders was the general belief of onlookers. Wherever he appeared the crowds wanted to see him, and nowhere did he go without attracting a crowd. The use of a slouch hat of the Rough Rider type made him conspicuous, and it was evident from his rapid exits and entrances that he was on the lookout for excitement. Approaching the Convention Hall on one occasion the Mayor and I, for



THE CROWD GREETS GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, AT THE
CONVENTION HALL, IN PHILADELPHIA, 1900

representation of delegates from Southern states to a desire to bring Hanna to terms. Whatever purpose the astute Pennsylvanian had in mind was evidently accomplished, for the Southern delegates fell over themselves to dispose of the resolution, and Quay finally withdrew it. Thus it was believed, despite Hanna's feeling in the matter, the Southern delegates supposed to be under Hanna's control, would be a little more considerate of the wishes of Platt, Quay & Co.

All the while, of course, the friends of Roosevelt, taking his own word for it, and hinting at the Presidency itself, were disclaiming any intent to take second place. So there was great uncertainty until the time for nominations came. Then everything worked so smoothly—whether by agreement or otherwise—that the Philadelphia Convention of 1900, was eventually written down as the easiest and most harmonious of them all.

McKinley was the unanimous choice of the Convention for President. He received all of the 926 votes cast—a fine tribute to the organizing skill of his friend, the National Chairman. Six speeches were made presenting the name of McKinley, the first two being those of Foraker of Ohio and Roosevelt of New York. In the light of subsequent events—the antagonism of these men after Roosevelt became President—the cordial accord in which they found themselves on the subject of McKinley was delightful.

That Roosevelt should be put forward to speak

for McKinley may have been a part of the New York State delegation plan, or it may have been the result of Quay's threat to upset the Convention by a debate on the always debatable "Southern Representation Problem," but there were some newspaper men who claimed they saw Mark Hanna leave a telephone booth after a long distance talk with McKinley, about "as mad as a bruised hornet." What Hanna said to McKinley, or McKinley to Hanna, may never be known, but Hanna had described the situation to McKinley, and the peaceful McKinley (though he had just emerged from the Spanish-American affair a War President), had evidently suggested that the easiest way out was to take Roosevelt in.

"Only his life, between the country and the future," or something very like it, was the newspaper interpretation of Hanna's exclamation when he came out of that conversation with the White House.

Roosevelt's speech seconding the nomination of McKinley was good enough and sound enough to satisfy the veriest of the Stand Patters. The Governor, still a hero of the Spanish-American War which had been fought under McKinley, hailed the latter as "the President who has had to face more numerous and graver problems than any other President since the days of the mighty Lincoln, and who has faced them."

All in all it was orthodox—an intense Republican speech full of Patriotism, and Protection, and

Preparedness. It ridiculed "our opponents," charging that "they have raved against trusts, they have foamed at the mouth in prating of impossible remedies they would like to adopt." "I pity the Democratic orator who in New York State this fall speaks the word 'trusts,'" shouted the Governor as the Convention laughed and cheered. Tom Platt could not have wished for more.

McKinley's nomination accomplished, the call of the roll of States for the nomination of a Vice-President proceeded, Senator Lodge, the personal and confidential friend and advisor of Roosevelt presiding. To facilitate the proceedings—we might say understandings, since things were now moving so evenly—Alabama, first on the alphabetical list, yielded to Iowa. Lafayette Young of Des Moines, afterward United States Senator from Iowa, withdrew the name of Senator John P. Dooliver, who had been extensively boomed for Vice-President, and put in nomination that "fearless, young American student, scholar, plainsman, reviewer, historian, statesman, soldier of the middle West by adoption, of New York by birth," that "leader of the aspirations of the people whose hearts are right—Theodore Roosevelt, of New York."

After the applause had subsided there were two other very short speeches, and then—Chauncey M. Depew. Never did the great New York orator fit in better. He was witty; he was wise; he was philosophic; he was cautious. He spoke for that

New York delegation that had so interested the curious. His was the voice of the stalwart Republican. "I will gladly perform the pleasant duty," he said, "of announcing that New York came here, as did every other delegation, for Colonel Roosevelt for Vice-President of the United States." At this there was applause. His friends saw that Roosevelt had yielded. The Colonel was to be "shelved," if that was the program.

"When Colonel Roosevelt expressed to us his wish not to be considered, we respected it and we proposed to place in nomination by our unanimous vote, our Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff." Mr. Depew continued: "Now that the Colonel has responded to the call of the Convention and the demand of the people, New York and Woodruff withdraw Woodruff and put Roosevelt in nomination."

From that time on the speech was a tribute to the splendid qualities of McKinley and Roosevelt. At one point, the Colonel was referred to as "Teddy." "He was the child of New York, of New York City," said Depew, "the place that you gentlemen from the West think breeds coupons, clubs and eternal damnation for every one. 'Teddy' was the child of Fifth Avenue. He was the child of the clubs. He was the child of the exclusiveness of Harvard College. He went West and became a cowboy, and then he went into the Navy Department and became an Assistant Secretary. He gave an order, and the old chiefs of bureaus

came to him and said: 'Why, Colonel, there is no authority and no requisition to burn this powder.' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'we have to get ready when war comes, and powder was manufactured to be burned.' The burning of that powder sunk Cervera's fleet outside of Santiago's harbor, and the fleet in Manila Bay."

There was great applause and then came the vote. For Roosevelt, 925. Some one in the New York delegation declined to vote. It was a personal matter.

"The total vote of the Convention," exclaimed the Chairman, "is 926. Nine hundred and twenty-five votes have been cast (one delegate not voting) for Theodore Roosevelt of New York. I hereby declare him your nominee for the Vice-Presidency for the term beginning March 4th, 1901."

And thus was the "shelving" process effected, but as "time and tide" revealed, the Colonel was being "kicked upstairs."



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT IN 1900 CONVENTION SEATED BY SENATOR DEPEW.
QUAY AND PLATT CONFERRING

CHAPTER III

STIRRING THE WEST

AFTER his nomination for Vice-President, Colonel Roosevelt was more in the limelight than ever. It was not considered best for the President to go out on the stump in his own behalf as a candidate, so McKinley decided to stick to the White House, and the "front porch" at Canton, Ohio. The Vice-Presidential candidate is usually counted upon to do most of the campaigning. This suited Roosevelt, who was immediately in demand all over the country. Within three weeks the gallant Rough Rider was touring the West. He was a welcome, spectacular figure wherever he went. He drew great crowds and made thumping speeches for the Republican ticket.

The National Republican League, an organization of Republican clubs of the country, was holding a Convention in St. Paul, Minnesota, when Colonel Roosevelt arrived there July 17th, 1900. His appearance created a great stir. I had never attended a National League Convention, but went with the Pennsylvania delegation to this one for the purpose of putting a Philadelphian in nomination for Treasurer of the League. At that time I was credited with being a fairly good organizer, and a young Republican with prospects. The League tendered Colonel Roosevelt a reception

Juan Hill was again "Winning the West," rugged Rough Riders were turning up to be saluted by the Colonel at every political meeting. And the Colonel gave them the cowboy greeting.

If Tom Platt and Matt Quay thought they were "shelving" Theodore Roosevelt when they forced his nomination for Vice-President, it was now evident they were barking up the wrong tree. This was the opinion of the people of the West and it was the feeling of the delegates to the National Republican League Convention.

Roosevelt gave no sign, at least by word of mouth, that he was not in sympathy with the regular party organization. His speech at St. Paul was an ardent appeal for the reelection of McKinley.

Typical Roosevelt phrases in parts of the speech were:

"We have come here to begin the work of a campaign more vital to American interests than any that has taken place since the close of the Civil War. We appeal not only to Republicans, but to all good citizens who are Americans, in fact as well as in name, to help us in reëlecting President McKinley. It was indeed of infinite importance to elect him four years ago. Yet the need is even greater now. Every reason then obtained in his favor obtains now, and many more have been added. Four years ago the success of the populist Democracy would have meant fearful misery, fearful disaster at home; it would have meant the

shame that is worse even than misery and disaster. To-day it would mean all this, and in addition the immeasurable disgrace of abandoning the proud position we have taken, of flinching from the great work we have begun."

"We ask the support of all upright citizens because against him are arrayed the forces of chaotic evil, because of the breeding menace to our moral and industrial welfare, which is implied in the present attitude and purpose of the populistic Democracy."

"We know definitely what we believe and we say it outright. Our opponents who represent all the forces of discontent, malice and envy, formed and formless, vague and concrete, can hardly be said to know what they really do believe, because the principles they profess, if put forth nakedly, are so revolting, even to their own followers, that they like, at least to try, to wrap the mantle of hypocrisy around them. They rant about trusts, but they have nothing practicable to advance in the way of remedy; nor is this to be wondered at, when one of the makers of their platform, the representative from New York and the leader of their organization in New York, are both themselves among the most prominent stockholders in the worst trust to be found to-day in the United States, the Ice Trust, which had justly exposed itself to the criticism which our opponents often unjustly apply to every form of industrial effort. They have invented the imaginary danger of imperialism, and about that they also rave."

"They reasserted the doctrines of anarchy which they had preached in '96, not because they longer believed in them, but because they hoped by announcing them, to attract to themselves all men of unsound and violent mind."

Solid shot that! and strong enough to satisfy all Republican skeptics; but there were skeptics nevertheless.

Coming home from that Convention I mingled freely with the New York delegates. Some of them were close to Platt, Odell, and Barnes. They were carrying back impressions they had obtained in the West. They were not Roosevelt enthusiasts, but they conceded that their Governor was "clever" and capable of startling moves. They admitted that the "tail of the ticket" was a winner for both McKinley and Roosevelt, but under the breath, they were fearful of the future.

They talked familiarly of the Colonel as "Teddy" and recalled his efforts as a young collegian to break into the Organization. Before he ran for Mayor of New York they said he had professed to be "regular" and had become an active member of a New York district association in which he proved to be such a good mixer that the practical workers sent him to the Legislature, the youngest man to sit in that body. The reason for this, as since given by Roosevelt historians was, that he saw the futility of trying to beat the Organization and felt it his duty to go in with a view of "controlling" it for better government.

These returning New York delegates were dubious about this latter program, although they confirmed what the historians have stated with respect to Roosevelt's courage as a member of the Legislature, where as an independent Republican he boldly attacked the corporation influences which he deemed to be unworthy of the Republican party label. The New Yorkers conceded that Teddy was a fearless fighter and "a good fellow," but they felt that he might become so "heady" as to cause an upheaval that would shake the Organization. Nor were they without humor in discussing the "leader" who had been thrust upon them and whom they were obliged to support.

One of the State officials at Albany, holding a position similar to that of Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds in Pennsylvania, told me a story which tended to explain the attitude of the old leaders. They dreaded Roosevelt because he was spectacular, but more than all because he was uncontrollable. They knew he had courage, but they disliked his persistence, or, may I say, his tendency to meddle.

"It was a bitterly cold night in Albany," said my informant facetiously. "The Governor, who had attended a private dinner and was therefore in evening clothes, suddenly announced that he must leave for the Capitol. The ladies of the party protested against his going out in the snow alone, but he put on his big overcoat, turned the collar up to his ears and sauntered forth. He reached the

Capitol afoot, covered with snow, and rattled the door for admittance. There was no response. The Governor thumped and pounded. This attracted attention from the outside more than it did from within. People hurrying by stopped at the unusual sight. The Governor finally secured admission, seized the thoroughly scared watchman and ordered him home. It was all very dramatic.

"What happened was town talk the next morning. The newspapers caught up with the story, and the great man who had played Haroun al Raschid as Police Commissioner of New York City, did not suffer in the telling of it.

"‘The right man in the right place,’ said the people. ‘There’s a man of nerve; he isn’t afraid of the politicians or the devil.’

"And so for a day or two, there was a new hero in the public eye—heartily commended for being on the job.

"But it is one thing to be courageous and resolute, and another to be charitable and forgiving.

"Scene II—Governor’s Office—The Capitol—In the waiting room, a weeping mother and several children. On the alert for news, a group of newspaper reporters. The Governor’s door swings open. Enter the woman, children and reporters.

"The Weeping Woman: ‘Please, Mr. Governor, forgive my husband for being asleep on his job. It was my fault, Mr. Governor. The little girl was sick and I had broken down nursing her. My husband relieved me and watched her all day

when he should have slept. He was exhausted when he went on duty the other night. Oh, it was all my fault, and we need his wages.' ”

There was much more to the story as it was related to me, but after the appeal and the tears, the Governor's response was as expected:

“ ‘ Madam, your husband was guilty of a serious offense, but you shall not suffer; neither you nor the children. Go home and tell Jim to come back to work—but don't let him fall asleep again while on duty.’ ”

“ Ah! magnanimous Governor,” was the comment of the people.

And the politicians took heed. Here was a man who understood the value of publicity, and who might in due course outwit them in the game of politics.

This Albany yarn may have been greatly overdrawn; it may have had no basis in fact, but it was akin to the stories that were being told about the Governor, and the things he was capable of doing in a battle with the old wing.

Our Pennsylvania delegates, who had been original McKinley men, remembering the crowds at St. Paul and listening to intimate personal descriptions of the Colonel from the New York contingent, were convinced that in the Colonel the Party had secured a strong and resourceful running mate for McKinley. We were all enthusiastic and on returning to Philadelphia authorized the following statement:



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS FRIEND AND MANAGER SENATOR HANNA
DISCUSSING ROOSEVELT FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

“As soon as it was learned that he (Roosevelt) was to speak, the people came pouring into the City from all sections of the State. There was no chance for outsiders to get into the hall where he spoke, for the people of St. Paul took possession of every seat the moment the doors were opened. For two blocks the streets were impassable because of the crowds waiting for a glimpse of ‘Teddy.’ Delegates from Western states, middle, south and north, told us the same feeling for Roosevelt was entertained in all of them. They said Democrats as well as Republicans were wild to have him come to them and speak. There is no question about his popularity in the West.”

Thereafter, the Pennsylvania State League and the Allied Republican Clubs of Philadelphia became very active factors in the McKinley-Roosevelt campaign. Young men were organized and National speakers were brought into the State, including the redoubtable Foraker, whom Roosevelt eventually was to number among his enemies.

CHAPTER IV

CALLED TO THE PRESIDENCY

"THE AMEN CORNER," where Tom Platt reigned in New York, may have breathed easier when Roosevelt became Vice-President, but it did not know how soon that man of destiny was to assume the highest office in the land. Roosevelt's fame, now that he had become the Vice-Presidential candidate, increased more and more. His letter of acceptance of the nomination was awaited with much interest, but the New York Governor took his time about this. He was on the hustings preaching McKinley, before he formally accepted the high honor conferred upon him at Philadelphia. He wrote his acceptance long after his speech at St. Paul. It was a strong Republican document with nothing in it to offend the Old Guard. It took issue with the Democrats and upheld the McKinley policies. It told of "the wise legislation of Congress on tariff and finance," rendering industrial life "more favorable than ever before." There was no intimation that in a few years the writer would be engaging Congress in one of the fiercest battles it had ever encountered.

"The merchant and manufacturer, but above all, the farmer and the wage earner," he declared, "have profited by this state of things." And he said it as if he was a regular of the regulars.

The Colonel stressed "honesty" in government and the necessity for maintaining "the integrity of our system of justice" and laid the groundwork for a discussion as "one of the serious problems with which we are confronted" of "the great business combinations which are generally known under the name of trusts." "No good whatever is subserved," he said, "by indiscriminate denunciation of corporations generally, and of all forms of industrial combinations in particular. Nevertheless there are real abuses, and there is ample reason for striving to remedy these abuses." Then he recommended publicity (afterward known as "pitiless publicity") of ascertained facts as to "capitalization, profits and all else of importance to the public." This much of the letter of acceptance is quoted because it shows, first, that Roosevelt was proving up as a Republican, and second, that he was preparing to proceed upon original lines. And it was these "original" methods that subsequently developed the biggest fights of his career.

Having received the Republican nomination for City Treasurer in Philadelphia in September, 1900, the interest of my friends and myself in the National campaign was intensified. For one reason there was a bitter local fight on and we were obliged to tie up strong to the National ticket. I had been one of the original "McKinley men" in Pennsylvania, going so far in the 1896 campaign as to organize and stump for McKinley against the wishes of Senator Quay who had declared him-

self a candidate for President. I was still at the head of the State and City clubs, and although suffering, possibly as Roosevelt did in New York, from the indifference and opposition of some of the old and disappointed "warhorses of the party," was elected along with the rest of the local ticket by a majority considerably below that of the National candidates. It was a sample of the Old Guard discipline for the "upstart in politics."

In May, 1901, after Roosevelt had become Vice-President—and it was commonly reported that he was not enjoying the distinction, it was so innocuous—the Pennsylvania State League of which I was President, arranged a great dinner in honor of Quay, who continued to be the Republican leader of the State. The dinner was the result of a resolution passed by the State Convention to "dine the next United States Senator" no matter whom he might be, it being then a question of doubt whether Quay would be returned. That dinner was organized and an effort was made to have Roosevelt attend, but he could not. Probably it was just as well, because Quay made a farewell speech announcing in substance that he had "completed his course." There was not much Roosevelt talk at the Quay dinner although the National ticket was approved in the speeches. Following this dinner, which was a big event in the State, preparations were made for the State League Convention in September. It was confidently expected that Colonel Roosevelt would attend this Convention

and I had a cordial letter from him, but on the very eve of the meeting the country was shocked by the death of President McKinley, who had been shot at Buffalo. All hope of securing the Vice-President was now gone. As a mark of respect to the lamented President, the Convention was deferred until a later date.

It matters not what any of his opponents thought of Roosevelt prior to the death of the President. They admired him for his prompt stand for the maintenance of the McKinley policies immediately upon learning of the new and great responsibility that had been thrust upon him. Roosevelt was sobered and saddened by the great calamity, but he took the helm at Washington like one accustomed to command. There was still speculation and doubt, but Roosevelt was now in the White House freed from political obligations. He was free to act, no matter what the Old Guard might continue to think about him. He had no campaign obligations, nor had he made any promises that might rise to plague him.

The people had known McKinley; they had loved him; they believed him safe, sane and stable. They had not been so sure of Roosevelt; his methods were different. But they were reassured by the sympathetic and hopeful words of the President. They were looking for action and in due course there was plenty of it. Roosevelt could not remain quiescent and things began to occur from the start of his administration.

The Panama Canal came along with the swift recognition of Panama's independence of Colombia, (Roosevelt never had any sympathy with Colombia's demands for reparation after the new Republic asserted itself); "trust busting" became an early favorite with the administration, and "Federal Control" played havoc with Congressional harmony and coöperation. If Emperor William with his famous fighting mustache was attracting attention abroad, Roosevelt's fighting teeth were getting the front page in the United States. The Emperor might dig electrical secrets out of Edison, or glean Panama Canal facts from Goethals, but Roosevelt would dine Booker Washington, or discuss boxing with John L. Sullivan, or practice jiu jitsu with Japanese experts. For recreational desert he would jump hurdles, or lead the French Ambassador and other members of the "Kitchen Cabinet" on long hikes getting them good and wet fording Rock Creek. There was plenty of activity, official and personal, after the new and strenuous President had firmly girded on the harness. He set the pace for friend and foe, exhibiting in his own person an example of industry and endurance that astounded the departmental life of the Capitol.

An amusing illustration of the President's agility—mental and physical—was his appearance at the Army and Navy football game at Philadelphia November, 1901. Accompanying the President were members of his Cabinet, most of them hold-overs from the McKinley administration.

They had the right of way, of course, and were the observed of all observers. The Mayor, under whose direction all police arrangements had been made, invited me to go along with his party, which I did, being thus in a fine position to watch the President and his entourage.

In fairness to both sides—the Army and Navy (although the Army won that day)—it was up to the President to greet each. He had to march across the field to do this. And the Secretaries! They had to do the “recognition act,” also. It was due to “my boys,” as it were.

The people on the grand stands wanted to see Roosevelt and he knew he was there to be seen. He began his march amidst the cheering of the spectators, and as he approached the Navy side, the Honorable John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, started to keep up with him—the same distinguished, but short, stout and puffy statesman who, under McKinley, was expected “to break in” the belligerent Roosevelt as his Assistant.

It was an odd spectacle now that the tables were turned. As usual the President led; nor did he “stand upon the order of his going.” He did not march; he raced, he flew, and it was funny to everybody but Secretary Long. The President’s old naval boss couldn’t keep up. He just fell back and perspired. If it had been the purpose of the President to get even with the Secretary for any of the alleged differences that existed in the Navy Department before the Spanish-American War,

that merry chase across Franklin Field must have given him supreme satisfaction. The presumption is, however, that as the occasion warranted an "up and at 'em" gesture, the President entirely overlooked the lack of hiker-training upon the part of the Secretary.

The two men were not unfriendly at any time, but officially they were sometimes at odds. Long was much older than Roosevelt. Like his vigorous young assistant, he was a graduate of Harvard, but he had never been a rancher nor a police commissioner of New York City. Neither had he written two volumes on "The Naval War of 1812" as Roosevelt did. All these things, together with Roosevelt's reputation as an authority on naval matters, may be considered as bearing upon the discussion over his appointment to the Assistant Secretaryship. They also account in part for the opinion attributed to Long that Roosevelt, while energetic and patriotic, was, well,—let us say impetuous; and for the Roosevelt notion before the War that Long was not only conservative, but slow.

Many writers have discussed the relations existing between the McKinley Secretary of the Navy and the Assistant Secretary who was to become President. None of them dispute that a spirit of tolerance toward the youthful Assistant characterized the President and the Secretary. On one occasion McKinley, more in kindness than sarcasm, admitted to some of Roosevelt's critics that the latter was prepared to take over the entire man-

agement of the War, a back handed compliment to the New Yorker for his persistence and zeal in pressing toward preparedness. Roosevelt quit the Assistant Secretaryship on short notice, much to the relief of Secretary Long as it later turned out, but the step was only another of those progressive steps which pushed Roosevelt into prominence and fame.

That he had wanted the Assistant Secretaryship his own letters attest, and that he had to fight for it is equally true. "Fighting Jack" Robinson, a graduate of the Naval Academy and afterward a member of Congress, helped to elucidate this situation by speech, and in a book of memoirs entitled "Midshipman to Congress." Robinson preceded me as President of the Pennsylvania State League and also as a member of Congress. He had become an out and out candidate for Assistant Secretary of the Navy and was presumed to have the support of Senator Hanna and others powerful in the Republican Party. He felt keenly being thrust aside for Roosevelt. In his book he charged that the appointment of Roosevelt, although it was known that Lodge and Reed were friendly to the latter, was made at the instance of Mrs. Belamy Storer of Cincinnati, wife of a former Congressman and Ambassador to Austria.

At one time the political support was very strong for Robinson. Roosevelt's "regularity" would scarcely have matched that of Robinson, but his friends pressing upon McKinley were powerful.

"Fighting Jack" put his naval record against that of Roosevelt and while saying he took his defeat "nonchalantly" was nevertheless caustic. He learned, he said, "that the President did not appoint Roosevelt without a protest," and added, "he (the President) was told by Senator Hanna and he knew of his own knowledge of the combative disposition of the Oyster Bay politician, and was afraid that he might begin scrapping in his cabinet, but he was assured by Mrs. Storer and other friends of Roosevelt that this was exaggerated and the appointee would behave himself if he got into the position sought."

The Congressman denied that Roosevelt was responsible for a lot of Naval activities attributed to him, charged that he "did have considerable to do with buying, at outrageously high prices for the Government, a number of transports for the Spanish War," and that "he got to scrapping with the Hon. John D. Long of Massachusetts, who was the Secretary of the Navy," and that this kept up until he resigned and raised the Regiment of Rough Riders.

Robinson's book, dealing more harshly with Roosevelt than the quotations imply, came out in 1916 when the ex-President was still living.

It preceded by seven years the "Memories of an Active Life," by Charles R. Flint, a capitalist, who tells entertainingly of his relations with "the big interests," including the trusts which Roosevelt so disturbed while President. In view of Robin-

son's criticisms, Flint's direct statements bear reading. He tells of his own part in the sale of ships to the Navy and quotes Roosevelt as overruling Secretary Long, his chief. In the case of the *Nicteroy*, a Brazilian vessel which Flint had acquired, he said Roosevelt snapped it up without question at \$500,000, and that subsequently when the Secretary of the Navy said "we will probably buy his (Mr. Flint's) *Nicteroy*," the Assistant Secretary at once exclaimed: "Mr. Secretary, I *have* bought that ship."

Mr. Flint, who chats familiarly of potentates and millionaires the world over, commended Roosevelt's business acumen, and cited the Panama Canal seizure as "a stroke of genius." Flint's book came out in 1923 after Roosevelt had passed away.

Two others of Roosevelt's biographers, Francis E. Leupp and William Draper Lewis, comment upon Roosevelt's ship purchases while Long was Secretary of the Navy, but uphold his energy and patriotism. They tell of one instance in which, the Government having been cheated, Roosevelt flayed the profiteer, and they quote the Assistant Secretary as having closed \$7,000,000 of purchases in one day after which it developed that neither he nor the expert accompanying him on his round of the yards, had enough money in their own pockets to pay carfares home.

Back in 1882, in his preface to "The Naval War of 1812," the young author had said:

"At present people are beginning to realize that

it is folly for the great English-speaking Republic to rely for defence upon a Navy composed partly of antiquated hulks, and partly of new vessels rather more worthless than the old."

So that no matter how he secured the appointment, Theodore Roosevelt had some very set opinions about preparedness even when he became Assistant to Secretary Long under President McKinley.

CHAPTER V

A PARDONABLE INDISCRETION

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was rushing things in the White House in June, 1902, when the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania nominated Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker of Philadelphia for Governor. The fight leading up to Pennypacker's selection was one of the most exciting in the history of the Keystone State. Senator Quay, who had virtually announced his retirement, but who was still recognized as State leader, was obliged to choose between the personal and family ties that bound him to Pennypacker, and his political obligations to Attorney-General John P. Elkin who logically, and by all the rules of the political game, had a right to expect Quay's support. It was embarrassing, but the old Boss decided to stand for the Judge. To certain of his lieutenants in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Quay's action was attributed to senility. Other observers were inclined to credit him with an honest desire to set up a new standard for the Republican Party of the State. Elkin was a politician, though he afterward became a Justice of the Supreme Court, but Pennypacker was a scholar and historian, who, while he kept in touch with political conditions and had an almost idolatrous affection for Quay, was less likely to antagonize the reformers. When the

break came and the political element had to decide upon which side of the fence to fall, Elkin had the support of Governor Stone and many of the leading State officials, while Quay and his colleague Penrose, lined up the Federal office-holders and such of their old lieutenants, including Durham of Philadelphia, as would stand. There was no enthusiasm amongst the workers for Pennypacker, "the hurrah boys" drifting to Elkin and setting up loud claims. Many of them were bold enough to predict that this would be Quay's last battle, in fact his Waterloo. They had great sympathy for Durham who was compelled to toss his friend Elkin overboard.

Early in the campaign, and before it was generally known how serious Quay was about Pennypacker, there was a conference in Senator Penrose's office into which I was called. Quay was not present, but Durham and McNichol, City leaders, were. Assurances were given that Senator Quay and Mayor Ashbridge endorsed the action proposed. I was then City Treasurer of Philadelphia and being active in the State League of Clubs, and in the middle-of-the-road as it were, between the two factions, it was argued that I could best rally the citizens and stir up things for the learned and dignified Pennypacker, who at that time, despite his reputation as a Philadelphia judge, was not known to the political element of the State. The proposal suited me, for being a friend and admirer of the Judge, I felt his election would help

to redeem the Republican Party from its "gang" reputation in Pennsylvania. This I was advised was one of the underlying reasons for advancing his name.

Without further assurances, except that those who were parties to the conference were going to stand by Pennypacker to the limit, I proceeded at once to organize a Citizens Committee. Distinguished men of the City and State were brought together in a carefully arranged meeting and speeches of a high order were delivered. The presiding officer was Charlemagne Tower, Ambassador to Russia (afterward, under Roosevelt, Ambassador to Germany) a warm friend of Senator Penrose, and among the speakers were Colonel A. Loudon Snowden who had been Minister to Greece, and Hampton L. Carson who became President of the American Bar Association. Colonel Alexander K. McClure, Democrat, friend of Cameron and Quay, and Lincoln historian, likewise came out for Pennypacker. The result was the formation of a general Citizens Committee of which I was in charge in Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

Shortly before we opened up for the Convention at Harrisburg, Senator Penrose asked me to shape up the Convention platform. There had been a hitch concerning the preparation of this important document. The Senator hurriedly handed me numerous planks submitted by various persons including Henry Cabot Lodge, who had been con-

sulted as a friend of the President, Postmaster General Payne, Hon. Charles Emory Smith, and General Henry H. Bingham. My information was that General Bingham had been entrusted with the preparation of the resolutions, but became ill before the work was completed. Therefore, the "hurry up" job was wished on me.

Every minute counted, but the platform was made ready, with sufficient copies for the Committee, and the newspapers. President Roosevelt was heartily endorsed; Prosperity and Protection were taken care of; the McKinley-Roosevelt policies in Cuba and the Philippines were approved; a kind word was said for the veterans of the Wars; immigration was discussed; the purity of the ballot was defended—but I was in doubt about a plank endorsing the State Administration because of Elkin's official connection with it.

Passing the resolutions back to Penrose in person, I called his attention to the omission of the State Administration plank and suggested the matter be settled before the resolutions got to the Convention. Evidently, in the commotion, Penrose forgot all about it, for Quay, very much flustered, sent for me in the Convention and insisted that I include a paragraph "endorsing the State Administration," which I did, although obliged to leave the hall to find a typewriter for the purpose. On my return, the resolutions were turned over to the Chairman of the Committee and went through swimmingly, the Roosevelt endorsement plank,

which I suspect was written by Henry C. Payne, Postmaster-General, being enthusiastically applauded by both sides to the State controversy.

After much parliamentary sparring and a great deal of florid, as well as acrimonious oratory, the balloting began and resulted in the nomination of Pennypacker, and the triumph of Quay. I was not so sure of the effect of a Quay victory on Roosevelt, for Quay, like Platt the New York boss, was of the old school; but I did believe that Pennypacker, being a man of erudition and high character, would appeal to the White House.

It was not long before the opportunity to prove up this surmise presented itself. In October, at the Chicago Convention of the National League of Republican Clubs, I was elected to the Presidency. The feeling of the new officers of the League was that I should call upon the President and tell him we were ready to coöperate with the Administration. This I did promptly upon my return to Washington. The White House was being renovated when I arrived, and the President was located in a residence on Lafayette Square. The coal strike had been engaging his attention, but he gave up a good half hour to talk to me about young men's clubs and the political situation. He endorsed the clubs as instruments for interesting young voters and expressed a full appreciation of their value for future service. He emphasized the necessity of electing Republican Congressmen and encouraged me to agitate the clubs on that line.

He was so cordial and complimentary to young men in politics that the weight of responsibility as their National President weighed heavily upon me. The President just took us under his wing and made suggestion after suggestion, emphasizing the need of such an independent organization. There was no mistaking his interest in this auxiliary group of organized Republicans. He desired the movement to grow and flourish.

Before the interview closed, having the Pennsylvania State fight in mind and being still active Chairman of the Pennypacker Campaign Committee, I ventured to draw the President out upon, or rather into, that subject. He "came back" very freely, as I shall relate, but so freely, that being interviewed as I departed from the temporary White House, I concluded rather to emphasize the coal strike, declaring that "the President's coup had improved the political situation in Pennsylvania." This recourse came into my mind because of the presence during a part of our interview of Mr. Watkins of Pennsylvania, whom the President afterward appointed one of the Coal Strike Commissioners. The anti-Pennypacker newspapers belittled my visit to the White House (the election was only a few days off) but they did not know that an *entente* had been established between the White House and the National League, and that I had obtained a strong expression in support of the Pennsylvania Republican ticket, if a way could be found to use it.

When later on, the seasoned campaigners in New York and Pennsylvania obtained from the President, through Secretary George B. Cortelyou, a "last card" in the usual third person style, I felt my chance had come. "The President," said Mr. Cortelyou, in a press dispatch three days before the November election, "is watching with the keenest interest and the most earnest desire for Republican success, the various congressional canvasses and the State canvasses in States like New York and Pennsylvania whose Governors are to be elected."

That was all, but it was enough for me. I decided to take a chance on quoting the President, and two days ahead of voting time, gave out the Pennsylvania "last card," as follows:

"The public should be advised of one expression made by the President at our recent interview. After discussing the affairs of the National Republican League, the President evinced a warm interest in the political situation in New York and Pennsylvania. As to the latter State, he asked if there was any doubt about the result. I assured him that the outlook was promising for a very large majority for Judge Pennypacker, and that the recent splendid efforts made by the President for the adjustment of the coal strike had materially strengthened the situation."

"I am glad to hear that," said the President. "It is very important to the people of the country that the policies of the Republican Party be con-

tinued. The defeat of Judge Pennypacker in Pennsylvania, *would be a national calamity.*"

There was ample time for the startling headlines that heralded "the national calamity" to reach out over the State, and there was not time for any effective denial. The President, of course, saw these headlines, but the Ananias Club had not yet been instituted, and I did not have the same dread of being nominated for membership that I would have had in later years. Moreover, I was telling the truth. The question was one of propriety in quoting the President. Subsequent developments showed that it did not amount to *lese majeste*.

During election week, while we were jubilating over the election of Pennypacker, "Brother Theodore Roosevelt," newly made Mason, came over to Philadelphia to speak in Masonic Temple on the 150th anniversary of the initiation into the fraternity of "Brother George Washington." It was a union in spirit of the first and last Presidents of the United States. The Masonic throng was very distinguished and numerically great. The streets outside were lined with people. Inside a notable group waited to listen and be heard. "Brother Theodore Roosevelt" was on the program to respond to a toast—pretty far down so that the crowd would hold, for the exercises were long—but George B. Orady, afterward President Judge of the Superior Court, responded to that particular toast. "Brother Roosevelt" was not to be governed by any printed program. So

Bishop Potter of New York, George W. Guthrie of Pittsburgh, John Wanamaker, General John R. Brooke, Charles Emory Smith, J. Franklin Fort and others,—they came *after* “Brother Roosevelt.” And so did “Brother Samuel W. Pennypacker” who responded to “The Day We Celebrate.”

The President, as was his custom, went *first* that day—but the fraternity was well satisfied with what he said. It was a scholarly presentation of an age-old subject—an irresistible appeal to brotherhood and humanity. He did not hesitate to talk of man’s obligations to man, despite man’s wealth or station.

We listened to the President with admiring interest, but with Roosevelt and Pennypacker, Masons, both present, the papers carrying my “national calamity” interview, and election day at hand, I wondered if meeting the President would provoke comment and possibly “spill the beans.” Would it not be well to keep away from the President, who had thus been brought into the Pennsylvania campaign, until the election was over? My thought was to step aside, but it so happened that when the Grand Masters were through with their leave taking and the President started his rush for the door, I was in the way. The President saw me, grabbed my outstretched hand, and shook it vigorously. He grinned and exposed those terrible teeth. I did not know what was coming, but in a tense moment it came:

“Mr. President,” he exclaimed eagerly, “you

committed the very indiscretion I most desired to have you commit."

With that he was off like a shot. My friends who overheard the President were curious, but I was satisfied I had not misunderstood the politician in Theodore Roosevelt. When I proudly confided to Pennypacker the statement of the President, that imperturbable Laconian expressed no surprise.

"What else could he have said!" he twanged; "it was a good interview."

CHAPTER VI

"I APPOINTED YOUR MAN"

THE Union League of Philadelphia, a patriotic body which was organized to support the Union cause in the Civil War, celebrates Founders' Day each recurring November. It then strives to have the President of the United States as its guest. It succeeded in obtaining President Roosevelt in 1902. Accompanying the President on that occasion were Secretaries Root, Shaw, Payne and Hitchcock. There were several United States Senators among the guests, including Roosevelt's closest political advisor, Henry Cabot Lodge. Roosevelt knew that the lamented McKinley was very popular in Philadelphia, and had been the guest of the Club two years previously. He devoted a part of his speech to a glowing tribute to his predecessor. Of course, he was generously applauded throughout, but there were many men of large affairs in attendance that night, and some of them were more vociferous over the references to McKinley than they were to those portions of the speech which dealt with the regulation of business. I recall one or two at my table who shook their heads as if to say "that won't do." They represented large and prosperous public utility corporations. They seemed to be sizing the President up, for throughout the country his critics were already beginning to get in their work,

some of them going so far as to convey the impression that the President's mannerisms denoted a tendency toward the abnormal, and that because of this he was dangerous.

The great audience felt the compliment of the President's presence, while he unquestionably enjoyed the opportunity thus afforded to get in his oratorical "punch." He was such an object of interest and curiosity, however, that the pronunciation of his name was commented upon. I recall the ease with which Secretary Root settled the still disputed question.

"President Roos-a-velt," he said, and those who had been calling it "Rosevelt" or "Roos-velt" or some other name not "just as sweet," stood corrected.

Now it happened that none of us except the President of the League and a select committee had been able to get near the President, until after the dinner. The President preferred to speak first and hold a reception after, which any one experienced in such affairs knows is the wisest and best course in such a case. So after the dinner and the speech-making, the President and his party were escorted to a flower-embowered corner of the big reception hall to receive the diners, and the League members who had been unable to get in to the dinner. The long line ran up to a thousand possibly, before the hand-shaking stopped. I remained behind chatting with a group of friends in order the better to observe and enjoy the President's movements.

He was the centrepiece, and no mistake. Joseph G. Darlington, the serious but well-groomed President of the League, proud as a peacock, presented the members and we got the reflex of what they tried to say to the President or what he shot out to them, as they sauntered back to our group. For one thing they all agreed they had to speak quick to get ahead of Mr. Roosevelt. "Make it snappy," is a slang term that was not then in use; but whatever it means now, so far as they were concerned, was what they thought it should be in greeting the President. He was a millrace, they said, compared with the placid, easy-going McKinley. And yet he knew many of them, John Wanamaker for instance, well enough to say something pleasant. Some of them he held up long enough to cause comment along the line, but those so held were not aggrieved. It all counted mightily—that matter of recognition from a President.

Presently it was our time to get into line and our little group began to get humorous.

"Let's go in with the City Treasurer," said one of my friends. "That'll count for something."

"Certainly," said another. "President of the National League—that means the Cabinet."

"Got your speech ready, Hamp?" jollied a third.

And so we approached "the throne." The President was now "passing 'em through quick," and I had misgivings about anything more than a hand shake. My friends observed the speeding-

up process and stopped being funny. But we were not to go through so fast, after all. The President's Secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, who had been standing near "the front" as is the custom, caught my eye.

"The President has something to say to you," he said.

That set me up. But instantly there was an explosion:

"Mr. President!" said Roosevelt, referring to the Presidency of the National League. "I appointed your man Durham."

"Thank you, Mr. President! That's fine," I replied.

"You see that he does right."

"I'll vouch for him, Mr. President," and I passed back into the crowd.

I had no thought of the Durham matter at such a time, but Mr. Roosevelt had, and he snapped it at me in such a way as to indicate his pleasure in having others hear. Naturally my friends wanted to know what it was all about.

"The President knows what he is doing," I said, "but I didn't expect him to do it that way. The effect, however, will be fine."

Then I explained the situation.

The President had been making friends with Booker Washington. At a conference with that distinguished colored educator and leader in New York, brought about by some of the President's League friends over there, I had learned of the

President's attitude toward the colored citizen and was told of Washington's expectations for his people. He had discussed Durham with me so that I came to feel quite safe in urging the latter upon the President. The President had not gone to Penrose about the appointment—Durham being a Pennsylvanian—he had just wanted to know of Washington's endorsement, although the appointment was openly credited to the League. Southern critics were hammering the President for other appointments of colored men when the Durham announcement came along. They found fault with his naming them to such positions as postmaster or collector of customs. The case of Dr. Crum, Collector of the Port of Charleston, the most intensely southern of Southern cities, was in point.

Character and fitness and not the color line must be the test, the President had said. It was this test to which John S. Durham responded. He was a University graduate, a lawyer, an editor, and an orator. In addition, he spoke Spanish fluently, and was, therefore, well equipped for a place on the Spanish War Claims Commission to which he was appointed. Durham had been consul to Haiti, which experience made him of immediate value to the Commission. His advancement while complimentary to the League to which Durham had allied himself, was in no way displeasing to Quay or Penrose, the Senators. In fact, it was accepted by the Pennsylvania Republican Organization as good politics.

There was another incident of that Union League reception, of which I made note. It was the coming together of the President and our newly elected Governor Pennypacker. I know there had been correspondence between the two. They boasted of their Dutch ancestry and both were given to research on that line. But there had been no opportunity thus far for them to swap stories.

It has been suggested that Theodore Roosevelt was given to leadership; that he was disinclined to yield to anybody, and was generally able to maintain his position. This applied to what he wrote as much as to his political activities, or the war with Spain. Pennypacker was quaint, but able and fearless. He was older and less speedy than the President, but in discussion of history or politics, once he had taken a position, was immovable. His battles, sometimes in direct conflict with public sentiment, would be worthy of a chapter, but that cannot be written here. And the Governor was disingenuous. There was a certain subtleness in his make-up which resembled for all the world the pertness of the stage "hayseed" who is "too durned smart for them gold brick fellers, b'gosh."

So the meeting of these men was an event. I noticed the Governor did not come too early. His appearance was timed to the heel-taps of the evening, when the crowd was thinning out and the President was preparing to go.



ORIGINAL "TEDDY BEAR" CARTOON BY BERRYMAN. (NOW IN THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB.) MR. BERRYMAN WAS INSPIRED TO CREATE THE "TEDDY BEAR" UPON READING A DISPATCH FROM SMEDES, MISSISSIPPI, NOVEMBER, 1902, SAYING THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAD REFUSED TO SHOOT A SMALL BEAR THAT HAD BEEN BROUGHT INTO CAMP FOR HIM TO KILL

"This is our Governor," said the President of the Union League. "He's a good Dutchman."

"Yes," responded the President, as the pair clasped hands. "It's a case of double Dutchman."

The Governor, of course, was happy, and for a few moments the distinguished pair figuratively journeyed back to Holland.

Subsequently the Governor appeared at the Roosevelt inauguration at Washington at the head of the Pennsylvania troops, swathed in blankets and strapped to his horse. Although not a Rough Rider, nor in any other way experienced on horseback, the Governor believed he should thus honor the President—and he did—attracting much attention and some comments along the line of parade. The President reciprocated by speaking for the Governor at the dedication of the new State Capitol at Harrisburg.

As the President's battle with the trusts grew warmer and Pennypacker's troubles over the State Capitol expenditures increased, the two men drifted apart. The Governor's fondness for Quay and the old order made him suspicious of the President, especially as the leading Roosevelt organ of the State attacked him unmercifully. On several occasions toward the end of his administration, I heard him question Roosevelt's scholarship. He had come to believe that the President was over-rated and accused him of seeking the spotlight.

CHAPTER VII

BUILDING UP THE LEAGUE

As the national campaign approached, opportunities were presented for the League to afford practical assistance to President Roosevelt and its activities were, therefore, materially increased. Our plan was to reorganize State Leagues or establish new ones and the President took a genuine interest in this work. It appealed to the "younger element" of the party and that appealed to him. There were some stumbling blocks, such as might be expected from the Referees in southern States. Once they were recognized in Washington, they had too good a thing in the distribution of patronage to welcome outside help. Referees did not like agitation. To them it spelled competition and they were not in favor of interference from "the younger element." However, we had good Leagues in States like Georgia, Texas and Arkansas, and had obtained a foothold in States closer to the northern border, like Virginia, which being near to the seat of patronage, disparaged any invasion of "old men's rights."

In Northern and Western States we made great headway, the President approving as we proceeded. In New York and Washington where the old organizations had broken down, I appointed

new State Presidents, but not until it was known they were agreeable at the White House.

The necessity for solidifying political sentiment if Roosevelt was to be renominated without a contest within the Party, was first made apparent to us at the State League Convention at Columbus, O., which met early in 1903. The reelection of Mark Hanna to the Senate was a live topic at the time, and there was also a question about the attitude of McKinley's old friends toward Roosevelt. Myron G. Herrick, later Ambassador to France, was a candidate for Governor, and mention was also being made of a young newspaper publisher from Marion, one Warren G. Harding, whose speeches had been attracting attention in the State Senate. It was the first time I ever saw the future President, although later we met in Congress and became good friends.

As I listened carefully to the speech of the handsome young Senator at the banquet, I noticed how steadfastly he stuck to Ohio. From beginning to end it was a Buckeye State speech, with McKinley, Hanna and Foraker shining resplendent. Roosevelt was carefully kept in the background all during the evening, and although a letter from the occupant of the White House had been applauded by the diners, it was evidently too early to speak loudly for Roosevelt in Ohio.

In Pennsylvania the situation was different. Our League there was in good condition and was tolerated by the regular State organization be-

cause it had been found to be serviceable in doubtful campaigns. There were numerous instances in Pennsylvania during my ten years in the Presidency of the State League, when we could step in and enunciate and promote a platform, where the veterans, because of legislative entanglements, were hesitant to tread. The President discussed this phase of League usefulness with us and made suggestions as to the moves that might be efficacious. He had his opinion of the grudges of certain old-time leaders in their home communities and did not hesitate to mention names. I might add that his personal expressions regarding some of the "old-timers" were often so emphatic as to make one feel unsafe as the recipient of his confidence. Of course, he was equally strong in his endorsement of others.

When, therefore, our Pennsylvania State League Convention met in Wilkes-Barre in September, 1903, we felt that we could raise the Roosevelt standard both with propriety and good political effect. We had built up a strong Roosevelt sentiment in the Allied Republican clubs of Philadelphia, and found the State delegates responsive. But there was a quiet opposition to the President. His home State, New York, was not sure by any means, and there was dissatisfaction and side-stepping elsewhere. The very county in which we met, however, had already elected two Roosevelt delegates, so the Convention felt it was speaking the sentiment of the Republicans of the State. The

resolutions adopted endorsed the National administration and enabled us to carry that message to the Executive Committee of the National Republican League which I had called to meet in Chicago in October, and concerning which the President had been informed.

Those who assembled in Chicago were enthusiasts and pretty much of one mind. They included George F. Stone of San Francisco; Isaac Miller Hamilton of Chicago, former Presidents of the League; James Jay Sheridan of Chicago; Elbert W. Weeks of Guthrie Centre, Iowa; Sid B. Redding of Little Rock, Arkansas; Charles F. Gallencamp of St. Louis, Mo.; Ferd K. Rule of Los Angeles, Cal.; Wm. H. Atwell of Austin, Texas; A. S. Fowler of Arkansas; M. L. Cook of Michigan; Joseph M. Huston, John Kelley and John Virden of Philadelphia; Byron Sheffield of Kansas; George D. Heilman of Indiana; Dudley Brandt of Iowa; R. Harry Miller of Indiana; Scott Bonham of Ohio; W. G. Thornby of Deadwood, South Dakota; James H. Wallis of Idaho; William Noble of Indian Territory; W. C. Lusk of Yankton, South Dakota; Clarence F. Buck of Illinois; Harvey D. Dow of Sedalia, Missouri; John A. Stewart of New York; Leander Foreman of Baltimore, Md., and R. J. Wood of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Although the by-laws of the League prevented the endorsement of candidates in advance of a National Convention, the Executive Committee

adopted resolutions at Chicago, highly commending the administration at Washington, and by authority, the Secretary, Mr. Weeks, wired a cordial telegram to the President. The substance of the resolutions prepared by a committee headed by John A. Stewart, President of the New York State, was embodied in this paragraph:

“The Executive Committee of the National League, representing in its membership the ardor of young Republicanism, imbued with the Republican ideas enunciated by Lincoln, Hayes, Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt, at its annual meeting in Chicago, looks with greatest satisfaction at the accomplishments of Theodore Roosevelt, approves of his policies, sympathizes with his aims and endeavors, and congratulates the country that such a man is its President.”

Thus we had gone as far to endorse the candidate, in advance of a National Convention, as the rules permitted. And the feeling of the Committee at that time was that the League, through the Clubs of the country, represented 500,000 voters. We knew this would have its effect upon the regular organizations, and it did. I reported the proceedings to Washington and shortly thereafter issued a call for a conference to be held at the National Capitol. The enemies of the President were becoming more outspoken and we decided to carry our agitation to the place where the greatest publicity might be obtained. Headquarters were

established, literature was prepared, correspondence with all the states and territories was prosecuted, and young men were stirred to action. It was a favorable season for young men. Old leaders were quarreling and it seemed as if the opportunity to inject new blood into the politics of the country had come at last.

Half the old leaders feared the occupant of the White House and at least some of the so-called "big interests" wanted him crushed. "Big interests" without a leader are not always courageous, and at this time they were up against a big man who disregarded the advice of the old leaders, who was confident of his own strength, and unmindful of the personal consequences. It is one of the peculiarities of capital that it can dominate like a tyrant when it controls those who have power; but it is cowardly in the extreme, when that power-control leaves it and it is thrown upon its own resources. Roosevelt understood this and was putting up the kind of a fight which "big interests" were not accustomed to meet.

Altogether, it was a time of political unrest. There were disturbances everywhere, with much bitterness, some of it arising from old time enmities for which the Roosevelt candidacy provided a vent. Moreover, there were State troubles in various parts of the country, all of which gave encouragement to independent forces and contributed to the Roosevelt strength.

The Western States were beginning to show their

independence of New England and the East. They had not yet come to call themselves "Progressive," but they were beginning to contend that the Eastern States and particularly those of New England were capitalistic and arbitrary.

Ohio had a battle of its own, due to the senatorial candidacy of Mark Hanna, and Pennsylvania was storm-tossed and politically apathetic, due in part to the differences between the quaint Governor and the newspapers, over an attempted revision of the libel laws. The Governor did not enjoy the cartoons which tended to ridicule, but the President appreciated them as a matter of publicity. At one time the Governor suggested that certain editors and cartoonists should be "drawn and quartered." The editors and cartoonists did not want to be "drawn and quartered" and replied in kind. All this tended to divert support from old line leaders and encouraged that sentiment which gave hope to the young political forces of the Nation.

Meanwhile Roosevelt, the restless, was on the job, watching the situation from every point of view—proving himself a better politician than any of the political powers which secretly sought his undoing.

CHAPTER VIII

ENTER THE YOUNGER ELEMENT

AMONG those consulted about League campaign work in the fall of 1903 were my friend Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, the second President of the National League, who was not enthusiastic for Roosevelt in the earlier stages of the campaign, and his successor General James S. Clarkson of Iowa, the so-called "Headsman" of the Harrison administration, whom I had come to know during the McKinley-Roosevelt convention period of 1900. General Clarkson was one of the Old Guard and had become surveyor of the Port of New York. His attachment to Roosevelt, who often conferred with him, was strong. As the General has passed away and most, if not all, of those concerned have likewise "taken the last voyage," I may now be privileged to remove the word "confidential" carefully written by him over the head of a letter of November 18th, 1903, and disclose so much of the text as shows the urgency of united work to sustain the President that year. I had spoken to the General about the appointment of State League presidents. In reply, he wrote:

"I have no doubt you have done the very best in appointing Mr. Cavanaugh to take up the work in Washington and Mr. Stewart to take it up in New York. Mr. Stewart is very much in the confidence and friendship of the President, and the

latter has been very anxious for Mr. Stewart to have a chance to carry out some of the well matured plans he has been working on. I was very sorry not to be able to meet with you and Mr. Stewart last Sunday, as we could have talked matters over generally. I hope to have the pleasure later.

“As to New Mexico, I wish you would wait a little while, until I can get information from there. You know I am a sort of New Mexican myself, as I own a ranch in that State and the only home that I do own; I have a son residing there, at Albuquerque, and I know very well all the leading Republicans of the Territory. The best man in the State, independent of any party so far as I know, and the strongest man in the Republican Party by far, is Judge B. S. Baker, of the U. S. bench, appointed from Omaha,—a very strong man—strong enough to be on the Supreme bench. He is my advisor and I think most depended upon by the President for that Territory. If you will be kind enough to wait until I can hear from him, after he shall have consulted with the real men in power in the Territory, I am sure we can get the right man for you. I will take great pride in getting a good organization in that Territory, for I expect to spend a good deal of my time there hereafter. I think that Morrison is rather out of step with things there nowadays, but, of course, this is confidential and solely for your own inside information.

“I must express my great pleasure and admira-

tion for the energetic manner in which you are taking up the organization of the League. Everything that can be done to expedite and get the value of the services out of it this winter, and recruiting young voters, will add to the cause of our success next year, and we are going to have a hard fight. It is pretty plain that if money can do it the President will be beaten, and the order has gone out for that to be done. I think it was Burke who said you could not 'indict all the people,' and I think you can paraphrase it and say you cannot corrupt a whole people. The President is too much in the confidence of the people. Whatever angry millionaires may order as to Roosevelt the masses of the people will overrule. Still, it is plain that we are going to have a hard fight and that we ought to have our organization made the best possible. As it is now, we have a very loose jointed, incomplete and ineffective organization. I think you ought to have a conference before long of the principal men in the League by way of expediting the organization in the uncertain States—those which will be so hotly contested. This conference should include the question of raising means to prosecute such organization. I believe it is entirely possible that enough first voters and young voters—men young in years and ardor—can be gained to the party during the coming Winter and Spring through the club system to make sure of our majority in all the contested and uncertain States. I am going to Washington the last of this week, and

I am going to take your recent letters with me and show them to the President and put this whole matter plainly before him, and then I will write you again.

“This letter is so frank and explicit that it is for your confidential consideration. I want to work very closely with you in your field of labor, both because I think it is the effective plan for success and because I believe in you and your leadership.”

The New York meeting referred to by the General was one attended by John A. Stewart, Job Hedges and myself, at which the General was expected to appear. Mr. Stewart was the newly appointed President of the New York State League of which Luther E. Mott of Oswego, afterward a Congressman and colleague of mine on the Ways and Means Committee, was Treasurer. The conference was one of several called to ascertain sentiment and prepare for a meeting with the National Republican Committee, which Chairman Hanna had called to take place in Washington, December 11th and 12th. At the time of the Clarkson letter, the McKinley or Hanna wing of the party was not saying much about Roosevelt. Many of the old timers were against the President and hopeful Senator Hanna would stand as a candidate for the nomination. Hanna was the kind of man to make friends and he had them a-plenty, but he gave no hint of a desire to run for President.

NOTE.—Mr. Stewart is the John A. Stewart who has devoted years to the upbuilding of the Sulgrave Institution.

Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania was taking the place of Senator Quay on the National Committee and had very little to say. Quay, like some of the others who boosted Roosevelt for Vice-President in 1900, was likewise drifting, now that the Presidency was at stake.

It was the man in the White House who began to stir things up. He knew there was opposition, but he was not the kind of a man to be caught napping. He would "beat 'em to it." The Clarkson letter and what followed may have been mere incidents, but they tend to show the alertness of the President's mind. If the old forces were getting into action slowly, he would use such instrumentalities as were available to push them in or push them over. Here the young element of the party came into the picture.

Before General Clarkson's letter reached me, I had received from William Loeb, Jr., the President's new Secretary, a message calculated to stir one's pride. "The President," he wrote, "thanks you for your letter of the 5th instant. When you determine what time you are to be here in December, please advise me, as the President would be glad to have your Committee and some other gentlemen interested in club work at lunch, that he may go over matters somewhat with you. When you write, please state the names of the gentlemen who are to represent the National League."

Invitations to dine at the White House do not come to the ordinary mortal with alarming fre-

quency, so it was not difficult to obtain acceptances from the active young Republicans who had been named upon the League Committee. They came in from Texas, California, the Dakotas and intermediate points, and every one of them was a booster in his own home State from the time that invitation arrived to the end of the campaign.

They counted for something, those young men, and the President did not underestimate their capacity for service. The League which they represented occupied a favorable strategic position in that the older groups could not afford to discredit it, especially since it found favor in the eyes of the President. And moreover, through the medium of existing clubs it could carry on its work of "agitation, education and organization" at any and all times, whether the National Committee was in harness or not. In those days the clubs kept open house all the year, while the regular party committees met only at stated periods.

A second letter from General Clarkson, dated November 25th, 1903, shows the Presidential mind on this matter of detail in organization:

CUSTOM HOUSE,
SURVEYOR'S OFFICE,

NEW YORK,
November 25, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. MOORE:

While I was in Washington I had several talks with the President, and was gratified, but not

surprised, to find that you were very deep in his confidence and favor. He believes that you and your organization can accomplish a greater work in the next few months than is possible for the National Committee to do, as by the organization of clubs in every township for work this winter in recruiting voters, it will be the fortune of the League to do a work which the National Committee could not possibly do and would not be permitted to do. I confirmed his own impression that the League was fortunate in having you as President for this especial work, which you have the energy and the organizing ability and the diplomacy and the power and confidence of men to make successful and sure under your administration. When I presented your letter saying that you could manage it all right, not to have the luncheon, he said, "No, I want to meet Moore and his men; I want to get into communication with them, because they are such earnest workers and because I want to get into personal touch with them,"—so he had Mr. Loeb telegraph you at once that the luncheon would go ahead and that a conference would follow in the evening. He has invited myself, Collector Stranahan of this port, and three or four others to meet with you, making about 20 in all as I remember it. I look forward to the meeting at Washington with a great deal of anticipation. I know from my own experience that so very much can be done for the good of the party through the League clubs if the organization is pushed in time to devote this winter to the work of recruiting; and I look upon the League work to be determined upon at Washington as much more important than the work to be done by the National Committee. Of course you know

you can count on me for support and coöperation in every possible way of which I am capable.

Sincerely yours,

J. S. CLARKSON.

As indicated in the foregoing letter, Secretary Loeb wired that the President had arranged to "have your Committee and some other gentlemen at lunch, Saturday, December 12th at one-thirty." This was one of the days on which the National Republican Committee was to meet. That other matters of detail were not being overlooked at the White House was shown in a further message from Mr. Loeb. I had gone direct for advice about an acceptable man to head a League in the territory of New Mexico where the Republicans had a good chance to win. The name of the Mr. Morrison referred to in General Clarkson's first letter had been submitted to me.

"Concerning A. L. Morrison of New Mexico," wrote Secretary Loeb, "my information is that he is rather an elderly man. It would seem to me that a man like Mr. Reynolds, the Secretary of the Territory, who is a very active and competent man, would be first rate for club work there. It might be well to look him up at any rate."

CHAPTER IX

THE OLD GUARD YIELDING

SENATOR HANNA, the titular leader of the Republican Party in the Nation was never more amiable than on that eventful December 11th, when he opened the proceedings of the National Republican Committee at the historic Hotel Arlington. The members of the Committee who came to Washington from all the States and territories were seated about carelessly, almost listlessly. They were certainly not exuberant; some of them were almost morose. They liked Hanna and the old order more than they liked Roosevelt and the prospects. They were not sure about what was to come.

The National Chairman made a short speech suggesting that the interests of the Republican Party centered in the word "Success." He avoided names, but said: "All that is necessary to bring about that result is to stand pat upon the principles and policies of the Party." One speaker, "Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois, arguing for Chicago as the next place of meeting (and Speaker Cannon was never an extravagant Roosevelt booster), did venture into personalities. He said that "Public sentiment, as voiced by the great multitude of the voters, has already expressed approval of the Administration and a desire for the nomina-

tion of President Roosevelt for a second term." Even this concession from the virile old Illinoisian failed to provoke applause or waving of pennants.

"In all respects," said the *North American*, a paper whose editor was antagonistic to me, "the meeting was dull and uninteresting except when J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia appeared as President of the League of Republican Clubs and advocated closer relations between the League and the Committee in campaign work. Senator Hanna smiled approvingly upon Mr. Moore, and said that he agreed with the Philadelphian's views."

The *Inquirer* sounded a note more in keeping with the spirit of the meeting. "After Mr. Moore concluded," it said, "Senator Hanna said to the Committee, 'I commend this League of Republican Clubs to the National Committee and to those of you who are to manage the Campaign next year.' This was taken by the members as an indication of the Senator's final decision that he will not be chairman during the Campaign of 1904." "Hanna hints at giving up!" was the way they sub-headed it.

That Roosevelt could "play the game" with the Old Guard was demonstrated later in the day when the National Republican Committee called to pay its respects to the President. They were received in the green room where the two supposed rivals for the Presidency—Hanna and Roosevelt—shook hands. The room was crowded and the visitors standing, when Senator Hanna made his introduc-

tory speech. That speech, be it remembered, was on behalf of the Party representatives who were supposed to have it in their power to make a President. Mr. Roosevelt knew full well whom he was addressing when smilingly he said:

“Mr. Chairman: It is a peculiar pleasure to me to greet here the men to whom not merely the party but the country has owed so much in the immediate past, and to the men to whom both the party and the country will owe so much in the immediate future.”

It was short, but it was sufficient. It comprehended the old order and the new. No one could object to the cordiality of the President's greeting.

“Mr. President,” said Senator Hanna, seeing it would be difficult to present the members in line formation, “I think you will have to pass among the members in your own way. They are all glad to see you.”

The Senator knew what Roosevelt would do “in his own way” anyhow.

“Yes, Senator, I will try to get at them,” and the President grinning, went through the crowd, shaking hands, patting some on the back, and calling some by their first names.

“I guess you know how to do it, all right,” exclaimed Mr. Presidential Possibility Hanna. And not to be outdone in courtesy, the President snapped back, “Indeed I do, for I have sat at the feet of Gamaliel.” The President had not

only "got at them" but to all outward appearances, he had "got them."

But witness the next move!

On the following afternoon at the luncheon hour, the Executive Committee of the National Republican League, led by myself, filed into the White House (President Roosevelt had ceased to call it the Executive Mansion) and were received by the President. In this party were Vice-President James Jay Sheridan of Chicago, Ill.; Secretary Elbert W. Weeks of Guthrie Centre, Iowa; Treasurer Sid B. Redding of Little Rock, Ark.; Ferd K. Rule of Los Angeles, Cal.; John A. Stewart of New York City, N. Y.; Charles F. Gallencamp of St. Louis, Mo.; Scott Bonham, of Cincinnati, Ohio.; R. Harry Miller of Fairmount, Ind.; J. Martin Rommel and Joseph M. Huston of Philadelphia, Pa.

To meet us the President had invited Dr. Henry Waldo Coe, of Portland, Oregon; John Porter of Chicago; Secretary Cortelyou of the Department of Commerce and Labor, New York; William Loeb, Jr., Secretary to the President, New York; Nevada Stranahan, Collector of the Port of New York; General J. S. Clarkson, Surveyor of the Port of New York; Linn Bruce, Chairman of the Republican City Committee of New York; and J. R. Sheffield, of New York.

Quite a preponderance of New York men, and none of the Old Guard type with the possible exception of Clarkson.

It was not long before we were able to discern why there was so much New York in the meeting. A Presidential candidate, who is so unfortunate as not to have his State behind him, is not likely to obtain the favor of other States. Roosevelt hailed from New York,—conspicuously so, and New York, the home of Platt and Barnes, and the Old Guard, was a battle ground.

In the preliminaries, however, we heard something about other sections of the country. The President took pains to have me know Dr. Coe of Oregon and wanted me to have further conferences with him. Sid Redding of Arkansas, always a strong Roosevelt man, wanted to get in something about the abolition of joint debates which had degenerated under the blustering Governor Jeff Davis of Arkansas, but it was evident the President's mind was set on New York. He called Stewart of New York to sit on one side of him at the table, and myself as the guest of honor, on the other. Stewart had brought along some data about New York clubs and that was quickly dispensed with. We were told to go after the clubs in the Empire State and "push them hard." The President approved our form of organization over there and drove home the importance of agitation—incessant agitation. "Keeping them on the jump" was the way he expressed it, referring as much to the halting old timers as to the younger fellows. Then came the problem of the foreign element in New York City and how to deal with it. New

York City was so overwhelmingly Democratic that most Republicans would hesitate to regard it hopefully, but the President had no qualms.

The spectacular in the human animal counts abroad, and the President's talk indicated a belief that he had many friends amongst the alien born. He was not so sure they would not show their independence in the coming contest. Stewart had figures as to the Italians. He had conferred with Del Poppa—(the President knew about Del Poppa,) but what plans had been laid to interest those Italian voters? "Do this!" said the President. "Do that!" said the President. And we acquiesced. I do not say it humorously, but at the close of that phase of the luncheon discussion, Stewart had virtually assumed responsibility for 60,000 Italian votes in New York City. This, in addition to numerous other charges and directions affecting wards and precincts, which no one regarding Theodore Roosevelt as a litterateur and scholar, would have ascribed to him. That luncheon, more than anything else, confirmed the opinion I already held, that Theodore Roosevelt was no tyro in politics. When the luncheon was over and Stewart and I had a chance to confer, we agreed to put every ounce of energy into the campaign in New York. Stewart proceeded at once to do this and was much in consultation with the White House and party leaders thereafter.

That evening at the Raleigh, I had as guests at dinner the members of our National League Com-

mittee together with John M. Thurston, devoted friend of McKinley, and several Washington newspaper men including Congressman James Rankin Young, Arthur Wallace Dunn the author, Edgar C. Snyder, afterward United States Marshal, and Colonel Henry Hall of Pittsburgh. It was a gala night for the League, and the speech of Mr. Dunn, then representing the Associated Press, was a warning to the old and an encouragement to the new men who were coming to the front in politics.

But the old feeling was still there and cropped out in the speech of Senator Thurston who described the prospective nominee of the Party as "the man none of us want and all of us are likely to get"—a phrase that was caught and promptly circulated throughout the country.

In Gridiron Club fashion some one suggested that the Senator himself might be available, whereupon, in good nature but half in earnest, the Nebraskan answered:

"Well, you might do worse—and you probably will."

Much as I revered McKinley and admired Hanna, my conviction after that Washington experience, was that Roosevelt had the Old Guard cowed and could not be beaten. He was in the White House and controlled the patronage. Moreover, he knew how to use it. He had introduced "the big stick" which meant as much to office holders as it did to "the idle rich" and the "malefactors of great wealth." It was too late now for

any group to head off the President. My League colleagues had the same thought and proceeded vigorously to agitate and organize in their respective States and territories, taking pains to keep on good terms, if possible, with the organization leaders back home.

CHAPTER X

THE RANCHER IN PENNSYLVANIA

WITHIN a week following the White House luncheon, Dr. Henry Waldo Coe of Portland, Oregon, whom the President had taken pains to have me know, called upon me in Philadelphia. Dr. Coe, the President told me, was a friend of his whom we could rely upon for service in the extreme northwest. He wanted us to recognize Dr. Coe as our League head in Oregon. Dr. Coe was not a Rough Rider, but he knew the West and that, I learned, was how the Roosevelt friendship originated. The President had not done anything for Coe in a political sense, nor was Coe expecting anything. But Theodore Roosevelt, plainsman, had always been Theodore Roosevelt to his friend Coe since they first met and roughed it together in North Dakota. And Coe, now well settled in Portland, had undertaken the organization of a Roosevelt League in Oregon. Coe was not naturally a politician; it was admiration of Roosevelt growing out of their Western experiences that made him one. He recited the North Dakota exploits of "the slender rancher" picturesquely. They ranged from the hunting of wild animals to rough and ready encounters with Indians and bad men of the plains.

Roosevelt's ranch was in Medora; Coe's in Man-

dan—quite some distance apart. And Coe having arrived and thrown out his shingle, in 1880, was an “old stager” when Roosevelt came along about four years later. The country around Medora was in the Bad Lands and not suited for sport. Around Mandan the land was better and the settlers were raising sheep and cattle. But they were at the mercy of wolves and coyotes, and Theodore Roosevelt, or any other hunter who went after these destructive animals, was welcome.

“I had little of either money or property,” said Dr. Coe, “but I had three hunting dogs. Roosevelt liked these animals, because they were very keen and wise hunters.

“After a certain chase where my dogs had downed a big timber wolf, which Roosevelt finished with his pistol, he stroked the head of one of these dogs and praised him. That was the day I discovered that this tenderfoot from New York was a real man.”

Dr. Coe was put up at the Club by me and

NOTE.—In later years Dr. Coe moved to Portland, Oregon, where, after many vicissitudes, he amassed a fortune. Still true to the friendship of the plains, he erected and presented to the City of Portland in 1922, a costly equestrian statue of Theodore Roosevelt. There was a great celebration participated in by representatives of all the States. I was then Mayor of Philadelphia and a member of the Doctor's National Monument Committee. In a letter urging me to appear, the Doctor wrote, “I wish, Hamp, you could come out yourself. I shall never forget that our friendship began when we both had our feet under the White House mahogany.” In a newspaper statement incident to the dedication, Dr. Coe explained that he owed Theodore Roosevelt a great debt not for personal favors, both for services to the City and State. He denied that he was in politics “except Roosevelt politics,” and declared that all he had done was because of his friend. “My leader is now gone,” he said, “and my so-called political activities in Oregon are ended.”

remained in Philadelphia and vicinity for several weeks. He met many prominent men of the City and State, and confided to me his satisfaction with the prospects for Roosevelt. We were arranging another State League dinner while Dr. Coe was in town, and he saw much of this activity. Our idea was to bring the State leaders and all elements of the party together in honor of United States Senator Boies Penrose who had been Chairman of the Republican State Committee. Penrose was the coming man of the "Cameron-Quay dynasty" of Pennsylvania and the Republican clans certainly turned out in force to honor him. It was so important an affair in a political sense—the Quay-Elkin breach was healed at that dinner—that we of the management were careful to keep Roosevelt in it. We sent a telegram of sympathy to Mrs. McKinley at Canton, and provided a Roosevelt souvenir for the guests to carry away. We were still awaiting Chairman Hanna's call for the National Convention to nominate a President, but some of the speakers, while cautious, managed to get in a reference to Roosevelt. Penrose did not name the President, but glorified the Administration. Governor Pennypacker, Attorney-General Hampton L. Carson, and Congressman John Dalzell of Pittsburgh, were learned and statesmanlike, full of nice words about Penrose and the Party, but shy as to National candidates. John P. Elkin, the defeated candidate for Governor, but very popular with "the boys," was more outspoken.

"If I had omniscient power," he said, "there are three things I would do. I would make Roosevelt the successful candidate of the party. I would place Boies Penrose in charge of the Republican hosts. And I would bring Israel W. Durham home restored to perfect health."

Durham was the Philadelphia city leader, who had gone abroad, and whose physical condition was a matter of concern to his friends. Of course, under these circumstances, there was great applause at the mention of each name—but the linking of those three names, Roosevelt, Penrose and Durham, incongruous as it might seem, had great political significance at the time. "The boys" liked it, and when a favorable opportunity arose, a letter was read from Secretary Loeb regretting for the President his inability to be present. This paved the way for a motion from one of the League Committee authorizing me as Chairman of the Banquet, to send greetings to the President. It was late in the evening when my telegram—a message from "Six hundred loyal Pennsylvania Republicans celebrating November victory at dinner to Senator Penrose"—went out. But the reply was prompt enough for me to read it before the diners dispersed. Dr. Coe, who attended the dinner as my guest, had a special interest in this byplay with the White House, for he had learned how important those "practical Republicans of Pennsylvania" were in any political contest.

The President's telegram was brief and all that

could be desired. He said, "Please convey my hearty regards to all present and my greetings to your guest of honor."

Now bear in mind that Penrose, the "guest of honor" was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, who had been wonderfully successful in recent election campaigns, that he was a member of the National Republican Committee with the cordial support of his Senatorial colleague Quay, and that everywhere he was recognized as the undisputed leader of the most effective Republican State organization in the country.

It meant much—such an interchange of good feeling—and when Dr. Coe departed, it was to let Washington and the West know that "Pennsylvania was all right."

Before going away the Doctor informed me that his inquiries in the State had satisfied him that "the leaders of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania are sincerely in favor of the nomination of Roosevelt" and that he would so report to the President.

Meanwhile at League headquarters, we had started to get up a "Republican Club Book" for distribution to the clubs and committees throughout the United States. The historical and biographical data made up about 100 pages and was neatly bound. The compiler, Addison B. Burk, an experienced newspaper man, wanted to run under the President's photograph, some personal expression from him, if it could be obtained. Remember-

ing some of the things the President had said at the December 12th luncheon, I wrote for and received permission to use the following as a message from him:

“Money cannot buy the kind of work the League is doing. It arouses young men to important public service. I heartily approve of the League and its mission.”

A few days after the Penrose dinner in Philadelphia, Senator Hanna, who had been unfairly criticised for delaying the call for the National Convention, was heard from in Washington. He announced that the Republican Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President would, by direction of the National Committee, assemble in Chicago, June 21st, 1904. The newspaper correspondents were fond of Hanna, but they seized upon the incident to draw him out, and for once they found him “hot under the collar.” Suggestions that the call had been delayed because he was a candidate against Roosevelt, or because of a fight in the Ohio delegation which he as Senator desired to control, nettled him.

“This matter of denials,” he said, “is going so far as to be absolutely insulting to me. If I had anything to say I would not hesitate saying it. About the delay, so-called in issuing the call, it was two months after the meeting of the Committee before Clarkson, when he was Chairman, issued the call. Nobody had anything to say about any ‘motive’ he might have had in delaying.”

Then Hanna explained about his sickness in New York for a week, and in Ohio for another week, and told of other personal matters that had unavoidably contributed to the delay—if there was any. Another reason was the demand for a hearing on complaints that the Chicago hotels were building up their rates.

“It was necessary,” he said, “to make some inquiries concerning the manner in which the hotels proposed to treat their guests.”

But what rankled most and made Hanna angry—an unusual thing for him—was the repetition of stories about delaying the Convention call for personal reasons. That Hanna was a sick man and never could be President had not yet dawned upon his determined supporters. Nor was it generally known how steadily the tide was running to Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XI

APPROACHING THE CAMPAIGN

THE President had made George B. Cortelyou Secretary of the newly created Department of Commerce and Labor, and William Loeb, Jr., had succeeded to the position of Secretary to the President vacated by Mr. Cortelyou, when the political forces began to line up for the campaign of 1904. This campaign was to determine whether Theodore Roosevelt, elevated to the Presidency by the accident of McKinley's death, could be elected to that high office on his own account. It may be assumed that the occupant of the White House was not indifferent to the situation. Nor did he permit any grass to grow under the feet of his friends and supporters. A President is presumed not to play politics, but most of them do, not directly perhaps, but through some handy medium, personal or by indirection. Under our form of Government with its four years presidential term, with the possibility of another term or more in which to complete great works undertaken, it is not surprising that the course of a President should be so directed as to perpetuate his power as long as the law and custom will permit.

The President, whose tenure in effect is a sentence to service, is hedged about by those who are often less inclined to a change of administration

than he would be himself. The sense of responsibility rather than a desire to continue in office sometimes impels a President to fight for a second term.

In the case of Roosevelt, as with other Vice-Presidents succeeding to the Presidency for unexpired terms, there was more at stake. Not only was the President young and vigorous and physically fit, but he was morally bound to make the fight. He had been shoved into the Vice-Presidency to be buried. The unforeseen but tragic death of McKinley had catapulted him into the White House. Those who had no wish that he should meddle in the politics of New York or the Nation, were just as much opposed to him now as they had been when they thought they had successfully shelved him. If they could prevent his continuance in the White House they would do it. The President knew all this, and further he knew his failure to win the Presidency by a vote of the people would be degrading. He had to fight and fight to win. He would have been dishonored had he not done so.

My correspondence with the White House and the National Committee during the early months of 1904, when the League was getting up steam for the contest, sustains this view of the President's interest. He was going to capture the National Committee if he could, but knowing the value of publicity, he encouraged other bodies, such as the League, to keep the pot boiling. There is

before me now a letter from Secretary Loeb dated January 13th, 1904, enclosing an anonymous letter addressed to "Theodore Roosevelt, White House" by some one "en route" from South Dakota, charging that the Congressional delegation of the State "with one exception (Martin)" is "against you for renomination." They were laying plans, the writer said, to free the delegation to the National Convention from instructions for Roosevelt.

"The arguments used by the machine Republicans who are against you in the State," the letter proceeded, "are as follows:

"That you are not a safe man.

"That you will not listen to counsel.

"That you are an extremist.

"That your Panama acts are Napoleonic.

"That if nominated and reelected you will be an autocrat for the next four years.

"That they want a man with a good nervous system for President."

The writer named United States Senator Kittredge, head of the Republican State machine, as the inspiration of the plan to send an uninstructed delegation so that it could go for or against the President according as he was likely to win or lose in the Convention. The way to offset all this and obtain expression of the predominating Roosevelt sentiment in the State was, in the opinion of the "en route" writer, to organize Roosevelt clubs and start them campaigning.

In transmitting this fugitive communication for

which the White House evidently thought there was a basis, Mr. Loeb wrote:

"I think it tells the truth in reference to the State mentioned. The people there are all right, but the machine may fix things the other way. Is there anything that you can do to make effective the real sentiment there?"

There was much we could do, and having an active State League in South Dakota, we proceeded at once to do it. In due course I heard from Mr. Thornby, our representative up there, and advised Mr. Loeb. His letter shows the White House spirit at the time. The Thornby report was evidently satisfactory for after commenting upon it, Secretary Loeb wrote:

"I have been consulting Congressman E. W. Martin of South Dakota, who is keeping a close watch on the situation there. He is true blue. If there is any danger he is to put himself in communication with you."

As a matter of fact, the administration was keeping an eye on the situation everywhere. Every question submitted to the White House received a prompt and decisive answer. For instance, when we were in doubt as to identifying Noble, of McAlester, Indian Territory, with our work, we were informed that there would be no difficulty about him and "I know him," wrote Secretary Loeb, "to be a devoted friend of the President." Mr. Roosevelt showed himself deeply interested in a report of conditions in Arkansas, forwarded by

the National League Treasurer, Sid B. Redding, especially when opposition to Roosevelt was said to exist in certain southwestern and western States; and when I asked for instructions concerning Indiana, I was requested to put myself in touch with Senator Beveridge, "who is our friend out there." Herein was sufficient demonstration that in the absence of an active, friendly National Committee, the White House was not "asleep at the switch." The campaign was going forward, committee or no committee, with Mr. Cortelyou at the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Mr. Loeb at the White House, keeping in touch with the details. The President had his lines out.

During February the Republican National Committee finally got under way. Chairman Hanna authorized the opening of headquarters. Perry S. Heath, over whom there had been a controversy, retired as Secretary and Elmer Dover of Ohio, McKinley's old Secretary, took his place. The Executive Committee was made up of the strongest group of Republicans that could readily be selected to run a campaign. They consisted of Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin; Richard C. Kerens of Missouri; Graeme Stewart of Illinois; Harry S. New of Indiana; Joseph H. Manley of Maine; N. B. Scott of West Virginia; Franklin Murphy of New Jersey and Cornelius N. Bliss of New York. Any one of them would have made a good National Chairman—but they were in no position to declare themselves for any candidate in advance of the

National Convention. Upon the organization of the Committee, which located itself at the Hotel Arlington, Washington, I at once communicated the readiness of the League to coöperate, and was warmly received by the new Secretary.

"I shall hope to meet you frequently in the National Committee work," said Mr. Dover, "and will be pleased to see you any time you are in Washington."

This was the beginning of a coöperative effort which continued actively until the end of the campaign. It enabled us also to keep in touch with the established Republican leaders and permitted the League to operate in the various states without friction. For instance, in Idaho, the League desired the services of James H. Wallis of Rexburg. Wallis was a candidate for a place in the Interior Department. How far dare the League go without offending the regular organization? The question was put up squarely to Senator Wm. B. Heyburn, the Idaho leader.

"Your endorsement," he said, "would in no way interfere with the political matters in our State and would be appreciated by Mr. Wallis."

Here was a case of welcoming the League to joint service. It was the work that in the end was to count for Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XII

THE PASSING OF HANNA

OPPORTUNITIES for coöperative effort in behalf of Roosevelt rapidly succeeded each other in the early months of 1904. Even in March, when the West Virginia State League Convention was held and where United States Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, who was a strong candidate for Vice-President with McKinley in 1900, was the chief speaker, resolutions that were solid for Roosevelt were passed. On Grant's birthday, when the Americus Club of Pittsburgh held one of the largest functions of the year and where Secretary of War Taft and Attorney-General Knox, of the Roosevelt Cabinet; Judge J. Franklin Fort, who had nominated Garrett A. Hobart for Vice-President in the first McKinley convention, and myself, were the speakers, the occasion resolved itself into a Roosevelt demonstration. Immediately thereafter word came from the Republican State Convention of Indiana that Roosevelt had been officially endorsed, while at the South Dakota League Convention, which I attended at Sioux Falls, the home of the Kittredge anti-Roosevelt machine, I learned that "the delegates to be elected to attend the National Convention will be instructed to support Roosevelt for the office of President."

There was no chance of carrying Arkansas for

the Republican ticket, but the matter of the National delegates was important. I recall with delightful memories a visit to Little Rock because Gen. Powell Clayton, one of the picturesque figures of the South, a veteran Republican who had fought his way through the crucible of prejudice until respected by friend and foe, was in our conferences. It was not the first time I had met Powell Clayton. He was a McKinley delegate at the Philadelphia convention of 1900, but more than that he had encouraged a number of us younger men in Pennsylvania who dared to start an agitation for McKinley when the prospects were that Quay would control the delegation for himself. I knew him, moreover, through his brother, Judge Thomas J. Clayton, of Delaware County, who was the first delegate in Pennsylvania to break the Quay stranglehold and declare for McKinley in 1896. The General had just returned from Mexico, where he was serving as Ambassador from the United States. He knew how the Republicans of Arkansas felt and he had been feeling the pulse of Republicans at large.

"Roosevelt is as good as nominated right now," he said, and the other Republican war-horses, President Redding, our National Treasurer; Secretary Ulysses S. Bratton, Treasurer P. K. Roots, H. L. Rimmel, Col. A. S. Fowler, H. H. Myers and W. S. Holt, were of the same opinion, so that the 700 delegates to the convention shouted themselves hoarse with approval when resolutions pre-

dicting Roosevelt's renomination and triumphant reelection were read.

I recall an incident at the famous Hamilton Club in Chicago, over which our League Vice-President, James Jay Sheridan, presided at the time, which illustrated how the political wind was blowing. Some one had started a boom for Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, who had recently been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, for Vice-President. This of itself was a concession to Roosevelt, but James R. Mann, afterward the floor leader of the House of Representatives, whom I met for the first time at this Chicago meeting, though later we were close friends in the House, put his foot down on the proposal, declaring that Mr. Cannon should not be embarrassed by having to decline. "Be ready to say to the men who admire Mr. Roosevelt," said Mr. Mann, "that he is worthy of their admiration, but don't force Mr. Cannon into an embarrassing position."

And then, although the whole country was beginning to accept Roosevelt, came the intervening hand of Providence to make his renomination certain—the passing of Mark Hanna.

It was a dramatic scene, on Lincoln Day, 1904, when the State League of Ohio met in convention at Cleveland. All the prominent Buckeye State Republicans were there, except Senator Hanna. He was sick in Washington—very sick. The convention was to have been a battle ground, one of the first to test the strength of Roosevelt, for

whom there was a preponderance of sentiment, although the Montgomery County delegation, headed by "Bob" Nevin, was very strongly opposed to endorsement.

While the resolutions, which endorsed the President, were under discussion, Governor Herrick arrived in the hall and was introduced. He made the sad announcement that he had just been informed from Washington that Senator Hanna was so low that it was necessary to administer oxygen to sustain him. The Governor concluded his tribute to Hanna with a positive endorsement of Roosevelt. Nothing could have shocked the convention more than the news about Hanna. Nothing could have surprised it more than the sudden declaration for the President.

The fight over the resolutions fell flat. They were quickly passed, with Hanna and Roosevelt in them. The candidacy of Nevin for the presidency of the League went to pieces, and W. E. Guerin, of Sandusky, who had made a vigorous Rooseveltian speech, was elected. Even Senator Foraker, from whom the delegates expected a great oration, was visibly depressed and his speech was mainly a manly tribute to the dying man. "We have had our differences," he said, "but they have been fought out fairly in the open without the loss of my respect for him, and I find myself hoping he has none the less respect for me."

It was curious to see the line, "Hanna, not Roosevelt, is the idol of the Indiana Lincoln

League," flashed across the front page of one of the Evansville newspapers when I went to that city direct from Cleveland, for by that time it was known that Hanna's end was near. A day or two later, when I was in Indianapolis, Senator Hanna died. I talked over the situation with Governor Durbin, State Chairman Goodrich and other leaders including C. W. McGuire, the new State League President, and George D. Heilman, Secretary. It was evident from these talks that the passing of Hanna, much as he was admired in Indiana, cleared the road for Roosevelt. Big, brainy and resourceful, the President also, in some respects, was lucky. Perhaps he would rather not have had it so, even though it so happened.

My association with and respect for Senator Hanna since 1900 in Philadelphia, induced me to prepare for the Indianapolis papers a Roosevelt-Hanna interview which I was quite sure would be acceptable to the White House. I spoke of "the vicious attacks" made upon Hanna by newspapers of the opposite faith and summed up as follows:

"Within the last few months, he was severely criticised even by some Republicans, because he did not follow up his statement that he was not a candidate for the Presidency by an endorsement of President Roosevelt. This was altogether uncalled for. In his position as the head of the party organization, he could no more declare for Mr. Roosevelt for President in advance of the National Convention, than the Chairman of the Republican or-

ganization in Indiana could pick out one of the candidates for Governor and endorse him. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt was the only avowed candidate for President, but Senator Hanna could not in fairness take an attitude that would preclude any other Republican candidate from entering the race. I don't believe this point has been properly brought out in the discussion. In any event, it will be a long time before Senator Hanna's place is filled, either in party organization or public affairs."

The death of the National Chairman raised the question of succession, and I found the Western leaders concerned about it. There was talk that Roosevelt might undertake to run the campaign from the White House.

"Would he wipe out the old Organization now that Hanna had gone?" It was a serious matter to those whose business was politics and office holding.

"Verily," said one of the editorial commentators, sarcastically, "this man is impossible. Not a single exponent of high finance, not a single unfaithful public servant, not a single foe of human freedom will stand by him in his hour of need. What hope is there for him as an individual or as a candidate when he is backed only by the hearts and votes of the great mass of the American people?"

Postmaster-General Payne, Governor Murphy of New Jersey, Harry S. New of Indiana, then a newspaper man, and a few other regulars were being discussed for the Hanna succession, and Sena-

tor Penrose had been suggested by admiring friends in Pennsylvania. Impressed by the notion that experience would count in a National Chairman, I began to figure on Penrose as the best bet of the regulars. Of course, there was some State pride in that. I knew Penrose's stubborn reliance on practical organization, and I also knew him to be an exceptionally able and scholarly man. Moreover, the last talks I had with him convinced me he felt there was no way out but to take Roosevelt. I sounded Western sentiment on Penrose, and found a good feeling for him amongst the practical politicians. Then I determined to try it out on the President.

There was yet to be a period of discussion; in fact, a period of several months, before this matter was to be definitely settled. The President's machinery was in working order and there was little he needed from the National Committee, which was running along under Mr. Payne's oversight with Elmer Dover in general charge. The National League was functioning. Speakers and organizers were at work, and responses were coming in from all parts of the United States.

During the first week of May, sub-committees of the National Republican Committee had so far progressed in details preliminary to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in June, as to openly declare a preference for Elihu Root of New York for temporary Chairman of the Convention—a selection that was acceptable to Roosevelt.

For now, with the passing of Hanna, Roosevelt's renomination was assured. There was no other Republican candidate in sight; none with courage to come out into the open.

CHAPTER XIII

"CORTELYOU WILL BE CHAIRMAN"

OBSERVERS have pointed out that when one prominent man dies another may be expected soon to follow. Hanna passed out in February. In May, Quay also succumbed. In the last few years no love had been lost between these two Republican stalwarts. Since the failure of McKinley and Hanna to support Quay's claim to return to the Senate by appointment of Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, the Senators had stood apart. But upon one point they were agreed in sentiment and that was that the elevation of Roosevelt to the Presidency had been unfortunate for the party. And upon one thing the President, if he were so minded, might congratulate himself: his two strongest rivals were gone. Again, apparently, it was Roosevelt luck.

Quay's death, lamented by the regulars in Pennsylvania as Hanna's was in Ohio, brought Penrose to the fore as State leader—a most important post, since Pennsylvania was the foremost Republican State of the Union. It also raised the question of Penrose's availability for the National Chairmanship. I talked with Penrose about this and finally decided to take it up with the President.

I knew it would be a bold thing to do, but found

the President willing to talk. He first received me along with the Senators and Representatives who were waiting, but discerning I wanted to talk about something else than League matters, told me to step into an adjoining room and wait until the rush was over. It was fully an hour before he came in, and fast approaching darkness. Mr. Roosevelt then pulled up a chair and sat down, and talked until dinner time. He went at League work, hammer and tongs. He wholly approved my plans for anticipating the National Convention at Chicago with a National League Executive Committee meeting. He agreed it was wise to hold our National Convention at Indianapolis in October just before the general election. "Consult Beveridge out there," he said. I told him we wanted Beveridge and Secretary Shaw, but the latter was a little uncertain about coming to Indianapolis. "I will speak to the Secretary," he said.

Then he went over conditions and men in certain States, and told me where we could connect with our work, and be effective. All in all it was a lively, cheerful, and exceptionally free-hand résumé of the political situation.

I commented upon the appointment of Attorney-General Knox to fill the Quay vacancy in the Senate, and the President, while not desiring to lose Knox from the Cabinet, complimented Governor Pennypacker upon his selection. He said Knox would not "be in haste to resign the Attorney-Generalship," but "would hold on until late in the

fall." The inference was that the Cabinet, most of which held over from McKinley, would remain intact until after election. The President wanted no break in the Cabinet until the campaign was over. That again was political sagacity.

Then following up Knox and the Pennsylvania situation, I managed to get in something about the National Chairmanship which many believed must go to the Old Guard. The President heard me out on the sentiment of the Old Guard leaders. I told him if one of them was to run the campaign in his interest, League work would be strengthened if some one of the type of Penrose were selected; that Penrose was in sympathy with him and with us.

"You remember, Mr. President," I ventured, "the practical work done in New York in the Harrison campaign when Quay was in the saddle. Penrose knows the Quay machinery; he has come along to take Quay's place. Although he is a Harvard man, he is eminently practical in politics. He has a wide acquaintanceship amongst the powerful men of the business world. If you are going to have one of the old crowd for Chairman, Penrose would fight to win."

"Yes," said the President, "I know Senator Penrose. I fully appreciate his ability, but I want some one very close to me in the National Chairmanship."

So I had gone as far as the ethics would permit.

"You might as well know," the President added abruptly, "that I shall recommend George B.

Cortelyou. Cortelyou will be the Chairman. I want you to go to him and work with him. Remember I have a high regard for Penrose, but Cortelyou will be more responsive."

And Mr. Roosevelt grinned or smiled, I do not know which.

"Go see Cortelyou as soon as you can," he said, "and tell him I want him to work with you."

I dared not say I was surprised, for the President's announcement was personally pleasing to me, but I felt there was a shock in store for the Old Guard. Just how Cortelyou, who was Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor and a member of the Cabinet, could handily manage a political campaign of the magnitude of the one about to be undertaken, I did not know, but evidently the President did. At the proper time the Secretary of Commerce and Labor would resign and then, having made a good fight as National Chairman, he could return to the Cabinet, become Postmaster-General and eventually Secretary of the Treasury.

In compliance with the President's instructions, I called on Secretary Cortelyou in the Department office on Fourteenth Street opposite the Willard Hotel and found him ready to discuss all the points I had tried to make to the President; particularly that which might infer a lack of "practical" experience upon his part.

"Who more seasoned or 'practical' as you say," he said, "than a man who has served under

three Presidents and who because of that service, has come to know the 'practical fellows' in every State?"

With this my own doubts disappeared. The prospective Chairman was nice about it and not hurt at all.

"Possibly we may know a little more about politics than we are given credit for," Mr. Cortelyou said, "but we will conduct a clean fight and a winning one."

It was clear the Secretary, who was to be National Chairman, had imbibed the Roosevelt spirit. He surely had the benefit of an acquaintanceship with the leaders of both great parties. He had served in the White House with Grover Cleveland, and was Secretary to President McKinley whose last words at Buffalo he imparted to a saddened people.

When the personal side of our talk was over, Mr. Cortelyou told me of the President's reliance upon League work, and assured me it would have his encouragement and support as National Chairman. And it had.

When the League Executive Committee met in Chicago, June 20th, before the Republican National Convention opened, I read to those assembled the following message from the President of the United States:

"Say to the boys of the National League in Chicago that it is just such unselfish and aggres-

sive work as they are doing for the Party throughout the country that appeals most strongly to me; it is the kind of work that makes for good in the Party and the Nation. I want to be remembered most cordially to League workers."

A reception to delegates to the National Convention at the Hotel Lexington featured the League's Chicago activities. More than 1,000 persons attended. Amongst those to speak at the reception—and they did not hesitate to speak for Roosevelt in advance of the Convention—were Mexican Ambassador Powell Clayton of Arkansas, Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, and former Senator Thurston of Nebraska. They had all been strong McKinley men.

Little need be added about the National Convention. From start to finish it was Roosevelt—all Roosevelt. After eloquent speeches by Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York, Senator Beveridge of Indiana, George A. Knight of California, and Elihu Root of New York, the temporary Chairman, Theodore Roosevelt was unanimously nominated for the Presidency. All opposition within the Republican Party was broken down. The nomination of United States Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana for Vice-President was, in a sense, a relief to the conservatives. And the Old Guard was recalled in resolutions of respect to the memory of Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania, and Marcus A. Hanna of Ohio.

When the new National Committee met, George

B. Cortelyou of New York was agreed upon for Chairman.

Theodore Roosevelt had won, but there were some who continued to dissent.

"He has assumed the responsibility," they said, "now let him win the election."

There was a big fight ahead, as much to control the Republican vote as to defeat the Democrats.

CHAPTER XIV

BREAKING INTO THE GAME

THE National Convention over, the President nominated and Secretary Cortelyou installed as National Chairman, the young men of the National Republican League were highly elated. They went back to work as if the effort was to be the supreme political event of their lives. As a matter of fact it was, for although the League figured in the Taft campaign under John Hays Hammond, who found it a costly proposition, it never made a better showing than in the battle for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. The headquarters in Philadelphia were busy pushing the campaign even ahead of the regulars, although the President and Mr. Cortelyou were constantly advised, and generally approved of what was done.

So much was the League in the limelight that older leaders, some of them more jealous than wise, endeavored to repress the younger element by obstruction and ridicule. The New York *Sun* which afterward rubbed the President the wrong way, was one of those "to throw the harpoon" into the movement. In an editorial entitled "Buttons and Apathy," July 25th, 1904, it found fault with the League for "getting excited when there was nothing to get excited about." The President of the

League travelling through New York and Pennsylvania, it said, "is struck by the indifference among Republicans. Only now and then did he run across a Roosevelt button. Whereas four years ago there was a general scramble for McKinley buttons. He thinks this is a bad omen." "By October," the *Sun* continued, "say by the middle of October a reasonable enthusiasm may be permitted. At this stage of the game it would look fishy and affected." Then we were told that the Pennsylvania Democratic chieftain "Col. Jim Guffy doesn't hope to take the State away" from the Republicans; while everybody in New York is wondering in admiration at the "milk-white virtue of their incorruptible chief, the Honorable Benjamin B. Odell, Jr." "No," said the *Sun*, "the button season has not begun. Give the country time, Mr. Moore. It is getting a little too old to go on a political spree of three months."

Another paper, the Philadelphia *North American*, which always undertook to interpret the Roosevelt mind, was especially vicious in its assaults on the League movement. After a conference in Washington with the new Chairman Cortelyou and the continuing Secretary of the National Committee, Elmer Dover, it published fake interviews from Oyster Bay expressing the President's confidence of victory "now that the League was in action." From Esopus, the home of Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic nominee, it presented a despatch indicative of the candidate's despair. It

also faked a message from Indianapolis suggesting that "the Cortelyou-Moore-Dover conference" in Washington was of such grave importance that it had rendered the Vice-Presidential candidate speechless. They didn't like Fairbanks anyhow. This method of keeping the younger element down was in line with the treatment accorded "the fresh young Hoosier Beveridge" in the Senate, or wherever in the dining clubs in Washington they could get a crack at him. It simply stimulated the League. We had no sign that the President was annoyed, for our reports were punctually acknowledged and our publicity campaign encouraged.

One of the reasons for this confidence in the League, I suspect, was the knowledge in Washington that the League was not clamoring for campaign funds; that thus far it had sustained itself voluntarily and that it would seek but little from the National Committee. The total amount actually contributed by the National Committee before the campaign was over was, as I remember, \$3,000. Rather an insignificant sum, and due to the fact that the officers of the League were not paid, and generally bore their own expenses.

The forthcoming League Convention at Indianapolis afforded excellent opportunity for propaganda. All club work was made to tend toward that event. The candidates' speeches of acceptances would be thoroughly digested if not forgotten by that time; and we aimed to strike the ante-election keynotes. The President heartily,

approved of this. Indiana was the State of both Fairbanks and Beveridge, and they did not always agree, but the youthful Senator promised to be on hand. He was to speak the Presidential mind.

We wanted Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, who was already on the stump stirring up the old McKinley element, but he was at first doubtful. We went after the White House again and the President wrote he would "take pleasure in urging Secretary Shaw to attend." Evidently he reached the Secretary, for instead of telling us as previously that he "was under the direction of the National Committee," Mr. Shaw, who was a prince of campaigners and always "regular," told us he would come. When I asked him what we could do to contribute to his happiness and comfort at Indianapolis, he wrote from somewhere en route:

"The only thing I need for my happiness and comfort is three plain meals a day and no functions. I am as easily satisfied as Eugene Field was when on being tendered a beefsteak, mutton chop and omelet, et cetera, for breakfast on Stuyvesant Fish's private car, he said, 'Give me an orange and a few kind words.' I am not dyspeptic and therefore I want more than an orange, but the more simple the diet the better the speech, and the longer I can stand up to the amount of work I am doing."

It was important, of course, that we should have

the Vice-Presidential candidate in his own State and we went after the senior Senator early. June 30th he wrote me from Indianapolis that he could not make definite arrangements so far in advance, which was to be expected in his case, but he urged we get Congressman James E. Watson of Indiana who, he said, "is one of the very strongest speakers in the country." Watson was one of the Old Guard, and I mention this now because of his many activities since. A second letter from Fairbanks dated July 4th suggested the Hon. John L. Griffiths of Indianapolis. "He is one of the most scholarly and gifted orators in the United States," said Senator Fairbanks underscoring that sentence, and "is the literary executor of President Harrison." I had spoken with Mr. Griffiths in League work in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and knew of his whirlwind style. He was subsequently appointed Consul-General to London. But we took advice from the National Committee as to some of the speakers and decided finally to feature Shaw and Beveridge, this being acceptable to the White House.

In otherwise preparing for the Indianapolis Convention, it was necessary to travel much and confer with many of the old and new leaders. Governor Richard Y. Yates of Illinois was then in command at Springfield. He had been a young men's candidate, and I called on him and sounded out the Illinois situation. He gave the League great encouragement. Then I conferred with Governor

Cummins of Iowa, afterward United States Senator. In return for my League organization urging in Iowa with which he sympathized, Governor Cummins spent more than an hour informing me upon "The Iowa Idea" which was then attracting national attention. From each of these Governors I carried messages which were later reported to the White House.

But the "Iowa Idea" was not the only new thing in politics about that time. "La Folletteism" had not become known as such, but La Follette was Governor of Wisconsin and the regular Republicans were having a hard time of it in that State. Senators John C. Spooner and Joseph V. Quarles had been "the big guns" up there, but the Old Guard was being shoved out of place. Congressman J. W. Babcock of Wisconsin, Chairman of the House Congressional Committee, who had recently been in Philadelphia raising funds, was also slipping. The Spoonerites and the La Folletteites were not drifting apart; they were apart. And La Follette had the upper hand. The fight was going to continue into the National Campaign and after. Here then, it seemed to us of the League, was a legitimate field for our activities. What had the young men of Wisconsin to do with the old men's quarrels? I conferred with our Western officers and with such friends as we had in Wisconsin. It was decided that the League President should go to Milwaukee and undertake the organization of a young men's middle-of-the-road movement if that

were possible. It resulted in the first and only scrap we had with the National Committee.

I arrived in Chicago, conferred with our League friends, and was advised the Western headquarters was disputing our plan to go into Wisconsin. A conference with the National Committee sub-committee followed. Harry S. New of Indiana, Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, David Mulvane of Nebraska, and some others, as I recall, were in it, and I was politely but firmly informed that no matter how sanguine we might be about organizing Wisconsin, their judgment was dead against it. The situation was fought over until word came in from Eastern headquarters confirming the Western headquarters' judgment. Under these circumstances and with assurances that the Wisconsin situation was in good hands and could best be worked out without the League's assistance, it was finally decided to cancel the trip.

There was much ungenerous publicity about this at the time, the antis in Wisconsin making the most of it as an evidence of the regular weakness. And as La Follette continued to dominate Wisconsin thereafter, even to the time of his own disastrous Presidential campaign, I am inclined to think they were not deluded. The League gesture toward Wisconsin might have been a mistake as the old fellows thought, but Wisconsin became a lost sheep thereafter to the regular party organization.

Judge Parker's anti free-silver attitude had the

effect of mollifying many Republicans who did not like Roosevelt. It made a hit with big interests in Eastern States and caused the League to bestir itself in New York and New England. What we observed, especially in Maine, had much to do with our rallying calls against old General Apathy. Returning from a tour of the New England States, where we stirred up the clubs, I found our reports to be most welcome at National headquarters.

With the assistance of Senator Stokes, afterward Governor of New Jersey, we staged a big New Jersey League Convention at Asbury Park. Senator Thurston of Nebraska—he of the doubtful frame of mind in Washington when Hanna announced his intention to quit the National Chairmanship—was the headliner. His attack on the Democratic platform and his praise of Roosevelt as a man of action could not have been improved upon. But the Democratic press tried to arouse Republican dissension by charging that Governor Murphy, one of the Old Guard, had snubbed the Convention. This was in line with the talk about our “bluffing” in Missouri where we had a good organization and where the State League boys said we had a chance to win.

Indiana about this time was becoming a political storm center. We were urged to new activity there by the receipt in October of a “confidential” message from the Secretary to the President, who wrote: “Are you giving especial attention to In-

diana? I hear considerable complaint of inactivity there."

The "inactivity" we found was due to Rooseveltism. Some of the professional politicians of the old school resented the growth of Beveridge.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL

Now that he was duly nominated, it was not surprising that the President should keep in close touch with what was going on. The politicians were apathetic and needed watching. Roosevelt was popular with the people; but what about the monied interests? What about the Old Guard? Were they pulling in concert, or were they permitting the election to take care of itself? It is pretty hard when one is thumping the trusts to make up with them when the crisis comes. The President was not of a compromising nature and, therefore, he depended upon that remarkable personality of his; that initiative that demands attention and support, whether the organization is for you or against you.

The first evidence of trouble came at the convention of the New York State League at Syracuse, when the regulars were indisposed to being driven out and when Major Totten, the secretary, resigned because he "could not stand for Governor Odell's machine-made ticket." On the other hand, it was shown that the work among young men and with the foreign vote, as originally suggested by Roosevelt, particularly with the Italians in congested districts, had been far-reaching and effective; while United States Senator

Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, who was one of the old-liners, came out with a statement ridiculing the idea that Roosevelt could be unsafe when among his advisors were Elihu Root, John Hay and William H. Taft. "He does the right thing at the right time," said Platt, "and he does it with his might."

Even as far west as Utah, United States Senator Reed Smoot, who had gone through a grueling process because he was a Mormon, was industriously organizing clubs, and in the East Senator Penrose publicly identified himself with the Roosevelt campaign by travelling to the Pennsylvania State League Convention at Reading with Senator Fairbanks, the Vice-Presidential candidate, and Senator Foraker. We felt, however, as the Indianapolis League Convention drew near, with the election only a few weeks distant, that we must guard against serious mishaps; so conferences with the National Committee were numerous. It was typical of Roosevelt's political sagacity not to overlook any opportunity to create enthusiasm and the White House supported us to the very limit in the matter of speakers—Secretary of War Taft, Secretary Leslie M. Shaw and Senator Beveridge. George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the National Committee, endorsed us with his cordial greetings and best wishes and closed his telegram with a characteristic Rooseveltian utterance:

"Let every member of the League from now

until the eighth of November follow the advice once given by Theodore Roosevelt in an address to young Americans: 'Don't foul, don't shirk, but hit the line hard.' "

Better than this, I had a letter from the President himself. It was written, of course, to be read in the convention. It revealed the President's interest in the new blood which the League was bringing into the party and his knowledge of what was being accomplished. From the White House the President wrote:

MY DEAR MR. MOORE:

Permit me, through you, to extend my warmest greeting to the convention of the Republican National League. I appreciate to the full extent the work it is doing. The zealous and disinterested aid of the men who compose it means more for the party than almost any other kind of support, and I count our party fortunate indeed in having men able to work for it in the spirit that your organization has shown. We hold that our party is worthy of support because it has served the Nation with fidelity and efficiency so long and especially because it is now thus serving it.

Hoping you will have a most successful meeting, I am

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Nothing could better illustrate the feeling among the delegates that the League was strongly entrenched in Roosevelt's regard than the fact that the Illinois delegates came to Indianapolis deter-

mined to elect Frank O. Lowden to the position of National President. Two years previously I had won the presidency handily, but now the office not only represented the leadership of an active and powerful organization but it meant close association with President Roosevelt, both politically and personally. The struggle eventually ended with Lowden's withdrawal and my reelection; and when I had made a speech of acceptance calculated to heal all wounds by asserting that we must stand loyally together until our task was done, the convention proceeded swimmingly; albeit my friend, Harry A. Wildey, one of the Pennsylvania delegates, for years afterward bared his wrist to show where it had been sprained in contact with the jaw of a New Jersey delegate who had reversed his attitude on the question of the presidency. Three nominations were made (Lowden's name having been withdrawn)—Dr. J. B. McFatricks, of Illinois, by William G. Edens, of Chicago; Scott Bonham, former president of the Ohio State League, by Judge D. D. Woodmansee, of Ohio, a former president of the National Republican League; and my own name, presented by A. J. Edwards, of Pittsburgh, president of the Pennsylvania State League.

The wide publicity which accompanied the battle for the presidency gave added importance to the resolutions, which were eloquently solid for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. They covered some of the things the National Committee could not foresee,

such as Judge Parker's attitude upon the gold question, and concluded with instructions to the incoming president of the League to confer with the National Committee immediately, to "inaugurate on coöperative lines a thirty days' campaign of club organization among the first and independent voters of the United States." Nothing less than these resolutions could have been the outcome of a convention attended by enormous crowds and enlivened by parades; with active party men like Governor Durbin, Goodrich, "Jim" Watson, Hemingway and Jesse Overstreet largely in evidence; and with soul-stirring speeches by Secretary of War Taft, Secretary Shaw, Senator Beveridge and George A. Knight, of California. When, however, the Indianapolis papers suggested that Beveridge's speech was "an opening gun" for "Beveridge for President," and that Beveridge's boom angered "the Fairbanks' Wheel Horses," we had a foretaste of the schism that was to keep the State forces from advancing either Fairbanks or Beveridge in 1908.

The "thirty days' campaign" authorized by the Indianapolis convention was a real one in every sense of the word. We had undertaken to get the young men of the country behind Roosevelt and Fairbanks and it is no exaggeration to say that we succeeded beyond our fondest hopes. We used every possible means, including parades; and in Philadelphia, where we were welcomed by a reception committee of the Union Republican Club, un-

der the chairmanship of T. Lincoln Townsend, afterward head of the District of Columbia League, a live elephant, appropriately labelled "G. O. P.," was a feature of the procession. Into every State and Territory organizers were sent until it was estimated that "at least 2,000,000 young men and independents" had been enrolled. Old General Apathy was driven into his hole wherever he made himself known. Our reports were so encouraging that we felt no concern when a belated effort was made to organize "The National Association of Democratic Clubs," a movement encouraged by William Randolph Hearst and his newspapers.

When, on the night of November 8th, 1904, the wires told of the Roosevelt landslide, we felt that while the Old Guard might have stood for Roosevelt because he was the Party nominee, the young men had responded nobly because they were for Roosevelt and he was for them. From President Roosevelt, through Secretary Loeb, came prompt acknowledgment for what the League had done; from Vice-President Fairbanks thanks for "effective work"; from Chairman Cortelyou grateful appreciation for coöperation; and from Senator P. C. Knox, Secretary Wesley R. Andrews, of the Pennsylvania State Republican Committee, and many others, similar expressions of commendation and appreciation.

Quite unexpectedly, the election of Roosevelt was to affect me personally. Of course, there were

suggestions that I wanted office. That was not surprising, although when former critics, who had attempted to ridicule the League work even unto the White House, intimated that I would be named for the Cabinet, I knew that the inspiration was malicious and designed to injure League influence. While the campaign was under way, and I had given up a year to it since my departure from the City Treasurer's office, January 1st, 1904, I had joined in the formation of an advertising and publishing company in New York, and was otherwise preparing to return to remunerative activities. I was still engrossed with the duties, correspondence, speeches, etc., consequent upon my presidency of the League, but my friends in the business world had been increasing, because of the prominence given to industrial and tariff matters during the last two Presidential campaigns, and I anticipated a long-deferred severance from political and official life. It was not so to be.

Charles Heber Clark, the leading tariff exponent in Philadelphia, was in his earlier editorial days "Max Adeler," humorist. My admiration for Mr. Clark as author of his thoroughly enjoyable book, "Out of the Hurly Burly," made me wonder why one who could so readily make people laugh should immerse himself in the solemn study of political economy. But Mr. Clark had his reasons and dropped his *nom de plume*. He became the ablest and most profound tariff expert in the East, and the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, where I

had many friends, was very proud of him. At one time they made him secretary—not to get data and speeches out of him, although they got both—but to encourage him in his study of economics.

Now, apart from being a learned protectionist, Mr. Clark had very positive political convictions. In Montgomery County, just outside of Philadelphia, where he lived, Mr. Clark attached himself to civic movements, or any other kind of movement that stood for what Senator Quay did not stand for. He was very much opposed to Senator Quay and rejoiced loudly in 1896 when Quay was unable to stem the McKinley tide in Pennsylvania, and again in 1900 when Quay was unable to stop Roosevelt. He thought Quay did not measure up to the dignity of a United States Senator and was disappointed in him as a defender of American industry.

Quay had died and all had been forgotten, apparently, when the manufacturer friends of Mr. Clark suggested him, after the election, for appointment by President Roosevelt to the unfilled position of Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures in the Department of Commerce and Labor. They besieged the White House with endorsements; they put the matter up to Senators Penrose and Knox, and as they had been liberal contributors to both the National and State campaigns, it was not easy to turn them aside. They had a strong argument in their candidate himself; a Pennsylvanian to uphold industries which were more vital to Pennsyl-

vania than any other State; and an acknowledged expert. It seemed as if the ideal man for the place had been found; but, despite all this, there was opposition at the White House and I was asked by Richard· Campion, with whom I frequently dined at the Union League, to interest myself in Clark's behalf and especially to consult Senator Penrose. Assuring myself that Clark would accept the position—it paid only \$4,000 a year—I arranged an interview with Senator Penrose. When we met in his office in the Arcade Building, Senator Durham, the city leader, was present.

“There is no use arguing for Clark,” Penrose said, after I had renewed the claims of the manufacturers. “The President won't appoint him unless the Senators will recommend him and he will not be recommended.”

As Senator Knox was deferring to Penrose in most political matters, I realized at once that if Penrose opposed and the President, despite his independence of character, yielded to the usual practice of accepting Senators' recommendations in such cases, there was no hope for Clark's appointment. I asked if it was not true that the President had a Californian in reserve in the person of William R. Wheeler, a gentleman whom he afterward made Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

“That is true,” said Penrose, “if a Pennsylvanian is not appointed, the place will go to California.”

"Seems like poor politics," I said, "when it will only offend these friends of ours in Pennsylvania."

"Maybe that's so," replied the Senator, "but Clark won't do. He was very offensive to Senator Quay and the Montgomery County leaders haven't forgotten it. He hasn't been very magnanimous toward me, and Durham would not stand for him, anyhow. There's Durham, ask him."

I turned to Durham, but in his quick, snappy way, he anticipated me.

"No, Hamp, the Senator's right. We won't stand for him."

Then Penrose began to smile.

"Durham and I have been talking this thing over," he drawled, "and we think it can be settled to the satisfaction of everybody. We'll stand for you, but not for Clark. You would be agreeable to the President and you will be agreeable to the manufacturers. What do you say?"

"Very complimentary," I answered, "but I am not a candidate and never dreamed of such a thing. Moreover, I don't like the part. What if I say no? Will you consider any one else?"

"No, if you don't take it, it goes to California."

"Then don't settle it now," I urged. "Give me a day to think it over."

The State and city leaders agreed and I left the conference.

CHAPTER XVI

A SHORT-TERM BUREAUCRAT

JOHN ALDEN may have pleaded more earnestly for Miles Standish than I did for Charles Heber Clark, but his love for Priscilla must surely have been greater than mine was for the vacant position of Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures. The maintenance of a residence in Washington on a salary of \$4,000 a year was no great inducement for one who had recently retired from a \$10,000 position at home, but the flat refusal of the Senators to endorse Clark made his appointment impossible. I determined, however, under no circumstances to even consider the matter unless Mr. Clark was fully informed and would give his approval. When, therefore, he wrote to me saying it was important the office should come to Pennsylvania and urging me to take it, generously adding verbally that he realized the opposition was all-powerful and that he knew I would sympathetically treat the questions before the Bureau, I arranged to meet Senator Penrose in Washington on the 28th of December and see the President on the following day.

Meanwhile, I looked up the law regarding the Bureau of Manufactures. If I had known as much about bills, laws and "jokers" as I afterward learned in Congress, I might not have taken the matter so seriously, but when I found the duty

of the Bureau was "to foster, promote and develop the various manufacturing industries of the United States and markets for the same at home and abroad, domestic and foreign, by gathering, publishing and supplying all valuable and useful information concerning such industries and their markets," it gave me cause for reflection. When I further found, however, that while the organic law fixed the salary of the Chief of the Bureau at \$4,000, Congress would yet have to appropriate that sum and otherwise provide for the conduct of this formidable assignment, I had my doubts about the wisdom of undertaking it.

"Well," said the Senator, after I had expressed my doubts and the prospects had been rather impatiently debated at the breakfast table, "make up your mind what you are going to do, for we're due at the White House in half an hour."

I thought of a lot of things before answering—the expense of breaking up in Philadelphia to live in Washington; the loss of touch with local conditions in the Quaker City, and the effect of my appointment upon the National Republican League and my friendly relations at the White House—but, finally, as the Senator seemed aggrieved, I answered:

"It's all over; we'll go."

There were other Senators ahead of us at the White House and Penrose presented me pleasantly to those who were in waiting, some of whom I already knew. Then his turn came, and instead of

asking me in at once, requested me to wait until he talked to the President about another matter. I sat quite close to the open door of the Presidential office, and could not avoid hearing some of the conversation. Penrose was asking for the appointment of a certain Pennsylvanian to a Western post. The President was shying off. He had the fellow's record; moreover, the job sought had something to do with forestry or one of the Western hobbies of the President. When the President exposed the man's shortcomings, Penrose promptly withdrew the request. But he was embarrassed and said, "Had I known that, Mr. President, I would not have made the recommendation."

"Of course not!" snapped Roosevelt, "of course not. But I will not appoint crooks."

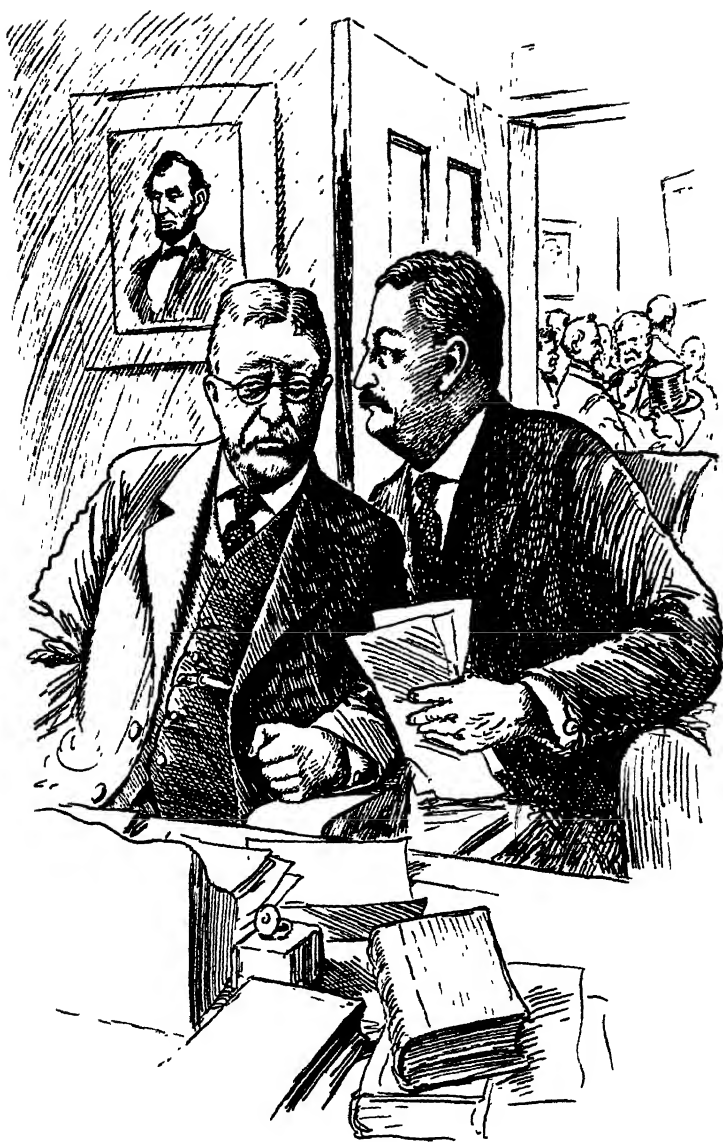
Just a little flustered by what had happened, Penrose came over to the door and beckoned me in.

"Here is Mr. Moore," he said, "whom we have agreed to recommend for the position of Chief of the Bureau of Manufactures."

"Yes," said the President, grinning, "I know Mr. Moore quite well." And then, turning to me:

"Do you want this place, Mr. President?"

Being thus put at ease, I proceeded to speak of the Clark matter and explained why I had just come in with Senator Penrose. It drew from the President confirmation of the statement that unless some Pennsylvanian was quickly agreed upon, a Californian would be appointed. He was tiring of the importunities.



SENATOR PENROSE, OF PENNSYLVANIA, ONE OF THE OLD GUARD
TALKING TO ROOSEVELT ABOUT APPOINTMENTS

"Mr. Moore is acceptable to the Pennsylvania interests, Mr. President," said Senator Penrose.

"Mr. Moore is acceptable to me," replied Mr. Roosevelt.

"Thank you, Mr. President," I ventured. "If you honor me with this appointment, I cannot come into the White House as often as heretofore, but will it be necessary for me to retire from the Presidency of the National Republican League?"

"No, that won't be necessary. The League is a voluntary body, and it would be well for you to continue at its head."

"I was thinking of the Civil Service," I said.

"Cross that bridge when you come to it," was the reply.

Thereupon I became the unsalaried chief of a high-sounding office, with no assistants, no quarters and no appropriation. Eventually I was shunted away into a partitioned room in the United States Census Bureau Building, down near the Capitol. The humor of my situation appealed to the newspapers but my friends among the Washington correspondents helped me with kindly publicity, giving serious presentation of my announcements to the business world. Finally Congress acted. An appropriation bill was passed making my own salary available and giving to the Bureau one stenographer, one messenger and five clerks. There was a fly even in this ointment. These future associates of mine were beautifully classified—chief clerk, second grade, third grade, etc.,—so

that instead of being able to pick men with ideas who could help "foster, promote and develop" the trade of the United States "at home and abroad," I had to take what the Civil Service emitted from its highest numbers. Remembering myself as the active president of the National Republican League who formerly walked into the White House "to confer with the President," I realized now what it meant to be a subordinate. I knew that if I could name men with initiative to start a new and important work, the President could override the Civil Service by executive order, but I had no right now to go to the President. My only chance was to take the best-appearing applicant from the three at the head of the Civil Service slot machine. So for two afternoons and evenings, in a parlor which I engaged next to my room at the Raleigh Hotel, I quietly held hearings. And they were worth while.

No one had ever tried to get ahead of the Civil Service in just the way I undertook to do it, so far as I knew, and I was sailing upon an uncharted sea. Before the quiz began, however, I had several visits from Senators and Representatives. One of the latter had a nephew who would "just fit the chief clerkship," and the fact that he was admittedly ignorant of all things relating to foreign trade was as nothing beside the fact that he could be easily transferred from the departmental position with which he was dissatisfied. William Alden Smith, Congressman from Michi-

gan, who came in and called me "Hamp," had a man who would make a good stenographer, while Senator Beveridge walked over to my dingy quarters to tell me about a fine, upstanding fellow from Indiana, "one of our kind," so to speak, who could be transferred from another department. With these and many more personal requests before me for consideration, I began to question my visitors with as much earnestness as if selecting a bank president, although not a place in my Bureau paid more than \$1,400 a year.

"I don't intend to ask you about your politics or your religion," I said, "for that is forbidden by the Civil Service law, but if you are desirous of coming into the new Bureau, it is natural that I should want to know something about you."

Nobody objected to this, and so we proceeded.

As the examination progressed, I heard the grievances and ambitions of more than one hundred government employees who are never seen or heard of in the newspapers. It was the most instructive and illuminating undercurrent of life and thought at the National Capital imaginable, and taught me more about Departments and Bureaus, their personnel and the humdrum existence of the workers, than I had ever hoped to learn. It was quite different from anything that came along in my Congressional experience later. Certainly its counterpart could not be found at an Army or Navy assembly or a White House reception.

These drudges in the Washington life-grind were gasping for breath; they were restless and wanted a chance. There was the clerk in the War Department, Adjutant-General's office, who complained that his chief clerk was down on him and did not give him "a square deal"; and the Patent Office employee who wanted to get with "a live wire" because his office was as "dead as a door nail"; and the office-holder who was still an office-holder, as his father had been before him, and who had never voted in his life "because it is too expensive to go home." When it was all over there was little about the various Departments and Bureaus and their inside workings, their jealousies, their petty gossiping, that I did not know.

In the midst of my elaborate and painstaking effort to equip my Bureau with helpful aid, something happened. Secretary Metcalf sent word that he would like to see me on a very important matter. I thought that the Western Congressman was thrusting his nephew on me for Chief Clerk and I inwardly determined to resign rather than have the man forced upon me. Nothing of the kind. President Roosevelt had sent word over that he wanted a place for a colored man named Fuller, and the position he suggested was the messenger-ship in the Bureau of Manufactures.

"The President is very anxious about this man Fuller," said Secretary Metcalf, "and we must arrange it for him."

"Fine, Mr. Secretary," I answered cheerfully,

“so long as it isn’t the Chief Clerkship. But how can we make the appointment? There’s that confounded Civil Service list with forty or fifty names on it. Do you know if Fuller is on the list?”

The Secretary did not know; so we held up temporarily.

Fuller—W. Stephen Fuller, to be accurate—was a gentle, clean-cut colored man, half North and half South, but mostly South. He had been a man servant in the Virginia home of one of Mr. Roosevelt’s personal and hunting friends. He had waited upon Mr. Roosevelt during these visits and Mr. Roosevelt had encouraged him in his studies and reading. Stephen had finally reached the point where he wrote poetry and sent it to Mr. Roosevelt, who read and commented upon it, in addition to which Mr. Roosevelt had told him to come to him if he ever needed aid. Fuller’s employer was knocked overboard from a yacht and was drowned, whereupon Fuller did not hesitate to make his appeal to the White House. It was up to me to make good the President’s obligation. I had to make it clear to Stephen that the President’s letter was not an appointment, but I told him I thought we could find a way to make it effective. Then I had another idea.

“If you want to come in and take chances until we can get you on the pay-roll,” I said, “you may do so, but remember, even if all goes well, the salary is only \$720 a year.”

Stephen was willing and I tested him out on pen-

manship and composition to see if he could help me until the office force came along. He was so good at both that I gave him clerical work at once. Then I went back to Secretary Metcalf.

"Mr. Secretary," I said, "I have seen the President's man Fuller and I could use him right away."

"But what about the Civil Service?"

"He's too far down to be reached in a year. If the President will issue an Executive Order I can put him on at once."

"Phew!" said the Secretary. "That can't be done for a messenger."

"But it's the only way. I want Fuller, and you and I want to serve the President. Won't you take it up with him? If you don't, I suppose this man will go to Pinchot or Garfield."

Within a few days I was able to tell Stephen that he was an exceptional man—that the President of the United States had issued an "Executive Order" lifting him over the Civil Service and making him messenger in the Bureau of Manufactures. Thereafter, I had a remarkably willing messenger and a good adaptable clerk, who later acquired a better station in the service. And along with a messenger and clerk, I had a poet and a writer, for Stephen was clever and measured up to his part in "the development," and so forth, of the world's trade. When I had secured the rest of the office force by transfer from other departments, we began the great work which afterward merged

with the Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce in the existing Department of Commerce.

Despite the drawback of a meagre salary, I found official life in Washington not without its compensations. Through the friendly publicity given by Washington newspaper correspondents, the Bureau of which I was the head acquired a reputation and I was the guest of honor at many dinners. At the Cosmos Club I mingled with other Bureau chiefs. Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, was my host at a gathering where I met Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who was invited because I had been Labor Editor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* for many years. Gompers and I, though we afterward met and sometimes disagreed in matters of legislation, had a delightful evening together, with my old employer, George W. Childs, as one of the topics of conversation. Gen. A. W. Greely, of Arctic fame, and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Roosevelt food expert, were among other guests at the dinner, and subsequently Dr. Wiley entertained me when he became president of the Cosmos Club. In Washington, too, Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, welcomed me because I once served under the man who had helped him introduce the telephone to Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil. It happened, as Mr. Bell explained at Willis Moore's dinner, at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, when Mr. Childs had been good enough to

bring his guest, the Emperor, to a private exhibition conducted by Bell, who was then as poor as a church-mouse.

Meanwhile, with the work of my office keeping me more than busy, I had few opportunities to meet President Roosevelt, but I saw and knew enough to appreciate an article written by my friend, James S. Henry, a former president of the Gridiron Club, who said that the President was gaining in weight, so that he tipped the scales at over 200 pounds; that he needed exercise; that he was experiencing the real annoyances and burdens that office seekers place upon a President; that complicated situations were giving him a worry that he did not like; and that he was not lying upon a bed of roses. And this reminds me that neither Theodore Roosevelt nor I joined the Cosmos Club. It was partly because of what I learned about Roosevelt's attitude that I had my name taken down.

As the story came to me, Roosevelt, while Vice-President, accepted an invitation to address the club. There was a great turnout to meet him and the guest was having a "bully time."

"It would be fine, Colonel, if you would join the club," some one suggested.

"It's a fine club," said Mr. Roosevelt.

"May I have the honor to propose your name?"

The Colonel was not averse.

"But," he suddenly exclaimed, "would my name have to be balloted upon?"

Informed that the rules required that action, the Colonel said no, flatly, no. What he had in mind happened to a very likeable United States Senator during the time I enjoyed the hospitality of the club. The Senator was black-balled, and gossip had it that his long and successful filibuster against a bill carrying large appropriations for one of the Departments occasioned the secret display of feeling against him. Roosevelt was too wise to be caught in the same trap.

With maps and globes and such other paraphernalia as could be bought or borrowed set up in the Bureau; with plans for establishing warehouses for the display of American goods in foreign countries; with a suggestion to establish in Washington a great sample warehouse, taking over some such institution as the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia as a nucleus, and with a proposition to send Bureau agents into foreign countries, particularly such inviting trade fields as South America, China and the Orient, the Bureau was becoming a real factor in trade development, when a new and unexpected situation presented itself. A group of prominent Philadelphians, headed by Gen. Louis Wagner, and including William H. Pfahler, Stephen Farrelly and William T. Tilden, offered me the Presidency of the City Trust and Safe Deposit Company, on such terms as to make it unjust to my family for me to remain longer in Washington as a Bureau Chief.

On May 12th, four months and a day after

President Roosevelt had signed my commission, I forwarded to him my letter of resignation. Secretary Metcalf was good enough to send me a complimentary letter and the President sent the following:

MY DEAR MR. MOORE:

Of course, you are doing exactly right in leaving, but I regret more keenly the fact that the Government is to lose your services. I was sure you would do well when I appointed you, but I did not know how speedily you would win your spurs.

With earnest hopes for your welfare, I am

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In short order the newspaper men in Washington rallied around Major John M. Carson, the dean of the corps of correspondents, and the President appointed him my successor. It was a transfer from a junior in the newspaper profession to a respected senior, for Major Carson was one of the best known and most beloved correspondents at the Capital. Before I departed from Washington, the Pennsylvania Club of that city drew together in my honor for a farewell reception, Congressmen from Pennsylvania and neighboring States, public officials, including the Bureau Chiefs with whom I had been associated, and hundreds representing the various Departments. It was as if I had been one of that colony special to Washington, known as "The Old Residents."

CHAPTER XVII

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

THE Allied Republican Clubs which had been organized during the 1900 Convention, were still a force in Philadelphia when I returned from Washington, June, 1905. And 1905 in Philadelphia was a vigorous political year. The regular party organization under Penrose, Durham and McNichol was bitterly attacked. The Mayor, John Weaver, had gone over to the opposition, and there was no telling what would happen. Personal registration and uniform primaries were being pressed by the reformers, who were more militant than they had been in a quarter of a century. Ill feeling against the old order ran so high that mobs marched on the homes of Durham and McNichol and made hostile demonstrations. There was great uncertainty about any local ticket of the regulars being successful. My hands were full with the affairs of the City Trust, Safe Deposit and Surety Company and the Receivership which ensued, but nevertheless the Allied Republican Clubs were brought out and made to lay the foundation for the celebration in June, 1906, of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the first Republican National Convention ever held in the United States. Jackson, Michigan; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and other places had claimed to be "the birthplace" of the Republican Party, but there was no question

about Philadelphia having had the first Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. I carried this celebration idea to the President, who was having troubles of his own, and he approved it. He said it was not probable he would attend the celebration—the political conditions in Pennsylvania were not pleasing to him—but as a means of enabling independent Republicans to talk Republicanism and its fundamentals, he thought the agitation would do good.

After local and State clubs had been impressed with the importance of the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration, signaling as it would, the nomination of Fremont and Dayton, a call was issued for a Republican League Executive Committee meeting to take place in St. Louis in October. Attending that meeting were representatives of the various States who compared notes on the President's activities and prospects for reelection, should his announced purpose not to run for another term be rescinded. Graft charges were current the country over at the time, and there was much dissatisfaction with conditions, due doubtless to the constant irritation of Roosevelt's relentless enemies; but the sense of the meeting was that if the President would run again he should be supported. If he did not run again, the members opined, there would be even more strenuous times ahead for the young men of the party.

St. Louis put in a claim for the National League Convention of 1906, but yielded to Philadelphia

when the idea of holding a joint convention and celebration was advanced. The fact that Musical Fund Hall, the meeting place of the first Convention, was still standing, and that it would be used for the purposes of the Convention, appealed to everybody, and made the selection of Philadelphia for the next meeting place unanimous.

In December I again called on the President. It was one of those days when the callers had to fall in line to shake hands. Secretary Loeb had given me a hint to wait until the President could give me a little more time. And I enjoyed the wait.

No one who ever saw the President in action could fail to enjoy a point of vantage on such an occasion. He was all smiles as he jumped from his desk, dashed at the people, and saluted them. I had seen him before, and often afterward saw him disposing of these swarms of his countrymen bent upon seeing and shaking hands with their President, but never had I seen him so versatile and so keyed up as he was now. It may have been an exceptional crowd, but it made no difference—he never stopped for a word. What he said hit the spot and out the visitor went happy—solid for Roosevelt.

“My dear madam,” he would say before his aide could announce that it was “Mrs. Brown of Texas.” “I am ‘de-lighted. And these are your children? Fine. You are the hope of the race, Mrs. Brown.”

"And you," as the next man pressed forward. "A member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers! Good! We cannot thank you too much for the good service you render. I always feel grateful to the engineer who sees the train through safely."

"From Oswego?" to the next comer. "Well, we're neighbors. I am a New Yorker, you know."

"Ah, Griscom, de-lighted," as Lloyd Griscom, Ambassador to Italy, stepped up and was stood aside for further conversation. "What's happening at the Vatican? Did you read *Quo Vadis*?"

A colored man comes next. He is a professor or something, but the President sizes him up quick. "You are very good to come to see me. You can be a great help to your people. If you see Booker Washington, tell him I arranged that matter he spoke to me about."

Whew! What a pleased professor.

"You are a Shippen? That's fine. A Roosevelt married a Shippen."

And so it continued for half an hour or more, the happy and expectant hand shakers varying from LL. D. to laborer, every one receiving a little touch of recognition that set him or her up in the Seventh Heaven. Greek or Latin, German or French, high brow or low brow, they all got something and went away satisfied—for none in that line had a chance to ask for an office, even if so minded. The President was pushing them along too fast.

When my turn came I had to tell the President

he was "wonderful," at which he did not take offense. Because of the upset conditions in Pennsylvania, the President would not promise to come to Philadelphia for the Republican Jubilee. He repeated his interest in our efforts to encourage Republican fundamentals through the medium of the Anniversary celebration, however, and authorized me to give his hearty encouragement to the Convention and the celebrants.

When June 17th-19th, 1906, rolled around, crowds filled Musical Fund Hall at every session. Memories of Fremont, Dayton and Lincoln were reviewed by marching graybeards who were "Fremont Voters." Historians vied with the political speakers.

As retiring President, I presented at the opening session greetings from the President, and our old friend Cortelyou, now Postmaster-General. In his letter the President said:

MY DEAR MR. MOORE:

I wish I could be present with you at the Golden Jubilee Convention of the National Republican League, but as that is impossible, will you convey to the delegates present my most hearty greetings and my earnest hope that the National Republican League will have the same success in the future that it has had in the past, and will be able to continue without check its work for good government.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

It was a dignified outpouring of Republicans from all the States proud of the origin of their party and hopeful that Republican principles would be upheld. A great street parade of the Allied Republican Clubs, and organizations from near-by States, featured the celebration. The Grand Marshal was General Fred D. Grant of the United States Army, son of the great Civil War General.

The Convention adopted loyal Roosevelt resolutions. It also elected to succeed me as President of the National League, General E. A. McAlpin of New York, who was advanced by the New York delegation, and who was said to be satisfactory to Washington, although he had opposed Roosevelt for President for "personal reasons."

My retirement from the National League Presidency, after four years of service, was not to prevent further contact with the President of the United States. Indeed I was now to see more of him and to have better opportunities for observing his unusual personality. The requirements of the local and State Clubs with which I was still actively connected, kept me busy in that field. These clubs were the "buffers" between the regulars and the reformers although more regular than reform, seeing who and what many of the "reformers" were. When it came to State or National Conventions the Clubs could be counted on for regularity, but they represented a liberal sentiment within the party. And they were mighty

valuable adjuncts to party organization in 1905 and 1906.

In the latter year a new Governor was to be elected in Pennsylvania. The Congressional delegation also must be chosen. There was sure to be a fight over the Governor because of the bad odor in which the regular organization found itself. Former Mayor Edwin S. Stuart had been decided upon as the candidate the regulars would support to succeed Pennypacker, but a State Capitol scandal was brewing and this, along with the other organization troubles, threatened to overwhelm the regulars. It certainly put them in a position where it was better to remain in the background than appear too conspicuous in the foreground. Stuart was a clean citizen who had recently been honored with the Presidency of the Union League Club of Philadelphia. There could be no objection to him as a man, so, when the formation of a Republican Advisory Campaign Committee was suggested, I gladly became its Secretary. The Chairman of this "middle of the road" Committee was Francis L. Robbins of Pittsburgh. Joseph R. Grundy of Bristol and A. Lincoln Acker of Philadelphia were Vice-Presidents, and Thomas E. Murphy of Overbrook was Treasurer. The Executive Committee consisted of William L. Connell of Scranton; Harry A. Trexler of Allentown; Alexander Stewart of Scotland; W. Dawson Coleman of Lebanon; Edward Babcock of Ash-tola; W. E. Rice of Warren; and Emerson

Collins of Williamsport. Our business was to keep Stuart from being swallowed up by "the organization," and otherwise promote his campaign before the people.

My interest in the Stuart campaign, which was vigorously pushed from our Philadelphia headquarters, was intensified when, following the death of George A. Castor, I became a candidate for the vacant position of Representative to Congress from the Third Pennsylvania District. The old leaders turned in for me and although I did not at the time live in the Third District, a canvass of the various ward leaders indicated their willingness to support me. Under these circumstances, following my nomination by the old Convention system (uniform primaries had not yet become approved), it was easier for me to fight for Stuart.

Of course, the Roosevelt relationship was stressed in the campaign. I sought to emphasize it by inviting Congressman James S. Sherman, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee and afterward Vice-President, to dine at the Union League. Accompanying the Chairman was my friend Henry C. Loudenslager, member of Congress from the First New Jersey District, who, being Secretary of the Congressional Committee, announced that he had conferred with President Roosevelt the day before and was authorized to say that the President was keenly interested in the election of the Republican ticket in Pennsylvania,

and hoped a solid Republican delegation would be returned to Congress.

Loudenslager in a way, was doing for Stuart and the other candidates what I had done for Penny-packer in that "national calamity" interview four years before.

In October, President Roosevelt sent for Senator Knox of Pennsylvania and urged him to help out in the campaign. Attorney-General Moody, another of the President's closest friends, was also sent into the State. The speeches of these men were widely quoted. Some hostile newspapers had it that the President in sending for Knox was fearful of the Penrose influence and intended to disregard the latter's leadership. Whether there was anything in this or not, the regular Campaign Committee succeeded in bringing Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois into Pennsylvania, and I recall that the honor of introducing him to a great audience in the car barn at Twentieth and Berks Streets was accorded to William S. Vare, then Recorder of Deeds, who afterward became a thorn in the side of the "Big Grizzly" as Penrose was sometimes called. The result of the election was satisfactory to the White House, for Stuart and the Congressional ticket went over strong. The regulars in Pennsylvania who had kept in the background as much as possible were likewise pleased, because upon them, as usual, had fallen the brunt of the battle.

December 3rd, 1906, I was sworn in as a Mem-

ber of the House of Representatives at Washington. On that day I heard rumors of disagreements that were likely to set Congress and the President apart.

CHAPTER XVIII

SIGNS OF IRRITATION

SOME interesting men stood up with me to be sworn in as members of Congress. All had been elected to fill vacancies caused by deaths or resignations. From Philadelphia came John E. Reburn, a former member (who succeeded Robert Adams, Jr., who killed himself in Washington) and who afterward resigned to become Mayor of the Quaker City. He had lived in Washington much of his time and his family was socially active there. Charles W. Brumm, another Pennsylvanian, from the Schuylkill Valley, likewise returned to the House. He had a good soldier record, was a judge, and had the fighting spirit. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, the same Lowden who had been suggested for President of the National Republican League against me at both the Chicago and Indianapolis Conventions, who afterward became Governor and almost won the Presidential nomination against Harding at the Chicago Convention of 1920, was another of my colleagues at the time. Two others were Judge Edward W. Saunders of Virginia, a college chum of Woodrow Wilson and one of the parliamentarians of the House, and John M. Nelson of Wisconsin, a La Follette supporter then, and his campaign manager in the Presidential Campaign of 1924. Frank H.

Waskey, the first delegate from Alaska, was sworn in with us.

Although my campaign in Philadelphia had been made with "Protection to American Industry" and "Port Development" as the principal issues, the "Roosevelt square deal" had also been stressed. Brumm and I were more pronounced about this than Reyburn who, having large interests, was not "going overboard" on the Roosevelt proposition. It was noteworthy, too, that the delegate from Alaska who had no vote, although entitled to the privilege of the floor, was pronouncedly for Roosevelt, the latter having gone over the Alaska situation with him in a manner leading the delegate to expect the President's powerful support for the development and safeguarding of the Territory.

The appearance of Nelson in the House was a matter of some concern to the Old Guard who did not yet quite understand the attitude of the Wisconsin group. Missionary work to keep in line the so-called independents (they were afterward called Progressives) was observable from the appearance of Nelson until, with the arrival of Irvine L. Lenroot in the next session of Congress, it was pretty well understood that whoever was for La Follette was against the existing order.

And "the existing order" complained of by the insurgent Republicans (abetted by applauding Democrats) was whatever remained of "Czar" Reed's rules, reduced now to the single word, "Cannonism." When Lenroot, who afterward

became a Senator, and finally parted company with La Follette, came into the House, there was still hope in the regular Republican ranks that the insurgents might be mollified without involving the President and the Party. On one occasion, shortly after Lenroot took his seat, Speaker Cannon left the chair for a long and serious talk with the Wisconsin member who was looked upon as a leader of the new forces, but it availed little. Victor Murdock of Kansas, a Roosevelt shouter; Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts, son-in-law of Senator Lodge and contender for more liberal rules; Henry Allen Cooper, veteran anti from Wisconsin; George W. Norris of Nebraska, afterward a Senator, and a group of Northwestern sympathizers were already giving notice that they intended to break down the rules even if it was necessary to oust the Speaker. They wanted to destroy the seniority rule and get control of committee appointments. The dissatisfied ones declared that the East was favored in legislation; others insisted that the Republican Party as at present constituted and managed was arbitrary and corrupt and merited rebuke. Some of them spoke at times as if they were in the confidence of the President.

I had entered Congress, therefore, at an important period. The impending fight was disturbing to me because I wanted to support the President. I had been elected as a Republican, from a stalwart Republican city in a State where Republicanism was almost a religion, and moreover

had just completed service on a special committee of the Republican City Committee to draw up new rules to relieve the Republican Party of disloyalty and sham tickets. Those rules were adopted and I believe are still in force. I determined, therefore, while a friend of the President, to stand by the House organization. This was advisable because the big things my constituents were interested in, the tariff, port improvements including a thirty-five foot channel for the Delaware River, and other contemporaneous projects depended, as I soon learned, upon the Committees, and the Committees were of "the existing order."

I wanted particularly to get the favorable consideration of the Rivers and Harbors Committee for the thirty-five foot channel project. The Delaware did not have an assured channel of more than 26 feet. Smith's and Windmill Island had been removed from in front of Philadelphia, and a 30-foot project was nearing completion, but a strong agitation was on in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware for a channel increased to 35 feet. This was necessary to put Philadelphia on a parity with Boston, Baltimore and Norfolk. That was my fight, but the Chairman of the Committee, Theodore Burton of Ohio, was giving scant consideration of the Delaware's claims, partly because of the abuse to which he was subjected by an aggressive and irritating Philadelphia newspaper stoutly attached to Roosevelt. To win Burton was the first consideration.

Precedent was against great activity on the part of a new member during his first term. "Better wait," old members would say, "until you have been here a term or two." But there was no waiting with respect to this river project. Groups of Congressmen were brought to Philadelphia to inspect the river. Dinners and speeches followed. Then a tri-state conference was held; then the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association was formed; then the troublesome editor and Burton were brought together in Washington where their differences were patched up, and then a strong delegation of waterways men was headed for the White House.

The President evinced a warm interest in the subject. He knew the Mississippi and the Missouri and the Columbia. Senator Newlands, a friendly Democrat from the West, was introduced to back up our general claims for internal improvements, including rivers and harbors.

"Ah!" said the President, glimpsing the Westerner, "the Senator from the great maritime State of Nevada," and his auditors laughed.

The Senator liked that appellation as much as the delegation enjoyed the application of it.

Then, as President of the newly organized Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, I attempted to make the last urge.

"But Congressman!" said the President. "The Court is with you. Do you think it wise, gentle-

men, to argue when the Court is with you?" And he showed his famous teeth.

We agreed, and as "the Court was with us" we argued no more.

I was obliged to go to the President on several occasions about Waterways matters after this, and always found him sympathetic, especially where forestry, or erosion of the soil, or reclamation, or irrigation were involved. The Mississippi and the Missouri engaged his special interest for these reasons.

At a great Waterways banquet in Philadelphia in November, 1907, Senator Newlands made a happy reference to the White House incident just referred to. Being a Democrat he also dwelt upon the touchy subject of regularity and reform, twitting Senator Penrose who was at the table. He knew what Republicans were saying from the White House down.

On the same day Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a speech before the Civic Forum in New York, where Governor Hughes who was giving the President concern regarding the succession to the Presidency also spoke, commented caustically upon the alleged ambition of the President to succeed himself. He referred to an early constitutional provision "placing the term of office of the President at seven years, with a prohibition against reelection." He said the provision had been abandoned without reason at the last moment. "Were it in force to-

day," he continued, "we should not now have the spectacle of our strenuous President playing a game of hide and seek with the American people."

On that same day our old friend, the Ohio State League of Clubs, brought Senator Foraker forward as Ohio's candidate for the Presidency in 1908 against Secretary Taft also of Ohio, who as of even date, was reported to have reached Manchuria on the tour that was to make him enough of a world figure to become a Presidential candidate. Taft's going abroad was supposed to be a part of Roosevelt's plan to advance a candidate to succeed him in the White House; but there was also a very general opinion that Mr. Roosevelt might yet be persuaded to run for another term.

"The Kitchen Cabinet" did nothing to dissuade people from catching the thought, and the activities of Pinchot, Garfield, Herbert Knox Smith and others, were calculated to encourage it.

Again the occupation of the White House was becoming a *casus belli*.

The President's powerful blows at the big interests were not abating. He was hitting from the shoulder and signs of a resulting irritation were noticed at the White House and in Congress. The Senate was holding up appointments and hitting back at the President wherever it got a chance, and over in the House the little group of leaders who consulted with the Speaker and with whom I tried to keep in touch, were growing more and more unsettled. The President had started on his Conser-

vation policy which enabled the Forester, Mr. Pinchot, afterward Governor of Pennsylvania, to exploit his views, and as they often offended members from the West and Northwest sections, the President came in for much criticism.

When the President berated one or two Federal judges out West for decisions rendered by them, more fuel was added to the Congressional flame. Littauer of New York, an influential member of the Old Guard, talked of quitting Congress because of the Presidential usurpation of its powers. The tendency toward centralization of government advanced to a point where old line Republicans began to talk of "States rights."

Tawney of Minnesota, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, made speeches carefully prepared, opposing this tendency. He pointed out the menace of demands from the White House and the Departments for appropriations to do that which the sovereign States should do. Too much "centralization of power" was to be resisted. All this went so far that once when there was a real deadlock between the House and the White House, Secretary Taft availed himself of the right to come upon the floor of the House. Longworth, the President's son-in-law, talked the matter over with Tawney and others in my presence. What transpired was not satisfactory to the Secretary of War. At the conclusion of the talk, which was good-natured enough in a way, the Secretary turned upon Tawney and smiled, but he also swore. It



SPEAKER CANNON, CONGRESSMAN TAWNEY AND SHERMAN DELIBERATE
UPON ROOSEVELT'S ACTIVITIES

was the first time I heard him do it, but he said to the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, even as he smiled:

"You can go to h——," with the last word affectionately drawn out.

"Taft's a good fellow," said one of the angry Congressmen at the close of the colloquy, "but T. R. is imperious. There are some men who can be imperious while damning Imperialism for popularity's sake. Roosevelt is one of them and we're not going to let him get away with it."

There wasn't any doubt that a crisis was impending. The Western insurgents were as busy as bees and Mr. Roosevelt, who had their sympathy, was getting plenty of publicity for anything he undertook. All this was irritating and tended to put the big interests in opposition. The Old Guard Republicans did not know what was likely to happen. Some of them centered their hopes on the rising tide for Governor Hughes of New York as a Presidential possibility. The Governor, as many thought, was in training, but he was so wise in saying nothing that he came to be known all over the country as "the Sphinx." This New York movement was also being watched by the President. Never perhaps did he display a readier political wit, or a nastier disposition than he did in this instance. And "the Sphinx" had reason to remember it.

CHAPTER XIX

WHITE HOUSE ACTIVITY

THERE was little rest for Congress while Roosevelt was President. He sent up too many messages opening up too many questions that reached back home. Trust busting, the Panama Canal, the Russo-Japanese War, treaties with foreign nations, the California Jap invasion scare, the tariff—all these were headliners which kept the members of the Senate and House on tiptoe. The President did not say much to Congress or anybody else about his peace negotiations with the Czar and the Mikado, but ultimately the people knew he had done a big job in bringing the parties together, and had done it well. Congress was obliged to witness the complete success of his efforts in this regard. So did the world at large.

The President did not press a revision of the tariff. He regarded this a dangerous problem—charged with dynamite before a Presidential election, and let it alone—left it, as it were, for his successor. But Congress felt the thrill of it just the same and kept on guard from session to session lest the President might some day drop a tariff bomb.

The “panic of 1907” was another of the disturbing factors while Roosevelt was in the White House. It was charged against him, often in Congress, that lack of confidence due to his trust

busting proclivities, was responsible for the panic. This the President denied, but the fact that there was a panic did not have the effect of easing up upon Congress. Each individual member had much explaining to do about this in his district. The President worked, and like nearly all the Presidents I have known, began to age, but he was strong for exercise and we often saw him on horseback or at lawn tennis. His tramps with the French Ambassador and members of the "Kitchen Cabinet" were generally at odd hours. In the White House he always had an appearance of freshness. Conversation was easier to him than it was to any of his visitors. His eyesight was not good and this troubled him much, especially the eye that finally went wrong. He was a stouter Roosevelt in 1908 than when he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, and the picture he gave me in 1904 was that of a decidedly younger man than the photographs of 1908 represented him to be. But he acted like one who really meant it when he said so often, "I am having a corking time," or when, desiring to express in the short way his approval of something, he exclaimed, "Bully."

Nor did he cease to indulge the literary habit, while all this official excitement was under way. He wrote messages and state papers and made addresses which were always ready for print, so polished and scholarly were they; and he reviewed books. It was my privilege to stand by his desk once while he did some reviewing. It was a treat

to see how he worked. A book, evidently the composition of a friend, had been handed to him by an under Secretary who was a stenographer.

"Wait a minute," said the President to me, and he called the Secretary back.

"We will get this off at once."

He grabbed the book and read the inscription on the frontispiece. He scrutinized, with eyeglasses close to the pages, the introduction, and then he passed rapidly from chapter to chapter, taking about five minutes in all for chance reading.

"My dear friend," he dictated to the stenographer. "I am delighted to have received with your compliments your admirable book," and so forth. "It is in every way creditable to that fine literary taste," and so forth.

Of course I have not attempted a literal quotation but as I overheard it, no professional book reviewer could have done a better job in so short a space of time. Nor could any author have had a finer critique.

"Now, Mr. Congressman," said the President, returning from the literary to the political, "we will proceed."

Whether at the office in the daytime, or at those formal occasions at night, when the White House was a blaze of light and cheer for the Army and Navy, the Congressional or Diplomatic receptions, he seemed to enjoy meeting people and shaking them by the hand. It is a hard job, grasping the hands of thousands who come along steadily for

hours at a time, but no President ever did it with more gusto than Mr. Roosevelt. The people liked to go to those receptions and members of Congress had no difficulty in disposing of any extra tickets that might fall into their hands. The people wanted to see the President, but they wanted to see "that man Roosevelt," and they also wanted to see "Alice," as Mrs. Longworth was familiarly called. They would come from every nook and corner of the country—many of them ardent Roosevelt men and women—some of them harboring up in their minds the things they had been preparing for months to tell the President when they met him; but few of them ever had the chance. The surging tide of polite but expectant humanity, pressed on by Secret Service men or the aides to the President, was always too strong for life stories at that crucial moment. It was simply a handshake and a "How do you do, Mr. President?" and then on into the swirl in the big room beyond. And sometimes it was less even than that.

I had just finished dinner in the Willard restaurant one evening when a member of the Delaware County bar came up and asked me if I was going to the White House reception. It had been a tiresome day in the House and I told my friend I had concluded not to go.

"That's too bad," he said; "Congressman Butler got me an invitation, but he had to go home. I expected him to take me to the White House for he knows the ropes. I am extremely anxious

to see that remarkable man Roosevelt. Perhaps I may not have another opportunity."

"All right," I said. "Give me a chance to get dressed and I'll join you. But it's a long process and we won't get out until midnight."

When we reached the White House, the President had begun to receive. He was hedged about by the ladies and the Cabinet, and the military aides, and the plain clothes men. There were hundreds ahead of us and hundreds were still arriving. Now and then as the line advanced, men and women chatting as they proceeded, my companion, who was a serious-minded man and who showed less interest than most of us in what was being said immediately about us, would ask if we were nearing the President. "I have waited a long while to see Mr. Roosevelt," he said, "and I want a good look at him." There wasn't any doubt about Roosevelt having a vote in that Delaware County family, but the big thing was to get the personal contact which my friend had come for.

The alignment was not straight because of the crowds, but rather tortuous, so there was good reason for my friend's anxiety, but presently we swung around to a position from which we could see the President in action. I directed my friend's attention to the point of commotion, but evidently the aide was shutting out his view of the Chief Executive. But we were getting very close.

"Get ready now," I said as we neared the head of the line. "They're going through with a bang."

And they were—like a stream of humanity through a narrow sluice way.

“Congressman Moore of Pennsylvania,” called the aide sharply.

“Mister Congressman!” said the President with a snap and smile.

“Mr. President!”

“Mr. Robinson,” ejaculated the aide.

“Mr. Robinson,” said the President.

“Mr. Jones,” said the aide.

“Mr. Jones,” said the President.

And so we passed through—and beyond.

“Was that him?” gasped my friend, when we were safely out of the sluice.

“Yes, about six numbers back,” I laughed.

“But you shook hands with him anyway.”

Then we broke from the line and stood aside where my friend could get a better view of the man he so much admired and whose wonderful hand-shaking qualities he could now appreciate. And for this we were compensated, for it brought my friend close by where stood Miss Alice, the daughter of the President, whom everybody was trying to see at close range, but who seemed not to be disconcerted.

But “that man Roosevelt” appeared never to sleep while in the White House. No matter how men may have admired him, nor how they may have found fault, it was conceded that he was laboring conscientiously for the welfare of the country. The United States is a tremendous proposition;

the government of more than one hundred million souls is appalling. The man in the White House must be ready to discuss conditions in Alaska or in Florida; in Maine or in California. He must do more than that; he is not far-seeing or safe who does not keep in touch with world conditions as they affect the United States. Theodore Roosevelt had the world view just as he had the personal punch.

Following the death of McKinley back in September, 1901, Roosevelt had no easy task. It was well for the country he had grown strong in physique, for he was an alert, broad-shouldered President; and it was equally important that his mind should be vigorous as it always was, and right, as most people believed it to be. He had taken the Panama Canal and that aroused opposition, but he had taken it; that was all there was to it. He went so far to justify his belief in the righteousness of the taking that he went to Panama—appeared upon foreign soil,—the first President I believe who ever did so while occupying the office. Panama and the great canal can never be disassociated from the memory of Theodore Roosevelt.

He was attacked and maligned, yes, but he came back in the very teeth of Congress with "the man with the Muck-Rake" in an address at the laying of the corner-stone of the office building of the House of Representatives. Professional corporationists and men of great wealth found fault with him for disturbing conditions, but in a speech



CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF THE PRESIDENT ON A
WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION NIGHT

at Oyster Bay he disarmed these critics in a few words, saying: "Distrust as a demagogue the man who talks only of the wrong done by the men of wealth. Distrust as a demagogue the man who measures iniquity by the purse."

During my term in Congress, when we were discussing tariff matters and particularly the Payne Bill which helped to destroy a number of House members, including Tawney, it was said that Roosevelt was not sound on the tariff; and yet, in his second annual message after declaring "we draw the line against misconduct, not against wealth," he said that while there might be a readjustment of the tariff and suggested a tariff commission, "we must take scrupulous care that the reapplication shall be made in such a way that it will not amount to a dislocation of our system, the mere threat of which (not to speak of the performance) would produce paralysis in the business energies of the community."

Because he was a fighter and because he had made enemies, the President kept his eye upon the Presidential situation of 1908. He did not intend that his policies, which had become known satirically as "my policies," should, as Grover Cleveland might have said, pass into "innocuous desuetude."

Old forces and new were lining up as early as 1906 to prevent Roosevelt being returned to the White House for a second (or as some contended a third) term, and his early declaration not to run

again, was assiduously quoted against him. Candidates appeared and disappeared in 1906 and 1907, some supposed to be set up by the President and some by his opponents. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, was often mentioned. Because of his participation in the Philadelphia political turmoil of 1905, he would have been opposed, certainly by the Penrose group. Taft, Secretary of War, was always a popular suggestion, but Foraker of Ohio loomed up to interfere with him. The House regulars put the bee into Uncle Joe Cannon's ear and for a time the suggestion of an avowed candidacy was seriously considered. But the Speaker was advanced in years, besides being in hot water with the publishers of the country over wood pulp and print paper, and with the House insurgents. Knox of Pennsylvania, and Shaw of Iowa, were also under discussion.

The big idea was to head Roosevelt off, if possible, or secure a successor whom he would not dominate. This was the hope over in New York where again the Roosevelt supremacy was being disputed. It was the feeling in Indiana where Fairbanks, the Vice-President, was being advanced as a Presidential possibility, and where Beveridge held forth for Roosevelt, a disturber in general of the old order in the Senate.

Was the President letting grass grow under his feet? He was not. Was he so erudite and dignified as to abstain from practical participation in the political happenings of the time? The politi-

cal happenings would not seem to justify yes for an answer.

In two instances at least, the President proved an adept in the practical game. If it had not been Roosevelt well—the papers would have said the man was clever—even sharp.

The President had gone to Indianapolis to make a speech. He had dined with Fairbanks the Vice-President, an Indiana entry for the Presidency. A cocktail—a harmless pre-Volstead cocktail—was served at the Fairbanks mansion. Some said it came from the Columbia Club—but it does not matter, the President's presence was signaled by the appearance of a cocktail—and somebody drank it. There were others, but that particular cocktail was drunk. An eminent person drank it and because of that eminence the world soon knew all about it. It was a costly cocktail for the Vice-President and host, for he was one of the pillars in the Methodist Episcopal church, a layman of great influence and distinction—and he had been mentioned for the Presidency. A man may lead a virtuous life for fifty-nine years, but at sixty he may offer his friend a cocktail and spoil the record of a lifetime. In those days a cocktail was a little thing in itself and easily acquired, but for the Vice-President to serve it in honor of the President—that was the crime. The papers spread it out as a rich morsel. Some people blamed the consequent publicity that helped to take Fairbanks out of the Presidential race upon the President; others upon

Secretary Loeb, the genial scapegoat for Presidential sins of omission and commission, and still others, upon the Secret Service men—but the incident did not improve the friendly relations existing between the White House and the Vice-Presidential office.

And New York! Was the situation there being overlooked by the President? Let us see. It was still a mooted question whether Governor Hughes would become a candidate. For weeks and months he had been "the Sphinx." He was looked upon as a real dark horse, and by the White House evidently as one not to be despised. The New York Old Guard were not heartily for Roosevelt; they might not have been for Hughes, but Hughes would have been preferred.

"Would 'the Sphinx' speak? and when?" That was the question. It so happened that I was invited into a conference of New York Republicans where the first murmur by way of reply was heard. The Governor had listened to a committee of the New York Republican Club. He had acquiesced in their suggestion that the time had come for a declaration upon National issues. Yes, "the Sphinx" would speak at last. The country was soon aglow with the prospect. The President's New York rival was to make a deliverance. The date was fixed, the diners assembled—after that the campaign would be on. The White House would soon hear from New York.

The President was not present at that banquet.

There was something else occupying his attention. The President did not hear what the Governor had to say. The President knew the Governor was to speak—that was all. But by a strange coincidence the President, who had been thinking up a message to Congress, had it ready for delivery to that body on the very same day the New York Governor was addressing the New York Republican Club. That message was filled with Presidential wisdom and plans. It was a fiery message. It dealt with the state of the Union—with “malefactors of great wealth,” and was about as vigorous as anything that ever emanated from the White House. There wasn’t a newspaper of consequence in the country that didn’t have to front page that message. It covered the front page and most of the other pages. It was so important that friends and enemies alike had to read it. Indeed there was little else for them to read or talk about that day—or for several days.

It may have been a coincidence, but the President had crowded “the Sphinx” off the front page—and most all the pages—for able, masterly and timely as was the carefully thought out platform of Governor Hughes, it had to be abbreviated, cut down and shoved into a corner. The people didn’t get it, for the papers could not give it space.

The country had been waiting for Hughes, but got Roosevelt. It was rough on “the Sphinx.”

The President had “beaten ’em to it.”

CHAPTER XX

THE PRESIDENT'S MEMORY

WHATEVER the President did in the closing years of his last official term was widely discussed. He possessed a surplus of energy, and did many things that others in his position might not have done, but it all served to keep the President before the people. He was so daring, or may we say, so original about many things, as to invite antagonism from those whose interests were affected. But he was a hard man to counter upon, because his attacks were generally well grounded in morals. "The Square Deal" was a religion with him—at least his messages and deliverances read that way. In his Fourth Annual Message, for instance, he plunged boldly into the ever troublesome problem of capital and labor. He extolled the workers and justified their right to organize, saying:

"They have under no circumstances the right to commit violence upon those, whether capitalists or wage earners, who refuse to support their organizations, or who side with those with whom they are at odds; for mob rule is intolerable in any form."

Nothing in that apparently, to which either capital or labor might object, but in his next Annual Message going further into the undesirability of strikes, he threw a sop to legitimate corporations, and added:

"The corporation has come to stay, just as the trade union has come to stay. Each can do and has done great good. Each should be favored so long as it does good. But each should be checked where it acts against law and justice."

You could hardly beat that for a square deal, but the rub and the trouble came with such paragraphs as this:

"Experience has shown conclusively that it is useless to try to get any adequate regulation and supervision of these great corporations by State action. Such regulation and supervision can only be effectively exercised by a sovereign whose jurisdiction is coextensive with the field of work of the corporations—that is, by the National Government. I believe that this regulation and supervision can be obtained by the enactment of law by the Congress."

Then came the denunciation of certain practices that had grown up in corporations—railroad corporations especially—such as the watering of stock, over-capitalization, interlocking directorates, "the debauching of politics and business by great dishonest corporations," the granting of rebates, and so forth. As to rebates the President, sensing a public grievance, had said the Government must be put in position to completely "stop rebates in every shape and form."

Again and again he hammered away on these lines until, after securing prosecutions and convictions in some of the cases, he went so far as to

write in a message to Congress, criticism of "a single district judge," who "against what may be the judgment of the immense majority of his colleagues on the bench," declared "a law solemnly enacted by the Congress to be 'unconstitutional,'" and then denied "to the Government the right to have the Supreme Court definitely decide the question."

And as if "coming events cast their shadow before," Mr. Secretary of War Taft, very much talked of as the Roosevelt candidate for President just then, was quoted as Circuit Judge in an Ohio case to support, as "of vastly more importance to the body politic than the immunity of courts and judges from unjust aspersion and attack,"—"the opportunity freely and publicly to criticise judicial action." "Nothing," Judge Taft had said, "tends more to render judges careful in their decisions and anxiously solicitous to do exact justice than the consciousness that every act of theirs is to be subjected to the intelligent scrutiny and candid criticism of their fellow men."

The President was dissatisfied with the Sherman Anti-Trust law and wanted something more definite, something with "more teeth in it." And the corporations, the Standard Oil, and the railroads especially, came finally to see that he meant it. He demanded "an extension of Federal authority." "This," he said, "is not advocating centralization. It is merely looking facts in the face, and realizing that centralization in business has already come

and cannot be avoided or undone, and that the public at large can protect itself from certain evil effects of this business centralization by providing better methods for the exercise of control through the authority already centralized in the National Government by the Constitution itself."

At a dinner of the Gridiron Club in December, 1906, the President "just like any other citizen" was subjected to certain clever skits affecting "the big interests." The newspapers stated (for Gridiron Club details are never reported) that in his speech the President had "interlarded wit and retort with much serious comment upon current affairs." That was true. "The big interests" were before him and the President had it out with them face to face. It chanced that my seat at the table was next to that of Edward H. Harriman, President of the Union Pacific Railroad. I heard what the President said about "the big interests" and I also heard what Mr. Harriman had to say about the President and his policies. Neither of them spoke in terms of affection.

Later on when the President had reached the point of mentioning members of Congress by name because of speeches made on the floor of the House, an epistolary outbreak with Harriman arose. It was pursued with great vigor and was the first thing a number of us, accompanying Speaker Cannon on a trip through the West Indies, heard from the mainland, on our return to New York. The dispute had got so far as to involve "a \$50,000,000

conspiracy" of big interests to oppose the President, and included contributions for campaign purposes to the National Congressional Committee of which James S. Sherman of New York was Chairman. Sherman, who was of our party, had no previous knowledge of the controversy and naturally refused to talk when besieged to do so by a group of reporters who came out on a tug to interview him. As Speaker Cannon was drawn into an interview complimenting the Civil Engineer Stevens, who had been succeeded on the Panama Canal by Goethals, and had said in the interest of expediting the work that if he were in charge as Chief Engineer (referring as much to Goethals as to Stevens) he "would be tempted to follow the example of Dewey and cut the cable," that did not help matters much at the White House.

The President had not declared for Taft—he had not declared for anybody but was still suspected in some quarters of intending to run again himself—when Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, with whom I had now a friendly status in waterways matters, talked with me about a dinner of the Trenton Republican Club at which he and I were to speak. Mr. Burton, afterward Senator from Ohio, and still later on Chairman of the National Republican Convention that nominated Calvin Coolidge for President, told me he intended to name Taft for the Presidency and wanted my opinion as to how the Jersey men would take it. I told him it would be a good place to try it out.

Mr. Burton's speech was an eloquent one. He dealt with all the big National issues and "the inertia which progress must overcome."

"Mr. Roosevelt," he said, "has shown aggressiveness in facing the burning problem of the day. He has been ready to curb the great, whether possessed of colossal wealth or claiming the following of an army of voters. He has brought within the power of justice the most powerful criminals. As a result the Republican Party can say it has fearlessly grappled with the problems of the hour. We made promises in 1904; we can point to performances in 1907."

"But we cannot rely on what we have done in the past," Mr. Burton continued. "We must keep pace with reforms that belong to the times. In 1908 our candidate must be one of the foremost of those who are now fighting for reforms."

Then he brought in the name of William H. Taft and the cheering began. It was the first Taft boom of any magnitude and the significance of it was noted throughout the country. Nor was it pleasing to Senator Foraker of Ohio.

The day after the Trenton meeting I appeared with Henry D. Estabrook of Chicago before the Middlesex Club of Boston and listened to another version of the Presidential situation. It also was received with enthusiasm, showing how easily the public is pleased and how diversified it may be in its attitude toward matters in controversy. I had lauded Roosevelt and declared the sentiment of

Pennsylvania to be for him despite the Harriman affair, which eventually drew Penrose into the alleged "\$50,000,000 conspiracy" to defeat the President, but Mr. Estabrook, who was attracting much attention then as a Republican spellbinder, was much more vigorous.

"These political dilettante give me a lassitude," he declared. "They are more critical than truthful and go far to justify the assertion that all men are liars—which assertion, by the way, emanated from the Bible and not from the White House." (Loud laughter.)

"It is conceded that Job, who was a patient man, spoke somewhat hastily, but out of a strong provocation, when he called all men liars, and if our President, who is not a Job, had called some men liars, he, too, has spoken out of a strong provocation.

"In criticising the society manners of Theodore Roosevelt, be pleased to remember that he is engaged in a disagreeable but necessary work. He had tackled the hydra and is cleaning the Augean Stables, two Herculean tasks rolled into one. . . . I fancy Theodore Roosevelt is to politics what the revivalist is to religion. He bids us wake, repent and reconsecrate ourselves to the ideals of our Republic."

Along about this time the Philadelphia leaders were discussing the Mayoralty succession. John Weaver, who had been elected by the regulars and adopted by the reformers, was winding up his four

years. In a conference in Washington, I learned that "the organization" would support Congressman John E. Reyburn, my colleague who had been sworn in the same day I was. Weaver had come to Washington to visit President Roosevelt, Speaker Cannon, Senator Knox, and others, and had also seen Penrose with whom his administration had been on the outs. I was asked to write Reyburn's life story in preparation for the formal announcement of his candidacy, and did so. As his colleague, of course, I saw much of him thereafter. He had an easy-going manner, was supposed to be rich, and frequently asked me to explain why "he had been fool enough to get into the Philadelphia mess." But he was a stalwart and having financial interests, expressed himself freely about "the antics of Roosevelt." In due course he was elected Mayor, and one day broke out in print deriding something Roosevelt had said or done. It was done in a familiar way that might be interpreted like this: "Who are you, Roosevelt, that I, Reyburn, should not tell you you are all wrong?" A part of it, I remember, hinted that "the Constitution was greater than the President."

Then it was all forgotten, as many such differences soon are, except—at the White House. There it appeared to have been treasured up for future use.

The impression in Philadelphia was that I stood very well with the President. Many people sought an introduction and many delegations came to be

presented. So it was not out of the ordinary for me to receive a request to connect with the White House. In this way, in due course, came a very simple request for me to undertake the very difficult task of inducing the President to come to Philadelphia. The number of such requests and the impropriety of them when the President's awful responsibility to the whole Nation is considered, are known to every Congressman. They take up the President's time unnecessarily and merit the turndowns that most of them receive. But this particular one would have been attractive to a President ordinarily, and was of such a public nature as to induce me to make the attempt. Likewise it had the endorsement of my old colleague, the Mayor, and various committees.

So I put it up to the President. He was very busy and somewhat agitated about something, I suspect; but he listened.

"I can't do it, Congressman," he said; "you should not ask me to leave Washington at this time."

"But, Mr. President, your acceptance will please the whole City. The affair is attracting widespread attention. We will take every precaution and provide every facility for getting you over and back on time. The Mayor ——"

That settled it. It settled something else. It showed that a President of the United States may have a good memory, or a bad one, as the case may be.

“What!” he said. “Go over and sit with that Mayor of yours? You must be crazy.”

I had forgotten about the Mayor's strictures, but the President had not.

CHAPTER XXI

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

IN December, 1907, the inland waterways movement, in which I had taken a deep interest, attracted much attention. Men like Cannon, who had formerly been unfavorable to Rivers and Harbors appropriations on the ground of economy, came out in favor of reasonable bills. James J. Hill, the big railroad man of his time, spoke before the National Rivers and Harbors Congress (and I had the honor of following him), and declared for a deeper Mississippi and other streams, saying rates and adequate service were dependent upon such improvements. We got all this up to the President; and practically forced both parties, the Democratic and Republican, to accept waterways planks in their platforms. Another gentleman whom we encouraged to make a study of the internal development problem, via waterways (and I say "we" because I was one of the active agitators at the time), was United States Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. The Senator made and printed a strong speech proving that the Government would benefit by increased appropriations because of the increased revenues that would accrue. The Senator did not make this speech without suggestion from his friends. They still had the notion

that Pennsylvania, the greatest and surest of the Republican States, should some day have a President who was a Republican, and they thought Knox would fill the bill. Penrose and others believed his relations with Roosevelt, apart from his merits, warranted his being a candidate. They regarded him as a safe "anchor to the windward." Favorite sons were being trotted out elsewhere. Why not Knox in the Keystone State? It might in the end prove agreeable to Roosevelt.

James Francis Burke, Congressman, representing one of the Pittsburgh districts, was a warm friend and supporter of Knox. It was thought best to have him spring the Knox boom. This was done through the medium of an enlarged delegation dinner at the Shoreham in Washington, at which I presided. After Burke's eulogy, the Senator spoke. He was an able lawyer who had represented many important corporations and, when in practice, his fees were said to have been enormous. He was a fine type and Pennsylvania was proud of him. What he said, therefore, may be taken as what Pennsylvanians could afford to say about the President. The latter might have been suspicious of Penrose, but this was Knox talking:

"I may add," he said, after speaking of McKinley under whom he served, "that in 1904 Theodore Roosevelt was nominated and overwhelmingly elected as a tribute to his sincerity and in approval of his unrelenting purpose to stamp out public

vice and corporate abuses and to secure the equality of all before the law."

"Mr. Toastmaster," he added, "Republicans should and will pull together in the future as in the past, with true allegiance to our country, our Constitution, our Party and our President," and then mindful of the conflict raging in the party ranks, predicted that "in the end" the Republican Party "with its best blood in the Convention would choose the right man for President, and heartily support him at the polls."

President Roosevelt had said some very nice things about Knox and his ability, especially when the latter retired from the Cabinet, so the Knox entry was received with rare good will; but the President "did not bite."

During this same month of December, I escorted a Congressional delegation to Philadelphia to examine the wretched old immigration station that disgraced the City, with the view of obtaining support for a bill I had introduced for a new station. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the confidential friend of President Roosevelt, was of the party. The Senator, being my chief guest at luncheon, inquired why Penrose was not present. At the time I was not sure that the Pennsylvania Senator was pleased with what I was doing, for he had not accepted my invitation to meet Lodge. This I had to explain, whereupon the Massachusetts Senator who, as the publication of his private correspondence with Roosevelt reveals, had been discussing

with "my dear Theodore" such celebrities as Lou Payn of New York, Mark Hanna of Ohio, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, Harriman and some of the alleged "malefactors," declared that Penrose was not keeping the kind of company that might be expected of one having such excellent family connections and a Harvard education; although in later years, especially during the World War when the three of us were of the Senate and House confrères on all the great revenue bills, the President's scholarly friend placed a much higher estimate upon the Penrose brand of statesmanship.

As Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, Penrose was a great force. In committee his learning and ability were pronounced. He had a dry wit too, that frequently brought Lodge to the laughing point—a very great accomplishment indeed. That Lodge should have felt antagonistic to Penrose in 1907 may, in the light of subsequent events, be attributed to Roosevelt's disinclination to be confidential with Penrose; as well as to the reputation the Pennsylvanian was then acquiring as a friend of "the big interests," some of them in Pennsylvania, and most of them antagonistic to Roosevelt.

It was also at a time when Philadelphia was being accused of being "corrupt and contented" and when many jibes were made at the fair name of the City. I experienced a sample of this in my first contact with the President's new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Oscar Straus of New York,

when, after the money had been appropriated for it, I went to see him about the location of our new immigration station. Mr. Straus, recalling my association with the Department, assured me he would hasten the construction, but he added, as if the unkind things being said about Philadelphia were familiar to him, there "must be no graft in it." Regarding this as an unnecessary reflection upon the City, I went back at the Secretary, and the objectionable suggestion was withdrawn. Thereafter, Mr. Straus and I were quite congenial, especially as he came to regard me as friendly to the President and as I was a member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, in the work of which he was deeply interested. I was obliged to consult him frequently and spoke with him on several occasions in cities apart from Washington.

Of course, the President's outspoken assaults upon "privilege," "corruption," "unrighteousness," and so forth, brought counter assaults, and a variety of other more or less contemptuous outbursts. Every little thing his opponents could pick at—personal characteristics or the like—was availed of to show that the President was "abnormal" or "unsafe." These things irritated. They found their way into the President's conversation and correspondence. The row with Congress—or with certain Congressmen—over his efforts to get more money for the Secret Service attested this. "The White House wants money

not to investigate criminals but to harass members of the House," was the charge. "Congress wants to hamper the President because he is on the track of corruption," was the retort. It did not tend to encourage coöperation.

So that when the President, in what his friends believed to be an unguarded moment, sanctioned the removal from the coin of the country of the time-honored motto "In God We Trust," there was an uproar. At the White House and at the Mint this was declared to be a matter of no importance, but the newspapers of the country did not take it that way. The Sunday schools and churches were aroused. Democrats began to make capital of it. One or two of them introduced bills to prevent "this sacrilege." F. Carroll Brewster, a Philadelphia lawyer, sent me a letter of protest and a draft of a bill which he thought should be introduced. It would be better, I thought, for a friend of the President to introduce such a bill than to have it come from a Democrat or an avowed Republican enemy. I, therefore, added the necessary formalities to the Brewster suggestion, and presented it. Of course, it became known as "the Moore Bill." Much publicity followed and many new bills were introduced. The country was expressing its surprise and regret. The President was suffering criticism even in the humblest homes. It was revealing a fine religious sentiment in all the States of the Union. So strong was the agitation thus so suddenly sprung upon the White

House and the Congress, that a meeting of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures was called. The Chairman of that Committee was Mr. McKinley of Illinois, a friend of Speaker Cannon, and afterward United States Senator. He was not the closest friend of Roosevelt, but he was respectful. When the Committee saw how many bills it had to deal with, it realized something must be done. It was evident that no Democratic bill would be preferred. My bill had a certain priority and although slightly changed and finally called "the McKinley Bill," was given first place in the discussion. But—and here the wise Republican members took account of stock—suppose the President, who had shown no sign of reversing his position on the motto question, should veto the measure? Would it be wise to pass it?

"It is your bill," some one suggested. "Suppose you find out what the President will do. We ought to avoid a veto if possible."

"All right," I answered. "I'll undertake to find out."

The Committee then suspended action until I could report upon the President's attitude. Going to the White House under such circumstances was like going "to beard the lion in his den," for the gossip of the Committee was that the President was angry. He had been severely scored by the newspapers, especially the religious press, and was reported to be in no conciliatory mood. I was confident, however, that sooner or later he would

have to back water; the rejection of the motto may not have been so serious a matter so far as the minting of the coin was concerned, but the motto itself was time-honored and sacred, and the country was beginning to treat the Executive Order as a challenge to religion. I believed the President must yield and had no thought but that he would take a suggestion from me as from a friend.

The Executive Office was crowded when I arrived, and the President was putting them through, Senators, Congressmen, citizens, in his usual whirlwind fashion. Senator "Tom" Carter of Montana, a regular sort of Republican, and once Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was stood aside for further converse, when I came up.

"Mr. President," I said, "the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures has been considering a number of bills to restore the motto to the coin. It's rather a delicate matter but we Republicans think if legislation is necessary ——"

"I don't see that legislation is necessary," the President interrupted.

"But the Democrats will press for legislation and we think if there is to be legislation it should be Republican legislation. The newspapers have taken this matter up ——"

"Very likely," the President broke in sneeringly.

"The New York *Sun* of this morning, for instance ——"

"Don't mention that paper to me!" and seeing I was about to quote an editorial, the President interrupted, "I won't listen. I don't want to hear from that sheet." His voice rose.

But I persisted, and told the President of the sentiment in my own State; of correspondence I had received from friends of the President who felt he was being put in a false light. The Pen and Pencil Club of my City had given me a dinner a few days previously, I told him, when the venerable Alexander K. McClure, who had never been conspicuous for demonstrative sentimentality, had spoken of the shock the President had given the religious community, and of the ill effects that would follow in every village and hamlet.

"Senator Carter! Listen to this!" exclaimed the President, drawing the Honorable Tom into the conversation.

"This is agitating the Senate also," he said, "and I want you to listen. The Congressman says the House Committee wants to pass a bill restoring the motto to the coin. I tell him it is not necessary; it is rot; but the Congressman says there is a misapprehension as to the religious purport of it—it is so easy to stir up a sensation and misconstrue the President's motives—and that the Committee is agitated as to the effect of a veto. I repeat, it is rot, pure rot; but I am telling the Congressman if Congress wants to pass a bill reëstablishing the motto, I shall not veto it. You may as well know it in the Senate also."



ROOSEVELT HEARS CONGRESSMAN MOORE ON THE MOTTO,
"IN GOD WE TRUST."

"Then I may tell the Committee that if the bill comes up to you, in proper form, you will not veto it?" I inquired.

"You may say I will not veto it," said the President.

With that assurance before it, the Committee passed my bill substantially in the form in which it was presented.

And the motto was preserved.

CHAPTER XXII

A STARTLING INTERVIEW

THE Republican National Chairman to send out the call in December, 1907, for the June 16th, 1908 convention of the Republican Party to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President to succeed Roosevelt and Fairbanks, was Harry S. New of Indiana, afterward United States Senator and later Postmaster-General in the Cabinets of Harding and Coolidge. Elmer Dover of Ohio continued to be Secretary. The Gridiron Club was still gridironing and on January 25th, 1908, held "a Grand Political Rally and Barbecue in the Hall of the Willard House," Washington. President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, William Jennings Bryan, Justice George Gray of Delaware, Speaker Cannon, Judson D. Harmon of Ohio and Senator Knox were there. They were all talked of as Presidential possibilities. A few others like Governor Hughes, Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker, though not present, did not escape "favorable mention." Taft was hit off in a song entitled "Where have you been, Billy Boy?" Hughes was introduced in verse to the tune of "Swing low, Sweet Chariot," and Foraker "got his" in the "Court Journal" this wise:

"Mulai Hafid Foraker is hereby banished forever from these realms on account of political discontent and pernicious activity."

Foraker "the fire alarm" was "good news" to the newspaper men and they knew him and liked him. His great verbal battle with the President at one of these festal occasions had been the talk of Washington for weeks, and may have been the occasion of the "Mulai Hafid" outburst—but Foraker though absent was continued in the "also mentioned" class. His "scrap" with Roosevelt kept him there.

Illustrative of the feverish activities of the time, and only the Gridiron Club could make such gestures, the Presidential candidates were played up unsparingly. There was one parody, upon "The Bells," which hit home:

"Hear the fellows with the booms—
Selfish booms!
What a world of merriment is echoed from
the tombs!
How they speak, and speak, and speak,
In the day and in the night!
While the voices growing meek,
Listen, week succeeding week,
With a grouchy, sad delight,
Keeping tab, tab, tab
To the overflowing blab
That emanates so constantly from their
committee rooms,
From the booms, booms, booms, booms,
Booms, booms, booms —
From the crashing and the smashing of the
booms."

Under these satirically humorous auspices, the President and other dignitaries, candidates and all,

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Under these satirically humorous auspices, the President and other dignitaries, candidates and all,

spoke. It was the Gridiron way and there was no way out. What the newspapers said about it was illuminating.

"President Roosevelt," ran the report, "who, it was alleged at the dinner, had a long string attached to his declination of another term as President, was afforded an opportunity to look over, at close range, some of those in the list of his possible successors." This referred to Bryan, Fairbanks, Gray, Harmon, Cannon and Knox who were present, as well as to Taft, Hughes and others represented in the skits.

There was a vigorous punch in the President's speech that night for I listened intently, but there was no word indicating a purpose on his part to run or not to run, for another term. There were many about my table who believed there was "a strong string" attached to his early, and as some thought, regrettable announcement that he would decline another term.

The President had done me a number of favors during these trying times. He seemed to like my aggressiveness and encouraged me greatly in the big waterways work I had undertaken. He saw the delegations I brought in from various sections of the country and finally signed the Rivers and Harbors Bill carrying an appropriation of \$100,000 for a survey of the Atlantic coastal inland waterway chain. He signed my bill for the Grand Army Memorial at Seventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; and to please my

constituents, gave me the pen with which he signed my bill for a new immigration station at Philadelphia. He was fine in thus helping me along as a new member of the House, and this held throughout, notwithstanding I later became a member of the House Congressional Campaign Committee where we sometimes discussed political action, not always from the President's viewpoint.

I never had any difficulty getting appointments at the White House and had the opportunity, therefore, to see the President in many moods. I could see that in his estimation there were Senators, and Senators, and Representatives, and Representatives. He was polite to all, but a little more free with some than with others. If Senator Lodge should come along at almost any hour, he walked right in. The President and Lodge were chummy and Congress knew that the Senator conferred confidentially with Roosevelt. He was regarded as a White House spokesman. The President called him "Cabot" just as the President called Taft "Will." They in turn called the President "Theodore." But if Penrose should come along it would be "Senator," quite formal, and if it were Tawney of Minnesota or Smith of Iowa, two of the men who opposed the extra Secret Service appropriations, it would be "Mr. Chairman," very deliberate, or "Mr. Congressman." And there were times when a resounding slap upon the back greeted some representative or friend of whom the President was very

fond. He did not hesitate to call first names if occasion suited his fancy.

Much that has since come out in his letters was not news to Congressmen or the newspaper men of the time who frequently had hurled at them, not to be published, names and incidents that aroused the Presidential ire. The President was so prompt to pillory any one who broke faith with him that much he did and said never appeared in print at all. He confided much to newspaper men and to members of the Senate and House whom he liked. His dislikes were generally known to them also, and sometimes these adverse opinions were so freely expressed that those who had to do business at the White House were careful to avoid responsibility for their circulation.

When there was extreme tension over one of these White House "explosions," threatening as it did an increase in the membership of the Ananias Club, it was necessary for me to arrange an interview for a distinguished group of Pennsylvania military and naval men interested, as I recall it, in the celebration of the 225th Anniversary of the landing of William Penn. There were about ten in the delegation, one or two of them being known to the President. Mr. Roosevelt was very cordial and—talkative—that morning. He began immediately after the last man shook hands. He talked navy—because the naval record of one of my constituents provoked it, and he talked cavalry because some reference to his own part at San

Juan Hill induced it. The naval talk dealt with what Congress should do in the matter of battle-ships. The President wanted four and Congress voted two. This disgusted the President. He insisted the navy should be increased and told this unofficial delegation how earnestly he felt about it. As Captain Hobson of Alabama, a Democrat, and I, a Republican, had canvassed the House in support of the larger navy, I stood well in the President's graces that morning, being specially excepted from the condemnation poured out upon some of my "spineless" colleagues.

Shifting from the navy—and his freedom of speech surprised and awed the delegation—the President proceeded to tell why the army should be strengthened. He returned to the cavalry. For a little while it seemed as if the cavalry was the one big thing in the Presidential program. The army would not be fit until there was more cavalry. Other countries were cited and their cavalry strength compared with ours. It was apparent that the President had an audience that suited his state of mind that morning. They were not getting in a word about what they came for, but they were being entertained in an unexpected manner.

Presently the President eased up on the cavalry sufficiently to suggest an opening. It was seized by Major-General Wendell P. Bowman of the Pennsylvania National Guard who injected as agreeably as he could:

"But there's another arm of the service, Mr. President, that demands consideration. I refer to the infantry."

"Quite right, General; quite right!" flared back the President, who was now "Colonel Roosevelt." "But what would you do in Venezuela? How would you reach that fellow, Castro, in such a country as his?"

Castro, the Venezuelan dictator, was very much in the limelight just then. The President had studied him on his trip to Porto Rico and Panama and through diplomatic sources, and the Congressional group accompanying Speaker Cannon freshened him up on the subject, since they had recently returned from Venezuela. Castro, at the moment, was having trouble at home and the Department of State was carefully watching the trend of affairs.

It was a delicate matter to talk about in public; certainly such a matter as the President of the United States might not wish to be quoted upon—even unofficially. I had been with the Cannon party. While we did not meet Castro—he was reported sick when we reached Caracas—we had been officially received and entertained. We knew there was a strained situation, but regarded that as a matter best left to the diplomats. So the President's direct shot at Castro, the ruler of another country with which officially we were on friendly terms, was startling. At that time it was certainly "impulsive" and I wished the delegation

had not heard it. But the President went on expounding, and sawing the air with his hands. He had no patience with Castro and did not mince words about it. In that quarter of an hour he was not Roosevelt, the statesman; he was the "man on horseback."

In such a case as Venezuela, he said, the navy would be indispensable, but, "Give me ten regiments of cavalry," he declared, "and I would wipe this fellow off the face of the earth."

It might have been Harriman, or Ripley, or Rockefeller or "the criminal rich and the fool rich," who had been annoying the President that morning, but Castro certainly took punishment enough for them all.

It was such an unusual session that we departed from the Executive Office with flushed faces. My military and naval friends were astonished. But before the White House reporters could get to them I called the delegation into a corner and cautioned them to say nothing of that interview. To this they promptly agreed—for the Ananias Club was in the offing.

When recently it was announced that Castro, exiled from Venezuela and denied admission to the United States under our immigration laws, had solemnly expressed his admiration for Theodore Roosevelt, setting him up as an exemplar, I wondered if he really knew what the President thought of Castro.

It was now getting nearer and nearer to the end

of the President's last year. I had given a dinner for Senator Knox in Washington at which Vice-President Fairbanks and Speaker Cannon were speakers. The President had been asked to come to this dinner but he could not. He authorized me to extend his good wishes to the guest. The Vice-President and the Speaker extolled the Senator, and the Knox stock advanced. The thought was to strengthen "the favorite son" in Pennsylvania. None of the other candidates could object to that. Taft began to appear about this time also. He spoke with Governor Stokes in Trenton where Burton had previously started his boom, but having a dull topic, the Philippines, and there being a strong anti-Roosevelt sentiment in the State, he was not, except for his delightful personality, accepted too seriously as a candidate. The corporations were strong in New Jersey, and cautious. Such a feeling existed elsewhere.

But all over the country the Roosevelt forces were getting together. The President, despite the enemies he had made, was alert and able, and the politicians recognized in him a foeman whom they could not easily circumvent.

Moreover, he had the Federal offices and the better part of the party machinery.

And the moral forces were behind him.

CHAPTER XXIII

QUITS WITH SPURS ON

UNITED STATES Senator Julius Cæsar Burrows of Michigan was temporary Chairman of the Chicago Convention of 1908, and he made a long speech endorsing the President and defining Republican policy and performance, but the permanent Chairman, and keynoter, was the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. This indicated that Roosevelt was satisfied with the organization. Lodge's speech was what the Convention wanted to hear because it would help to determine the Roosevelt attitude. Here was the chum and spokesman of the President. Together, in earlier days, they had been protestants against certain men and measures of the old order. Together they had discussed how far they should go to please or offend the regular organizations in their States and the Nation. Together they had conferred and advised when one was President of the United States and the other a distinguished leader of the Senate. They were not ordinary men, either of them. They were men of erudition and accomplishment; sprung from an aristocratic environment, but ambitious to count for something in the world's affairs.

What then was Lodge, the President's friend, going to say? The Convention soon heard. The

theme of the speech was Roosevelt's policies; the indignation of the people at the offenses of the rich; and the efforts and achievements of the Administration in stamping out those evils. Senator Lodge told of the difficulty of combatting improper influences in government, and reported the progress that had been made.

"The Government of the United States," he said, "is never to be dominated by money and financial interests, and that political party which permits itself to be ruled by them is thereby doomed to defeat."

It was not Robert M. La Follette, a radical candidate for President in 1908 as he was again in 1924, speaking; it was the distinguished and ultra-conservative Senator from Massachusetts. He was not speaking for the Senator from Wisconsin, whose delegates approved of his utterances; he was speaking for his friend the President, who hailed from the State of New York. He enlarged upon the policies which were set to destroy the evil in the money power, but he did not intend that those policies should be misconstrued. They were the "absolute opposite of Government ownership and like measures advocated by our opponents, which tend directly to Socialism and to all its attendant miseries and evils."

But the Convention wanted to hear about Roosevelt, and the Senator responded:

"The President," he said, "has enforced the laws as he found them on the Statute books. (Ap-

plause.) For this performance of his sworn duty he has been bitterly attacked. It was to be expected. Vested abuses and profitable wrongs cry out loudly when their entrenchments are carried, and some one is sure to be hurt when the bayonets of the law are pushed home. (Applause.) In the great American electorate money has few votes, but it can command many voices and cause many birds to sing. (Applause.) The result is that the President is the best abused and the most popular man in the United States to-day. (Great applause.) May it not be said, in sober truth, that the fearless performance of a sworn duty is not without its exceeding great reward? A Republican Congress and a Republican President have placed new laws upon the Statute books, designed to carry out the Republican policy of government regulation in a safe, reasonable and effective manner. The Elkins law, aimed at preferential rebates, which have been the curse to our transportation and our business; the railroad rate law which made the supervision of railroads more effective, and the pure food law which has been in the highest degree beneficial to the masses of our people, are all monuments of the policy and the labors of the Republican Party. (Applause.)

“The President, who has led his party and the people in this great work, retires, by his own determination, from his high office on the Fourth of March, next. His refusal of a renomination, dictated by the loftiest motives and by a noble

loyalty to American traditions, is final and irrevocable. (Applause.) Any one who attempts to use his name as a candidate for the Presidency impugns both his sincerity and his good faith, two of the President's greatest and most conspicuous qualities, upon which no shadow has ever been cast. (Applause.) That man is no friend of Theodore Roosevelt and does not cherish his name and fame, who now, from any motive, seeks to urge him as a candidate for the great office which he has finally declined." (Applause.)

So the great convention throng, and the country, now had it definitely that the President would not permit his name to be presented. His foremost friend had spoken.

After that it was easy to nominate a candidate. Burton of Ohio, who did the first booming of Taft at Trenton, presented the name of the genial Secretary of War, and the Convention settled itself, for it was known that Taft was the Roosevelt choice. Knox, Hughes, Cannon, Fairbanks and La Follette were presented and received complimentary votes from their states, Knox being high man of the group, with 68 votes. A few scattering votes, but enough to break the unanimity of the Ohio vote, were given to Foraker, and three irreconcilables from Pennsylvania voted for Roosevelt. Senator Beveridge, the President's Indiana friend, stood with the State delegation for Fairbanks. The vote for Taft was 702 which assured his nomination on the first ballot.

Balloting for Vice-President resulted in the nomination of James S. Sherman of New York, who was not by any means the choice of the President. Mr. Sherman was a fine parliamentarian, Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs in the House, and he had been Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee. His name was presented by Timothy L. Woodruff of New York, seconded enthusiastically by Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois. Senator Lodge presented the name of Curtis Guild of Massachusetts. Governor Murphy of New Jersey was also named, but Sherman, having 816 votes, walked away with the nomination on the first ballot. The ticket thus made—Taft and Sherman—was deemed to be well balanced and appeared to be satisfactory to all elements of the party.

The resolutions were all that Mr. Roosevelt could desire. They denounced "the abuse of wealth and the tyranny of power, and all evils and privileged favoritism," and lauded his work in these words:

"The prosecution of illegal trusts and monopolies, the exposure and punishment of evil doers in the public service, the more effective regulation of the rates and services of the great transportation lines, the complete overthrow of preferences, rebates, and discriminations, the arbitration of labor disputes, the amelioration of the conditions of wage-earners everywhere, the conservation of the natural resources of the country, the forward step

in the improvement of the inland waterways, and always the earnest support and defense of every wholesome safeguard which has made more secure the guarantees of life, liberty, and property, these are the elements that will make for Theodore Roosevelt his place in history, but more than all else the great things he has done will be an inspiration to those who have yet greater things to do."

The nomination of Taft and Sherman meant no easing up in the activities of the President. He was busy until the end of his term, March 4th, 1909—more busy than ever. Nor did he cease sending messages to Congress that sizzled and stung. The Standard Oil Company and the Santa Fé Railroad were attacked in the open, for permitting rebates. The Bureau of Corporations and the Interstate Commerce Commission were driven hard on investigations. The Attorney-General's Office was prosecuting offenders, securing convictions, and imposing fines. It was a fast pace the President had set and was setting for his successor.

After he had named in a message Congressmen on the Appropriations Committee who had defended the Committee in the matter of appropriations for the Secret Service,—Tawney of Minnesota and Smith of Iowa, Republicans, and Fitzgerald of New York and Sherley of Tennessee, Democrats, included;—he dug at "Mr. L. White Busbey, at that time private secretary to the Speaker of the House," for publishing an article on the subject of these appropriations. Mr. Busbey was a

popular newspaper man, a member of the Gridiron Club, who, notwithstanding his attachment to Speaker Cannon, frequently contributed to the magazines. In a formal deliverance the President charged that the Busbey article "fairly expressed the real meaning and animus of the attacks made in general terms on the use of the Secret Service for the punishment of criminals."

Such personal statements as these, so unusual for a President, made individual members of Congress feel that an injustice was done them. They resented the President's attitude as arbitrary. On one occasion "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who tried to keep his temper with the White House (although he seldom visited it except upon invitation), gave vent to his pent-up feelings to the intense delight of a group of Congressional bystanders, in these unparliamentary words:

"That fellow at the other end of the Avenue wants everything, from the birth of Christ to the death of the devil." This was not altogether so bad since Roosevelt in one of his letters had called Cannon a "hard, narrow old Boeotian."

But the time finally came for the President to go out. Archie Butt has told about this in a vein indicating the regret of the family. Many men in public life let it be known they are pleased to retire from the public service, but Roosevelt was not of that kind. He said "good-bye" with fire in his eye.

The dinner of the Gridiron Club at this time was

a humorous tribute to the outgoing guest. It had been announced that the President was preparing for a strenuous vacation; that he was going to Africa on a lion hunt, and to secure specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. The Gridiron Club played this up daringly. The big men of the Nation, including some of the "malefactors," were in the audience. The skit revealed a tent in the jungles of Africa, and outside of the tent was a sentinel in a Rough Rider uniform. In the dim light the great Rough Rider himself was seen to leave the tent. Presently a secretary appeared with a typewriter. Then dictation began. The letter was directed to "The Lookout," a transposition of the name of Lyman Abbott's magazine. "The lion is a fe-rocious animal!" was the first sentence, very much emphasized. Then there was a pause and a checking up of the number of words to see how much the article would be worth at so much per word. The dictation proceeded: "It infests the jungles of Africa." Then another pause and another checking up until the wild and "fe-rocious African lion" had cost "The Lookout" a very large sum of money. The wind-up was snappy, and the diners roared.

Roosevelt, Fairbanks and all the other luminaries saw this stunt. It was extremely funny—this fancied new exploit of the Rough Rider President, and he laughed heartily with the rest.

Then came the speech making. In the preliminaries, the big men at the board were given

from three to five minutes; and then came Fairbanks who, though he was sometimes called "The Icicle," was one of the most popular men in public life, especially with the newspaper men. The Vice-President was going out along with the President. He wanted to say "good-bye" and he wanted to say it in a friendly way. He thanked the newspaper men; he thanked everybody for their kindness to him, and then, whether it was intentional or not, in an outburst of eloquence and good will, he was pleased to observe that while he had often been assailed and was frequently misunderstood, he could truthfully say, now that he was to go into retirement, that he had never "thrown a line to trip an adversary."

Whether this meant a "cocktail," or other obstructions in the path to the White House, is neither here nor there; Roosevelt, the next and last speaker, had caught the point. He bounced to his feet, said nice things about the newspaper boys, spoke of the trials and "the joys" of the great office he held, mentioned the Vice-President pleasantly, and then snapped out (and to appreciate it one would have to hear the Roosevelt inflections), "The Vice-President says 'he never threw a line to trip an adversary.' In that, he and I differ. I have thrown a line to trip an adversary, and—I would do it again."

He was still the fighting Roosevelt.

But the African jungle scene also required comment. Some of his enemies were before him. His

speech was not to be reported; but that mattered not at all.

“If I understand this remarkable presentation,” is the way he put it, “the meaning of it is that when the President, who has been making it very uncomfortable for some of you, is far away in the jungles of Africa, the joyous refrain along Wall Street will be ‘Now, let every African lion do its duty.’”

There were none so dull as those who did not see—and laugh—and think.

Shortly thereafter, the President and his successor, William Howard Taft, appeared together at the Capitol. It was the stormiest fourth of March within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. So inclement was the weather that the usual inaugural display outside was abandoned. The oath of office had to be administered to the new President in the Senate Chamber. My Pennsylvania colleague, Daniel F. Lafean, and I along with other Congressmen, crowded into the hall together, to witness the ceremony. It was so stuffy, and the jam was so great that we had no chance to talk inside, but when the ceremonies were over and we compared notes outside, we agreed that the Roosevelt mannerisms were disquieting—even ominous.

It seemed to us that something more than the weather was vexing Theodore Roosevelt; that he was going out with “a chip upon his shoulder.”

CHAPTER XXIV

THE RAID ON TAFT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT had now passed into the uncertain and unsatisfactory realm of ex-Presidents. To one who had led so strenuous a life, and who was the personification of ambitious energy, this was depressing. A trip to Africa or something equally exciting, to relieve the strain of a thousand aggravations and misunderstandings,—or the aftermath must be retirement, perhaps seclusion—or literature.

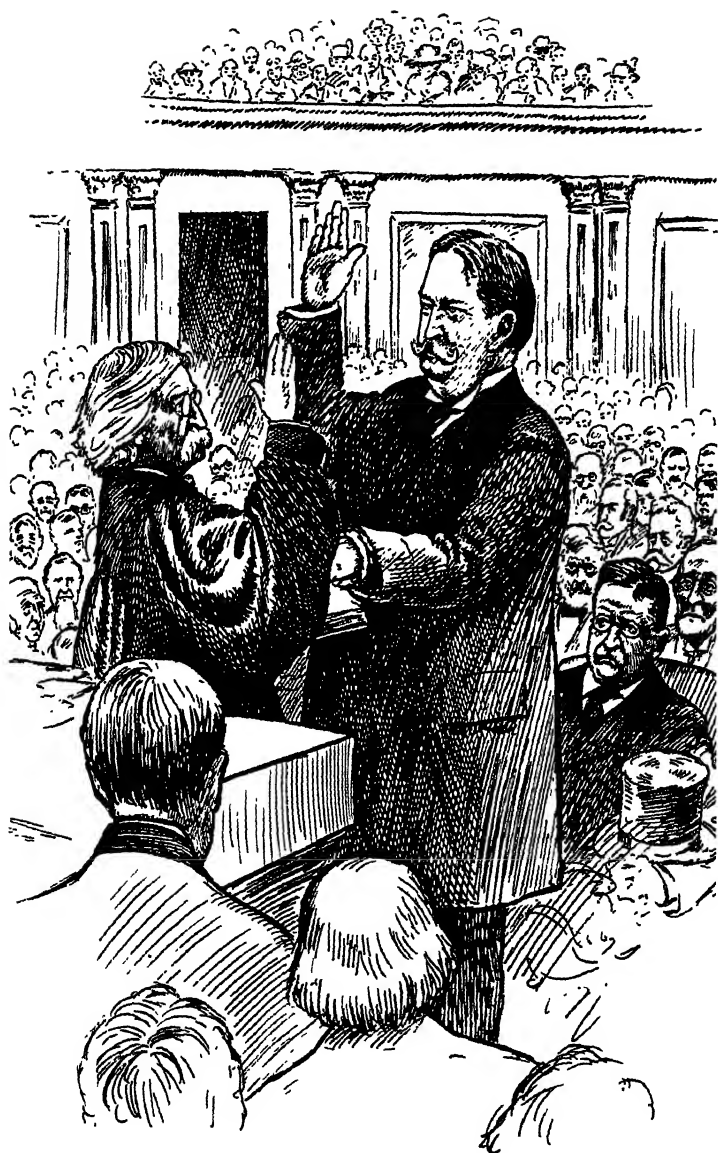
With vigorous spirits the love of power lingers, and it was not in Roosevelt's nature to retire, or to hide his "light under a bushel." No man loved the applause of the multitude more than he; no American President was ever so able to command it. "The King is dead; long live the King!" his friends had exclaimed when he quit the White House. What they meant was, and subsequent events attested his own faith in their sincerity: "Roosevelt is out; Roosevelt is in. Government under Roosevelt will continue."

The retiring President was still young; he had unbounded energy; his resources were ample; his friends legion. If he was to figure again as the big man in the affairs of his country, he must wait; nothing would be gained by unofficial or meddle-

some intercourse with domestic events; nor could he tolerate the recourse of a recluse. The announcement of his trip to Africa, with the further possibility of an European tour that would accentuate his standing as a world figure, was notice, to his friends at least, that the end was not yet—that Roosevelt would “come back.” In a way it was notice to Mr. Taft also, although, at the time, it did not appear to be so intended.

It is not in the nature of things in the United States that one President quitting office shall dominate his successor. It is an unreasonable thought, even if it were thinkable, which it is not. The outgoing President may be a friend and advisor to his successor, but the duties of the office, and the daily contact with official matters that require original treatment, would ultimately make such friendship and advice irksome, if persisted in unduly. So it was not to be expected that the high-strung Roosevelt would linger round the White House to protect his policies, or that he would remain anywhere within hailing distance of Washington, if he could decently and with becoming dignity keep away.

President Taft was a friend—a personal friend of his predecessor, and there was no reason to believe he would not treat him fairly. Whether Roosevelt had or had not wanted to run for the Presidency in 1908, he had turned his friends in for Taft. The big broad-gage American from Ohio knew this, and understood the significance of



ROOSEVELT LISTENS GRIMLY TO THE SWEARING IN OF TAFT
IN THE SENATE CHAMBER

it. He also knew the Roosevelt policies by heart. He was amply able to expound and defend them.

In his letter of acceptance, July 28th, 1908, Taft had told the Committee to inform him of his nomination, how much he thought of the President. He spoke eloquently of the latter's policies and achievements.

"The man who formulated the expression of the popular conscience and who led the movement for practical reform was Theodore Roosevelt," he said.

"The chief function of the next administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which law-breakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which will operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible."

That he was loyal to his old chief was further shown in his Inaugural Address—the address which the retiring President listened to in the Senate Chamber from which he departed so precipitately that stormy March 4th, 1909.

"I had the honor to be one of the advisors of my distinguished predecessor," he said in his first Presidential utterance, "and, as such, held up his hands in the reforms he initiated. I should be untrue to myself, to my promises, and to the declarations of the party platform upon which I was elected to office, if I did not make the maintenance and enforcement of those reforms a most important feature of my administration."

But the mutterings of discontent began before Mr. Roosevelt started for Africa. They related to changes in the Cabinet; to the new President's attitude toward the friends of his predecessor, and to appointments and removals of office-holders.

Taft had inherited all there was of irritability in Roosevelt's friends, and what was more serious—he incurred the suspicion and dislike of many of Roosevelt's enemies. A speech by Taft, while Secretary of War, at Bath, Maine, had caused much apprehension amongst the manufacturers and business men of the country, and these were not too well assured, when Taft was elected. He had said in that speech, giving it as "his individual opinion" and laying stress upon the fact that he spoke "for no one else," that business conditions in the country had so changed with respect to the Dingley law that it would be "wise and just to revise the schedules of the existing tariff." Roosevelt heard about that speech, and while not a party to it, smilingly spoke of Taft being "radical," a term very much applied to the President in those days.

When, immediately after his inauguration, President Taft called Congress into extra session (March 16th, 1909) to revise the Dingley tariff law, there was no great surprise, but there was much concern on the part of "the stand patters" and much joyful anticipation of trouble on the part of the insurgents. That "progressiveism" which afterward constituted a separate political party under the lead of Roosevelt, had manifested itself

in opposition to the Dingley tariff law, which, it was contended, unduly favored Eastern manufacturers. The insurgents condemned the cotton and wool schedules in particular.

When Congress assembled, the forerunners of the Progressive Party—Lenroot of Wisconsin, Murdock of Kansas, Gardner of Massachusetts, a son-in-law of Senator Lodge, a professed Republican but in sympathy with the insurgents; Norris of Nebraska, and others, in their opposition to certain of the tariff provisions, laid the foundation for a party revolt. Their leader in the Senate was La Follette of Wisconsin.

The outcome of the Extra Session was the passage of the Payne bill to which, on the Senate side, the name of Aldrich was attached. As Aldrich and Penrose had participated in the passage of the bill in the Senate, they were reviled by the insurgents as the representatives of "the malefactors"; and "the robber barons," who were "grinding the toiler and the tiller of the soil under the iron heel of plutocracy." Because the rates on wood pulp and paper, a matter of great importance to American publishers, were regarded as too high, James R. Mann of Illinois, a Republican stalwart, and in after years the party floor leader, opposed the Payne bill and with a number of other non-insurgents voted against it.

The retention of Schedule K (the wool schedule) in the Payne bill, was another rich morsel for the dissentients, and the country was flooded

with their protests. The blame for this schedule was placed upon certain of my constituents in Philadelphia, who, along with the manufacturers of New England, contended sturdily that without protection as provided in the law, they could not continue in business and would be forced to shut down.

The passage of the Payne tariff bill started the political pot boiling. It so threatened the members of Congress who voted for it that the President undertook to relieve the situation. He made a tariff speech at Winona, Minnesota, September 17th, 1909, defending the measure and commending the vote of James A. Tawney, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, who had supported it. Not because of this speech necessarily, but in consequence of the prominence of Tawney, whose controversy with President Roosevelt was recalled, and because the radical Republicans flocked into his district to oppose him, the Chairman of the powerful Appropriations Committee, a loyal supporter of Speaker Cannon, was defeated.

The glee of "the radicals" was unbounded. They began to openly disagree with the President and they laid plans for the overthrow of the Speaker of the House. Verily, it was difficult for President Taft to please the people. While Roosevelt was stirring up Africa and Europe—it will be remembered he got the headlines in Rome in a controversy with the Vatican, and in London where he discussed unfavorably the Government of Egypt—the President was encountering all kinds

of opposition. The fight over the tariff was followed by another over reciprocity with Canada. The President sent in a reciprocity message but many of us, who were counted with the regulars in the House, could not vote for it. To a degree the Progressives were strengthened by this message, for most of them came from the Northwestern tier of States where they knew what competition with Canada meant, especially in cereals and farm products.

The reciprocity issue stirred the Republicans greatly. On a train returning to Washington one morning, Senator Penrose and I discussed reciprocity.

"I suppose you are going to vote for it?" he said.

"No, Senator, I can't do it. It's at variance with all we've been preaching in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania for twenty-five years. I don't like to oppose the President, but reciprocity means a reversal of Republican gospel."

"Guess you're right," he said, "but I'll have to support the President. There's too damned much at stake,"—meaning, of course, the patronage of Pennsylvania. Penrose expected to do better under Taft than he had done under Roosevelt.

Despite the Senator's attitude, I not only voted against reciprocity but spoke and worked against it in the House. And yet if the good-natured Taft ever noticed it, he never said anything to me about it.

While others complained they could not get what they wanted at the White House, I always found President Taft generous and friendly. If he had to refuse a request it was done with a chuckle. In due course "the Taft smile" became almost as noteworthy as the Roosevelt teeth. It was a great asset throughout the troublesome times to come.

I had much business at the White House during the Taft administration—so much in relation to the inland waterways movement that the President, who was well posted on the subject, fell into the habit of calling me "Waterways." He had written the \$63,000,000 Ohio River lock and dam project into one of his messages to Congress, and was so friendly to it that I used it as an excuse to put the Atlantic coastal project up to him. One day he consented to go to Norfolk to attend a Convention over which I was to preside. Before he yielded, however, I had received a declination from Andrew Carnegie whom we were anxious to have speak. When the announcement went out that the President was going, I received a hurry up message from the great steel magnate that he had rearranged his dates so that he could be with us.

The President started down to Norfolk on the *Mayflower*. Carnegie went by train to Newport News. Norfolk put forth its biggest and best committee to receive the President. But Carnegie, for whom a special committee was sent, got lost. The President arrived all right and remained on

his yacht. What became of Carnegie only one man beside the steel master knew, until he turned up like any ordinary delegate the next morning. The special committee finally caught up with Carnegie, and he had been escorted to the President to whom he wanted to pay his respects, and then—the special committee reported to me. It seems that a citizen, an advertising physician, not too highly esteemed professionally, but with a plausible manner and much show of hospitality, had “kidnapped” Carnegie and entertained him overnight. The committee was angry enough to horsewhip the usurper, but they concluded sensibly not to increase the splendid advertisement the “doctor” had already received.

On two occasions President Taft came to Philadelphia at my request. One of these was to attend the Convention of the International Navigation Congress, the first to be held in America, and the last to be held anywhere prior to the great World War. I had helped to bring this Congress to the United States having visited Brussels, the headquarters, to confer with the International officers upon the subject, and the President had assisted me in getting through a Government appropriation to help bear the cost. It was an inspiration to all Americans interested in internal improvements, particularly river and harbor work. The other Presidential visit was to speak at a great auditorium at Broad and York Streets, long since torn down, before the German-American Alliance

then in its heyday and holding a great saenger-fest. Upon both occasions the appearance of the President aroused intense enthusiasm. The President and Mrs. Taft also attended another Waterways Convention where I had the honor of entertaining them at luncheon, at New London, Connecticut, in 1912.

Mr. Roosevelt had now returned to the United States and was very active making speeches, writing for the magazines and, as many of the Taft followers believed, "boring in." The President was feeling the effects of Roosevelt's indifference, if not opposition. He had great difficulty in getting any measures through Congress. The Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, was proceeding cleverly with international matters, but domestic politics were dubious. There was lack of harmony in the Republican Party and much hopefulness with the Democrats.

Incidentally the fight over the rules of the House came to a head and "Cannonism" was dethroned; that is to say, the insurgent Republicans, with the aid of the Democrats, succeeded in taking away from the Speaker of the House the power to appoint committees. As this contest had been waged chiefly by Roosevelt supporters, it was regarded as another evidence of the intent of the insurgents to ultimately stage a "Back from Elba" movement.

Threatening disturbances with Mexico made much trouble for the administration toward its

close and necessitated the calling out of Federal troops to police the border. To make matters worse for the administration and better for those insurgent Republicans who were predicting its downfall, the Democrats gained control of Congress in the elections of 1912 and began to pass "pop gun" tariff bills which the President was obliged to veto.

The Pinchot-Ballinger controversy over a land grant at Controller Bay in Alaska was another aggravation to the Taft administration. The President in 1909 had issued an order modifying a previous Executive order of President Roosevelt whereby there was eliminated from the Chugach National Forest a tract of 12,800 acres along the coast line of Controller Bay. Gifford Pinchot, the Forester under Roosevelt, and one of his closest friends, entered the lists with Secretary Ballinger, of the Department of the Interior, over this alleged concession to "the interests." The controversy became so heated that Congress passed a resolution of inquiry and drew a lengthy reply from the President, who calmly explained the facts, but broke out into violent denials and denunciations with respect to the alleged interest of his brother, Charles P. Taft, the Ohio publisher. Much was made in the Pinchot attacks of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate whose coal mines could be best approached from terminals on Controller Bay, and the climax was reached when a spurious letter was produced purporting to show

an interest by the President's brother. This the President pronounced gratuitous and insulting.

Pinchot, defender of the Roosevelt Executive Order, was so defiant of Ballinger and incidentally of the President, that Taft dismissed him from the service. Subsequently, the former Forester journeyed to Europe to confer with the ex-President before he should return to the United States. This was against the judgment of Senator Lodge and others of Roosevelt's close friends who had it in mind that Roosevelt might now again with propriety become a candidate for President. The Pinchot-Roosevelt conference was not side-tracked, however, and resulted in widening the breach between Roosevelt and the President. It soon developed that Taft would have strenuous opposition in 1912.

Taft was not a rich man. He hesitated about going into the Presidential contest on that account. It was known that his real ambition was the Supreme Court to which, while an ex-President, he was eventually appointed by President Harding. But he went into the Presidential campaign and it was expensive. In this respect his chief supporter was his brother, Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, a man of considerable wealth. It was this Charles P. Taft whom the anti-Ballingerites used in the attempt to draw the President into the Controller Bay affair. It was the same brother to whom Taft referred, when in a spirit of gratitude he explained to his friend "Theo-

dore," that there were *two* men to whom he owed most for his election.

"He puts money above brains," was Roosevelt's comment, when he could no longer conceal his indignation.

Another version current around the Capitol, dated back to that stormy day when Roosevelt left Taft at the inauguration in the Senate Chamber, and bolted unceremoniously for the Union Station and Oyster Bay. Roosevelt, it was said, demanded that Secretary Loeb be appointed to the Cabinet, that Secretary Garfield be retained at the head of the Interior Department, and that certain other appointments be made.

"Why, Theodore!" the new President was reported to have said. "You leave nothing for me."

CHAPTER XXV.

FOUR HECTIC YEARS

FOUR hectic years were those of Mr. Taft the President. Entertainments at the White House under the tactful supervision of Mrs. Taft were never more delightful, but social events were one thing—politics another. With Roosevelt making speeches to the great delight of Mr. Taft's enemies, with Maine lost to the Republicans in 1910, and with the House gone Democratic toward the end of the term, the President whose personality radiated good cheer, bore a heavy load. All kinds of conditions arose to plague the President. Some of these were local and State, as well as National. They entered into the general feeling of unrest and uncertainty as to the future. Roosevelt's Western speeches appealing to farmers and others, reasserting Roosevelt policies and denouncing trusts, rebates, and political judges, undoubtedly influenced the election in Maine, and started Republican doubters on the road to insurgency.

In Philadelphia where an ugly contest for the Mayoralty compelled Senator Penrose to break with the contractor group of politicians—or one of them—and declare for an independent Republican for Mayor, the President was being held responsible for what was happening. Nathan Folwell, President of the Manufacturers' Club, injecting my

name into the Mayoralty contest by way of compromise, declared in an interview:

"The entire fault lies with this man Taft. He cannot keep his fingers off the tariff. He has meddled with it and fumbled with it until he has thrown every branch of the manufacturing industry into disorder. He is directly responsible for the split in the Republican Party, the appearance of the insurgent element, and the election of a Democratic Congress. He proposes reciprocity. That, to my way of thinking, is simply the opening wedge for Free Trade, and the Democrats."

Arguing boldly against Taft, this sturdy Republican boosted Uncle Joe Cannon as the type of Republican the country could rely upon, but he charged that the Speaker could not be considered for the Presidency because he had opposed free wood pulp and paper which the newspapers had demanded.

This sort of criticism, coming from friends and enemies alike, made it unpleasant for the President. Unrest was in the air and there was unemployment due to tariff changes and the dread of a Democratic Congress. Carnegie and Morgan figured in much of the discussion because of the stirring up of the trusts. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil were also on the public tongue. Edmund Vance Cooke's poem "It's Morgan's" was in vogue, and the insurgent Republicans liked to quote it. The theme was appropriate to the spirit of

dissatisfaction that prevailed. The mills, the ships, the trains, were "all Morgan's." The Nation was Morgan's and so was Heaven. But there was one other prospect.

The poet said:

"I went to the only place left. 'I'll take
A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake,
Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit
On the griddled floor of the bottomless pit,'
But a leering lout with horns on his face
Cried as he forked me out of the place:
'It's Morgan's.'"

My request of Speaker Cannon for appointment to fill a Pennsylvania vacancy on the Rivers and Harbors Committee about this time was not acceded to, because of Penrose plans respecting the Governorship of Pennsylvania. Congressman Tener of Pittsburgh, who afterward became Governor, was appointed. But the requirements of the Delaware River, for which we secured a thirty-five foot channel authorization under President Taft, and Atlantic coastal waterway matters, forced me to keep closer than ever to the White House. I was up there one day with a Rivers and Harbors Congress delegation, when a spokesman for the Mississippi Valley found he had gone too far in denouncing the President out West for alleged indifference to the needs of the great "Father of Waters." It revealed to us a fair sample of what the President could do in dignified sarcasm under stress.

"Mr. Kavanaugh," he said, "I was on the Bench long enough to learn that it is the duty of a judge to listen to the testimony of any man no matter how much he may have been abusing the Court at the corner grocery."

Evidently the President had bigger game in mind, for what he said to Mr. Kavanaugh was widely circulated as a bit of Presidential temper.

Other factors were constantly looming up to make the Presidential outlook disturbing. Congressman Moon, retiring President of the New Jersey Society in Pennsylvania, and I coming on to succeed him, had induced Speaker Cannon and his Democratic successor, Champ Clark of Missouri, to come over to a dinner held in the Union League Club at Philadelphia. Uncle Joe was the big card, but instead of discussing Taft and Roosevelt, he launched into Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, ridiculing his "assumption of leadership," and heading him off from the Democratic nomination for President. Uncle Joe deprecated the "schoolmaster in politics" and quoted the Bible freely to show how weak were some of the New Jersey "nostrums" attributable to Wilson. He was complimentary to Champ Clark, who writhed a little under the conditions. Later on the redoubtable Champ, who, in his speech, proved himself a Jerseyman by descent at least, confided to me that he would not have come to the dinner if he had known what Cannon was going to say; although I think he was secretly pleased.

The reply to Cannon came in a speech by Wilson at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in Trenton, March 8th, 1911, when my North Carolina waterways colleague, John H. Small, started a "Wilson for President" boom, very much as Burton of Ohio had started a "Taft for President" boom four years before. The New Jersey Governor who, because of the approaching battle between Taft and Roosevelt, was destined to become the President, seized the opportunity to defend his "nostrums" and pay his respects to his critics. The politicians, he said, did not want the people to manage their own affairs. Roosevelt had been saying much the same thing. "I heard of one fellow," said Governor Wilson, "who refused to come here to-night because, he said, 'You fellows were trying to tell these old seasoned politicians how to run Trenton.'" Then he linked up the politicians and the special interests and illustrated with a story:

"When I was a boy," he said, "I used to go out into the barnyard and surprise a chicken in a dark corner to see it fly three ways at once.

"We are just scaring a few politicians off their nice, warm nests, where they have been hatching things, and they don't know which way to fly."

The Governor followed this up with an argument for "restoring the Government to the people" and predicted the passage by the New Jersey legislature of certain so-called radical measures including a corrupt practices bill, a public utilities

bill, an employers' liability bill, and bills to restrict the powers of certain corporations. It was Roosevelt and La Follette over again.

The next day, Mayor Donnelly of Trenton, Congressman Small and myself addressed the Governor sitting with the Legislature, upon the Atlantic coastal project and found him sympathetic. One of his earliest campaign speeches had to do with this subject.

But back in Congress Wilson was not the favorite, except as Bryan, an occasional visitor, held up too much enthusiasm for Clark. The Speaker had the good will of most of the Democrats and it was never difficult for a Republican—Mann of Illinois for instance, to get a hand for him. Other Republicans often advanced his name to test out sentiment. At one time the trend toward Clark was so strong that President Taft told the Democratic Speaker he expected "to leave the White House in good condition for him." Clark, on the other hand, warned Taft that he could not be re-elected.

I sought President Taft for the Richmond Convention of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, October, 1911. He was to sign a bill for an additional appropriation of \$105,000 for the Philadelphia immigration station and I went to thank him, as well as to extend the Richmond invitation. He could not go, but Richmond developed several interesting political situations nevertheless.

Mayor Gaynor of New York, suffering from the wound inflicted by a would-be assassin, talked waterways, but took occasion to epitomize some of the things the people generally were discussing. "No good thing," he said haltingly, because of his wound, "ever came out of interfering with the natural course of commerce. This situation is in the same class with the discrimination against individuals, which has been an economic crime for the last generation. Railroads were never given the power to carry you free and to make me pay, nor to take your freight at the rate of ten cents per hundred and your rival's at thirty cents, and thereby ruin him and create a monopoly. Yet that is what the railroads did for thirty years with the consent of the Government. They didn't think they were doing anything wrong. They even put their agreements in writing to charge A one rate and B another, and divide the difference with the favored individual. You may say all this is stopped. Well, I wish I could wink the other eye like some people. It would be more eloquent than anything I can say. It has not stopped and I don't expect to see it stopped, although it has been mitigated." The Mayor then called for the removal of the artificial causes that interfered with the natural flow of commerce. He was so well posted upon his subject which at the time was uppermost in politics, that the reporters flocked about him to ascertain if he was a candidate for President—an ambition which he promptly denied.

I had made special efforts to have both Roosevelt and Wilson attend this Convention but did not succeed. Their letters, however, were politically significant. A personal message from President Taft had been delivered, when this letter from Governor Wilson was read:

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

September 4, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. MOORE:

I am distressed to find that it will be literally impossible for me to attend the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Conference. October will be filled for us with a very important political campaign with an election of the whole of our Assembly and one-third of our Senate. It is my important duty, I find, to put myself at the service of the State Committee for this campaign. I hope, however, that New Jersey will be abundantly and well represented. I shall expect to send you a list of delegates very soon.

Cordially yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

Of course, that letter read in Richmond, Virginia, received a good hand. A mystifying message came from Roosevelt, under date of September 21st, 1911, when he was being besieged to come out in the open as a candidate against Taft. He wrote:

I wish it possible for my friends to realize my position, not for my own sake, but because then they would understand just why it is that I cannot ac-

cept all the invitations which come to me. From now on I wish to avoid making any speech that I possibly can avoid, and greatly though I appreciate an invitation from such a body as the one you represent, it really is not possible for me to accept. I cannot undertake anything further of any kind or sort now. I am very sorry.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A flood of comment followed the release of this letter. "What does the Colonel mean?" was the central thought. The Richmond papers, being Democratic, naturally took advantage of the opportunity to say something. The *Times-Despatch* quoted the desire "to avoid making any speech" by referring to the Carnegie Hall meeting the night after the letter was written, when "Mr. Roosevelt spoke to a packed audience" under the joint auspices of the Civic Forum and the Child Welfare League, on "The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood." As the Colonel had attacked certain courts and court procedure in that speech, the *Times-Despatch* proceeded to carefully dissect it, concluding:

"Though holding, as he claimed, that 'the judiciary of this country, as a whole, stands on a higher plane than any other collective body of citizens,' the Colonel would yet make the judiciary responsive to every passing whim of popular thought, to every 'demand' made upon it by the immature, the incapable, or the corrupt."

In his speech at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Roosevelt

had charged that certain court decisions in New York affecting civil evils, including tenement house factories, were a blow to genuine reform and the betterment of social conditions. "The whole movement for good," he had said, referring to the civic uplift, "may come to naught, and fostering wrong and injustice be perpetuated, because certain judges, certain courts, are steeped in some outworn political or social philosophy and totally misapprehend their relations to the people and to the public needs."

And as if anticipating just the kind of comment that ensued, the Colonel had said: "I am entirely aware that no matter how carefully I guard what I have to say, no matter how cautiously and exactly I state the bold facts and truths that we shall recognize, yet what I say will assuredly be misrepresented by certain people, with the deliberate purpose of misleading honest and conservative citizens into the belief that I am advocating something radical and revolutionary and destructive of our governmental system, and that I am making an attack upon the judges. I most emphatically believe that we have been wise in giving great power to our judges, including this power of interpretation of statutes to see whether they conform with the fundamental law of the land."

The whole country was watching a battle in Philadelphia about this time. The leadership of Penrose was disputed in the State and it became necessary for him to assert his supremacy in his

home city. Mayor Reyburn, whom he helped to select, had made an alliance with the Vares, a political contractor group, and looked with favor upon the candidacy of the younger brother, William S. Vare, to succeed him as Mayor. Penrose, supported by McNichol, another local contractor leader, resisted this and set up George H. Earle, a wealthy banker, as a candidate. The issue, strange enough, was boiled down to "civic decency vs. contractor bossism," as the Penroseites proclaimed it; or "the little fellow vs. the big boss and his rich friends," as the Vares contended.

Charges flew thick and fast, Penrose contributing much of the ammunition. They involved Reyburn and his Director of Public Safety, the Vare contracts, and sundry insinuations as to the use of money in politics—specific sums in some instances being stated. Because of one of these alleged financial deals, Penrose had applied to the Mayoralty candidate for his alleged proud participation therein the term "pouter pigeon," which subsequently called for a denial from Congressman Vare on the floor of the House of Representatives. Penrose himself was under constant fire partly because of a photographed check in connection with campaign expenses from John G. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company.

The result of this bitter battle was the defeat of Vare and the nomination of Earle. Penrose's victory was only temporary, however, for the Vares were sour and at the succeeding election, Rudolph

Blankenburg, a reformer, who adopted the Roosevelt tactics of hitting right and left against the gang and for civic decency, was elected. This reform victory was a setback for both the old political factions, but each now proceeded to line up for the next primaries at which delegates were to be elected for the National Republican Convention.

The Penrose element set up a slate for delegates-at-large, the Vares confining themselves to the nomination of district delegates where they believed themselves strong enough to win. The "regular" delegates-at-large as slated, included the two Senators, Penrose and Oliver, Governor Tener, and other prominent citizens; but the insurgents or Roosevelt men, adopting an aggressive anti-Penrose attitude, under the leadership of William Flinn of Pittsburgh, a former contractor, also set up a slate. Their candidates for delegates-at-large, as well as for district delegates, were not so well known in the business or political world, as the others.

The primaries were to select candidates for Congress (of whom I was one) and the State Senate, in addition to delegates for the various State Conventions, the National party convention and minor offices. They were fiercely contested. Personalities and criminations were indulged to such an extent that one might be pardoned for paraphrasing an old parable to observe that "when politicians fall out, other men may get their dues—and the truth."

Since the political upheaval in 1905, when Elihu

Root was called into counsel by a group of insurgents and reformers, Philadelphia and Pennsylvania had been a political battle-ground, and they were again being held up as a horrible example. The defeat of Penrose was what the reformers and dissatisfied political element wanted, and in this instance they succeeded. Penrose had declared for Taft, which made his defeat a matter of National interest.

While most of the Republican Congressmen and State Senators went through, the Penrose delegates to the State and National Conventions were overwhelmed. Most of the "regular" district delegates in Philadelphia were elected—they included John Wanamaker and Edward T. Stotesbury—but the delegates-at-large, including Penrose and the Governor, were defeated. Curiously enough, William S. Vare, the defeated candidate for Mayor, denied by Penrose, was elected a district delegate to the Chicago Convention, and sat there listening to the denunciation of Penrose, although voting with the "regulars" for Taft.

The Republican State Convention was organized by Penrose's enemies. "The Big Grizzly" cut a sorry figure—his following was so small. And he had to submit to the passage of resolutions that reversed completely the old order in political Pennsylvania. That platform was more radical than anything Republicans of the Keystone State had ever known. It outdid La Follette in some of its demands and exactions against "special privilege."

And being adopted in Pennsylvania, the foremost Republican State, it was promptly seized upon by the insurgents of other States as a document of first importance.

It would be difficult to abbreviate that astonishing Pennsylvania platform, for it was of considerable length and built up in short paragraphs that snapped and cracked. It reviewed "the age-old conflict between human rights and special privilege," and told of Lincoln fighting for human rights against a decision of the United States Supreme Court that "human beings are but chattels, the personal property of other human beings." Then it referred to and denounced the growth of special privilege due to "the concentration and combination of financial and industrial power, the mightiest the world has ever known." It inveighed against "illicit favors from boss-controlled legislatures"; "the political power to select sympathetic judges," and "the rulings of courts which viewed life through narrow legal formalities rather than in the broad spirit of social and economic justice." It demanded a long list of reforms, economic, legislative and judicial, and "pledged support to Theodore Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for President of the United States."

The essence of it all was "Theodore Roosevelt" and "Social Justice."

In a great Republican State so long dominated by able and practical politicians like Cameron, Quay and Penrose, this was an astonishing platform.

CHAPTER XXVI

AN UNEULY CONVENTION

SEVERAL times while he was President I heard Taft refer to Roosevelt—never unkindly, save once. Then he was not so unkind as he was resentful that his old friend should hold aloof. He was on his vacation in New England at the time and not far from Roosevelt, who was over at Oyster Bay. One day they were near enough for the papers to comment upon the fact that they did not meet. That Roosevelt should show no friendly sign under these circumstances was magnified to such an extent that it became an affront to Taft, and he felt it. It was plain that "Will" and "Theodore" were friends no more. Nor was it long before the public knew that the two great men had broken; that Roosevelt was determined to undo, if possible, the work he had done when he supported the nomination of Taft in 1908.

Back in June, 1910, there had been a dinner to Gifford Pinchot in St. Paul, Minnesota. It was a fertile field for the followers of Roosevelt, and a new party had been suggested—something to break down Taft and the Republican organization to which he had become so closely attached. The big men suggested to undertake the job were Roosevelt, the leader; Garfield, and Pinchot. With all that happened afterward the movement grew

and grew until Taft and the old line Republicans knew they must fight—fight for their political lives.

The President had changed secretaries once or twice—some of the newspaper boys had been finding fault with the treatment accorded them at the White House—and finally appointed Charles D. Hilles of New York, a man who stood well socially, and who developed a liking for the political and diplomatic work of the office. Hilles was with Taft when the campaign of 1912 opened, and following the exciting and at times riotous Chicago Convention of June, 1912, was, at the President's suggestion, made Chairman of the National Republican Committee. In selecting his Secretary to run the Campaign of 1912, Taft did exactly the same thing Roosevelt did when he named Cortelyou to manage the Campaign of 1904. Taft knew he would have the opposition of the Roosevelt forces—they had been building up for the battle—and he also knew that the Wisconsin irrecconcilables were lost to the Republican organization. He knew also that a large part of the Old Guard had been alienated, or was indifferent.

Men like George W. Perkins of the International Harvester trust, and William Flinn, the Pittsburgh contractor boss, had joined the Roosevelt cohorts and were raising money for the cause, while Penrose, Foraker and others were being blasted for the receipt of campaign contributions from the Standard Oil Company. Roosevelt was still Roosevelt, but some of his fighting men were

strange company for the apostle of "the square deal," the valiant and indefatigable regulator of the trusts and big interests. Taft knew what he was up against and sometimes in private conversation admitted the possibility of defeat. There was no other course open to him, however, but to run again.

Although for a time protesting he would not consent to the use of his name, thereby giving great encouragement to the Wisconsin Senator La Follette, whose friends sought the Roosevelt support, the former President finally declared himself. It was what his persistent, uncontrollable Kitchen Cabinet friends wanted him to do; it was what the genuine admirers of the splendid record he had made as a citizen and statesman hoped he would not do.

"My hat is in the ring," he announced.

And the great American, who had reached a niche in history that placed him side by side with Washington and Lincoln, resumed the status of a politician. As a friend and admirer of this great man it saddened me to contemplate his candidacy. He had easily become the most conspicuous personality in the world. Even in retirement so long as he lived he would have been honored as the foremost citizen of America. What he said would have been listened to and respected as the utterance of an oracle. But in the enthusiasm of the hour, whether from a sense of duty, or because of a desire to redress grievances, or to even up things with those who had offended him, Theodore Roose-

velt went to Chicago to personally direct his shouting cohorts in the unseemly battle of 1912.

My old friends of the National Republican League, whose President now was John Hays Hammond, took sides in that quarrel. Some of them were for Taft and the regular order; others, including Sid B. Redding of Arkansas, who appeared with one of the contesting delegations, were for Roosevelt. It was an unfortunate day for the Republican Party and for the League.

When the June, 1912, Convention opened, Victor Rosewater of Nebraska was Chairman of the National Republican Committee. As such it was incumbent upon him to call the Convention to order. He had scarcely raised the gavel when the fight commenced. Governor Hadley of Missouri, for the Roosevelt forces, challenged the integrity of the temporary roll of delegates prepared by the Credentials Committee under the auspices of the National Committee. He wanted to substitute another roll containing other names. He was supported by former Governor Fort of New Jersey. Senator Watson of Indiana and Congressman Payne of New York insisted that the proposal was out of order and could not be considered until the Convention had organized. The Chairman sustained the point of order. Then Elihu Root of New York, once Secretary of State in the Roosevelt Cabinet, was named by the Taft men for Temporary Chairman. Cochems, a Wisconsin delegate, immediately named in opposition to Root,

Governor Francis E. McGovern of that State. He said he did this as one "instructed to remain with La Follette for the Presidency" throughout the Convention. The Roosevelt supporters took this cue and voted for McGovern.

As the roll call of States proceeded there was great excitement and confusion. Among the leaders reporting the votes of their delegations for McGovern of Wisconsin were Governor Hadley of Missouri and Governor Hiram Johnson of California. Senator Borah of Idaho was also active. The noisiest and most cantankerous of the State Chairmen was William Flinn, the contractor boss, of Pennsylvania. Flinn, former Pittsburgh partner of the old Quay machine, but now bitterly antagonistic to Penrose the successor of Quay, announced that he was "instructed by sixty-five votes out of seventy-six in the Pennsylvania delegation to second the nomination of McGovern." Then Flinn started on a speech dealing with "new methods in Pennsylvania." A New Hampshire delegate tiring of this moved that the Pittsburgher have "leave to print," but Flinn kept on:

"Pennsylvania is a progressive State," he yelled. "She is there to stay," meaning the State would no more submit to the politics of Quay and Penrose.

"I want to say," he continued, and this would have been a weird pronouncement in the Coolidge-Davis-La Follette Campaign of 1924, "that Pennsylvania gladly and cheerfully follows the leader-

ship of the middle commonwealth of this Nation—Wisconsin—and we are glad to have the opportunity not alone to second the nomination, but to vote for its Governor; and I want to say one word in conclusion. With the hearty approval of the sixty-five delegates from Pennsylvania out of seventy-six—and we are the strongest, and have been for forty years the strongest Republican State in the Nation—that unless you get 540 votes that are untainted, without fraud, for your candidate for Chairman, I doubt whether my constituents in Pennsylvania will ratify it. I do not want you to understand for a moment that I am notifying the Convention that I am going to bolt.”

When Flinn and his noise makers quieted down, the Rooseveltians were again stirred to action by Francis J. Heney, the California lawyer who had been investigating graft in San Francisco. He talked of “thieves” and “penitentiaries,” linking up some of the Credentials Committee with Abe Ruef of California graft fame. He assailed Senator Crane of Massachusetts and Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania and was especially vicious in his references to Archibald Stevenson of Colorado whom he called “Big Steve.” In the midst of the disorder occasioned by his speech, Heney charged that “seventy names had been added to the roll under the leadership of ‘Big Steve’ of Colorado, Penrose of Pennsylvania, and Crane of Massachusetts.”

After Chairman Sullivan, “in behalf of thirty-

four delegates from Ohio, a state which cast nearly 50,000 majority for Teddy Roosevelt, and which is the home State of William Howard Taft," had seconded the nomination of the Wisconsin Governor, Senator Bradley of Kentucky got in a word for Root and the regular order:

"We have heard quite a good deal," he said, "about the frauds of the National Committee. Allow me to say to you that such an unjust, dishonorable and outrageous lot of contests in the main, were never submitted to any body in this country."

To this there were cries of "Lorimer! Lorimer! Lorimer!"—a reflection upon the speaker's vote in the Senate, to which the answer was "Liar! Liar! Liar!" and then cat calls and cries of "Steam roller!"

Seeing whence came the steam roller "argument," Bradley in anger yelled back:

"Roosevelt ran the steam roller over me eight times in 1908, but I voted the ticket and I always vote it."

During these speeches the excitement in the Coliseum was intense. It was all over the election of a temporary Chairman, whom Roosevelt had once proclaimed to be "the ablest man in public life." Truly "politics makes strange bed fellows."

Before the balloting began, accusations of fraud were continually shouted from the Roosevelt groups upon the floor. When the Chairman would declare

some motion, or some speaker, "out of order," the words Steal! Thief! Fraud! Pack of Thieves! would cut into the proceedings and start a near riot. Time and again the police were called upon to maintain order.

When finally the shouting and noise subsided, the roll call of States proceeded. The result of the vote, after many of the delegations had been polled, was Root 558; McGovern 501 (all the Roosevelt delegates voting for the Wisconsin man), scattering 14. The Root or Taft plurality over the combined vote of the Roosevelt and La Follette followers was sufficient to organize the Convention, but it was not sufficient to keep down the noise and disorder which made of a Republican Convention, to nominate a President of the United States, a spectacle unworthy of the candidates for so high an office and unsuited to a country of such ideals as ours.

The announcement that Elihu Root had been elected temporary Chairman of the Convention was the signal for much applause. Root was a strong man for the place, but the Roosevelt shouters were not satisfied. They insulted Root at the outset of his speech. Flinn of the Pennsylvania delegation, inflamed with the thought that Penrose, though not a delegate, had too much to do with the Convention arrangements, charged Root with being a "receiver of stolen goods," an accusation political, which other delegates, including Ziba T. Moore of Philadelphia, and Richard R. Quay, a son of Sena-

tor Quay who had turned in for Roosevelt, explained by further charges that Root was now trying to protect the very people who in Philadelphia in 1905, he accused of being "a criminal combination masquerading as Republicans." They shouted these local political matters into the face of the Chairman as he stood upon the platform preparing to deliver his keynote address.

It was a humiliating scene, but Mr. Root proceeded, avoiding special reference to his old friend Roosevelt, since the mere mention of the name would have provoked a demonstration. So far as the temporary organization of the Convention was concerned, Taft had won over Roosevelt—it was the case of "the President of the United States vs. an ex-President of the United States," or vice versa.

But the Rooseveltians were not satisfied and would not keep quiet. At the conclusion of Root's speech, they renewed hostilities—and personalities. The long fight over credentials now ensued and criminations and recriminations lasted days. The burden of the Roosevelt song was that delegates for Roosevelt were not recognized by the Credentials Committee which "fraudulently" kept them off the Convention rolls; the reply was that the contests set up by alleged Roosevelt delegates were "faked"—that they were part of a deliberate plan to force irregular, or curbstome convention marplots, upon the Convention. It was a pretty business for those who were charged to nomi-

nate a party candidate for the highest office in the land.

Eventually the tumult ceased—at least long enough for the Chairman to announce that the report of the Credentials Committee had been approved.

Assault upon assault had been made, and vote upon vote had been taken, but again Taft had won. The majority of the delegates supported the Credentials Committee report and the Roosevelt forces had been unable to overcome that majority.

Then the Taft men saw the teeth of their opponents. The Convention and the country were apprised of the political grit of the former President. Henry J. Allen of Kansas, by an arrangement with Root, secured the floor. He proceeded to refer to "the fraud" that had been committed, and charged it up in part to influences, including Penrose of Pennsylvania, whom he referred to as "a defeated politician sitting in an obscure room in this building." This as a preliminary to the big sensation—a letter from Roosevelt, who was within easy reach for purposes of consultation.

"The Convention," said Roosevelt in this letter, "has now declined to purge the roll of the fraudulent delegates placed thereon by the defunct National Committee and the majority which thus endorsed fraud was made a majority only because it included the fraudulent delegates themselves, who all sat as judges on one another's cases.

. . . This action makes the Convention in no proper sense any longer a Republican Convention representing the real Republican Party. . . . It represents nothing but successful fraud in overriding the will of the rank and file of the Party. Any man nominated by the Convention as now constituted would be merely the beneficiary of this successful fraud."

Hot shot that! Hot shot at Taft, and incidentally at La Follette who continued to seek Convention support! But Governor Allen proceeded with his sarcastic denunciation. "We do not bolt," he said. "We merely insist that you, not we, are making the record, and we refuse to be bound by it."

The Roosevelt delegates had made their last stand. They were now relying upon the charge of fraud. They did not have enough delegates in the Convention to support it, but that was the sum of their case—the fraud committed by the majority.

They remained in the hall but were less vociferous.

CHAPTER XXVII

PRESIDENTS' CONTENDING

It fell to Ex-Senator Fairbanks, the Vice-President under Roosevelt, to read the resolutions of the Taft Convention. The old feud between the Beveridge and Fairbanks followers was still on in Indiana, but Beveridge had been unable to deliver delegates for Roosevelt although he figured largely in the mass meeting that established Roosevelt as an independent candidate. The platform as Fairbanks read it was a strong document, comprehending all the National issues. It incorporated Roosevelt's administrative work, but gently, so that no ruction would arise over the mention of Roosevelt's name. This is the way it touched that inflammable subject:

"We challenge successful criticism of the sixteen years of Republican administration under Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. We heartily reaffirm the endorsement of President McKinley contained in the platforms of 1900 and 1904, and that of President Roosevelt contained in the platforms of 1904 and 1908.

"We invite the intelligent judgment of the American people upon the administration of William H. Taft. The country has prospered and been at peace under his Presidency. During the years in which he had the coöperation of a Republican Congress, an unexampled amount of

constructive legislation was framed and passed in the interest of the people and in obedience to their wish. That legislation is a record on which any administration might appeal with confidence to the favorable judgment of history."

As was to be expected there was opposition to the resolutions. The Wisconsin delegation sent up a minority report. It presented "a new charter of Republicanism." Some of the things it offered were subsequently included in the platform of the Progressive Party as organized to support Roosevelt and Johnson. The "new charter" opposed the Aldrich currency plan, dollar diplomacy, ship subsidy, the tariff as it existed, trusts that suppressed labor unions and increased the money power, and injunctions in labor disputes. It favored a Federal Trade Commission, trial by jury in contempt cases, a separate Department of Labor, an income tax, the initiative, referendum and recall of judges; direct primaries for the election of President, Vice-President and United States Senators, suffrage for women, and easier methods of amending the Federal Constitution. In fairness to Senator La Follette and the Wisconsin delegation of 1912, it must be admitted that radical as they then appeared to be, some of the proposals in their "new charter of Republicanism" were subsequently enacted into law.

But Wisconsin was not pleased with the treatment its minority report received and had announcement made before the majority report was

voted upon, "that in this crisis in the life of the Republican Party" Senator La Follette, who had not been able to study the majority report, was impelled to say that "whether nominated or not he cannot consent to accept or support a platform that is not thoroughly progressive, and which does not substantially cover the main provisions presented in the minority report."

The delegate who made the statement declared that their leader held "a position commanding the mountain top as the original progressive Republican of the United States." This may or may not have been a warning to the Roosevelt followers who were about to form a Progressive Party, but it was notice that La Follette had "staked the claim." When it came time to vote on the adoption of the majority or Fairbanks report, many of the Roosevelt delegates responding "Present but not voting," Governor McGovern for Wisconsin cast 26 votes "Nay," "under protest."

All this was in June, 1912. In the Coolidge Campaign in 1924, many of the old Roosevelt men who had come back to the Republican Party denounced the La Follette platform of that year and disputed La Follette's right to the title "Progressive."

The resolutions were approved by a yea vote of 666, the nays being 53, and those not voting, 343. So the Convention was now beyond Roosevelt control.

Nominations for President being next in order

Senator Harding of Ohio, afterward President, presented Taft's name. He was eloquent and earnest, but did not escape a heckling from the Rooseveltians. Describing Taft and his forbearance under great aggravations, he said:

"I believe him the finest example of lofty patience since the immortal Lincoln bore the scourge of vengeful tongues without a murmur from his noble heart."

"Sirs," he continued, "I have heard men arrogate to themselves the title of 'progressive Republicans,' seemingly forgetting that progression is the first essential to Republican fellowship. . . . Progression is not proclamation nor palaver. It is not pretense nor play on prejudice. It is not of personal pronouns, nor perennial pronouncements. It is not the perturbation of a people passion-wrought, nor a promise proposed. Progression is everlastingly lifting the standards that marked the end of the World's march yesterday, and planting them on new and advanced heights to-day. Tested by such a standard, President Taft is the greatest progressive of the age."

Then Harding talked of the crisis threatening American institutions, saying:

"The record of the present Republican administration is not only proof of the conscience and the wisdom of our party declaration, and an impassable barrier to self-repudiation, but the record is impregnable to Democratic assault. More—except for the attack of disloyalty in our own ranks, in-

spired by pap rather than patriotism, the record would rate in current criticism as it will in history, the marvel of progressive accomplishment in one administration."

This last jab was too much for the "Present but not voting" Roosevelt delegates, and they broke out in hoots and interruptions. But order was restored and Harding concluded his speech.

A Philadelphian, John Wanamaker, formerly Postmaster-General under President Harrison, and Nicholas Murray Butler of New York, made short addresses seconding Taft's nomination. Mr. Wanamaker told of thousands of business men who were not disposed to make investments while political conditions were so unsettled, and rapped the Convention disturbers and the ex-President whom they idolized, when he said:

"American patriotism must surely rise at this time to a higher level than the blind and heedless following of any individual or of any individual's policy, however brilliant such may be."

Contending that "radical changes in the administration mean further depression and losses to labor" and that "uncertainty and instability in the conduct of public affairs create distrust and demoralization of business," Mr. Wanamaker declared for the leadership of Taft and "a restoration of faith in the Constitution."

This was twelve years before the orators made the Constitution an issue in the Coolidge campaign of 1924.

La Follette's name was then presented, but that of Roosevelt was not. His managers had decided to sit out the Convention and then set up a Convention of their own.

The usual obstructive tactics marked the calling of the roll—some Roosevelt men voted, to preserve their party regularity, but most of them refused to vote. The final announcement was that Taft had received 561 votes; Roosevelt, 107; La Follette, 41; Cummins of Iowa, 17; Hughes of New York, 2. Those present, participating in the proceedings but refusing to vote, numbered 344. The absentees were 6.

James S. Sherman was renominated for Vice-President. He received 596 votes, more than were cast for Taft, but the number refusing to vote was greater—as reported, 352.

With the announcement of the renomination of Taft and Sherman, the most prolonged and disorderly Republican Convention in the history of the Party came to a close. It was followed by a mass meeting or convention at which assembled the "Present but not voting" delegates and others, who, acclaiming Roosevelt their leader and extolling him as a hero, set up the Progressive Party in opposition to the Republican Party, and named as their candidates for President and Vice-President, Roosevelt and Johnson.

The bitterest campaign within the recollection of men living ensued. Roosevelt, active, vigorous, irrepressible, led the field. Crowds swarmed to

him wherever he appeared. His thrusts were so vigorous that President Taft left the White House to meet the people and state the issues. It was a most unusual condition, a President and an ex-President, former friends, contending against each other. It was a long campaign and all the more distressing for that reason. It had actually begun before the June Convention. That Convention stirred the flame. The Progressive Party organization meeting applied the bellows.

On the first of August when the country was thoroughly aroused, Elihu Root, at the head of the Convention Committee, notified Taft of his nomination. The Roosevelt fraud charges had gained such momentum that it was expected Mr. Root would reply to them. He did.

"For the second time in the history of the Republican Party," he said, "a part of the delegates have refused to be bound by the action of the Convention. Now, as on the former occasion, the irreconcilable minority declares its intention to support either your Democratic opponent, or a third candidate."

After a discussion of the reasons for the dissatisfaction—the contest over credentials—Mr. Root continued:

"Both the making up of the temporary roll, and the rights accorded to persons upon that roll, whose seats were contested, were in accordance with the long established and unquestioned rules of law governing the party, and founded upon justice and

common sense. Your title to the nomination is as clear and unimpeachable as the title of any candidate of any party since political conventions began."

Root then complimented the President upon his adherence to the Constitution; the "limitations upon governmental and official power essential to the preservation of liberty and justice"; and the maintenance of "the independence, dignity and authority of the courts of the United States." Upon this latter point, aimed at Roosevelt's increasingly radical utterances concerning the courts, the President, to use a political vulgarity, "bit hard."

"The issue presented to the Convention, over which your Chairman presided with such a just and even hand," replied the President, "made a crisis in the party's life. A faction sought to force the party to violate a valuable and time-honored National tradition by entrusting the power of the Presidency for more than two terms to one man, and that man, one whose recently avowed political views would have committed the party to radical proposals involving dangerous changes in our present Constitutional form of representative government and our independent judiciary."

For once at least "the Taft smile" wore off. He was "talking back" at his old friend Theodore. The rest of the address was a serious discussion of National problems.

A masterpiece of wit and irony was the address



ROOT NOTIFIES PRESIDENT TAFT THAT HIS RENOMINATION
WAS FAIRLY WON

of Senator George Sutherland of Utah notifying Vice-President Sherman of his renomination, August 21st, 1912. The Progressive Party had now been organized; Roosevelt and Johnson were out to win the election and the split in the Republican Party was complete.

What Senator Sutherland, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, said was intended to sting. The pity of it was that it had to be applied to a former President of the United States, one accused of seeking a reelection in a manner quite unorthodox.

The Senator ridiculed "the advance agents" of "the delirious excursion" that "tarried a few days ago at Chicago." "They had remained long enough," he said, "to pool their individual grievances, visions and vagaries, in a bewildering farrago of impractical political nostrums, such as never before has been collected at one time outside of the violent wards of a madhouse. And thus the so-called Progressive Party was born, its sole excuse for existence being the unfounded claim that its nominee for the Presidency was defeated for a like nomination by stolen votes at the Republican Convention."

The Senator derided the claims of fraud and asking "why were these and the remainder of the sixty-four confessedly frivolous contests instituted?" quoted the answer from a newspaper friendly to Roosevelt.

"For psychological effect, as a move in practical

politics, it was necessary for the Roosevelt people to start contests in these early Taft selections, in order that a tabulation of delegate strength could be put out that would show Roosevelt holding a good hand."

"Larceny for 'psychological effect,'" said the Senator, "is something quite new in the history of penology. In other words, more than two-thirds of all the contests which were instituted were known to be fraudulent from the beginning."

The pot was calling the kettle black.

There was, however, a serious side to the Senator's speech, and the reply of Vice-President Sherman naturally avoided the fireworks.

But the fair name of Roosevelt was bandied about by lesser lights than Senator Sutherland. The ex-President was a hero to his worshippers, but to the politicians he was now just an office seeker.

To the "big interests" he was still a menace and although some of them pretended to support him, as between him and Taft they were resigned to the election of a Democrat.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HE WINS AND LOSES

ONE of Roosevelt's biographers dealing chronologically with the events of his life in "Messages and Papers of the Presidents," reaches 1912 with such announcements as—

"He turned against Taft."

"He was rejected by the Republican Convention."

"He seceded from the Republican Party and formed the Progressive Party."

"He was beaten by Wilson, but received more votes than Taft."

All true, save the inference that Roosevelt turned against Taft in 1912. He was against Taft in 1912, but he "turned" against him back in 1908—on or before that memorable day of "the flareback" in Washington. With that wonderful energy which possessed him in every undertaking, he had aroused the country to the notion that he would battle the Republican Convention to a standstill, but having gone in to take his chances for the nomination under the rules of the Party, it was not generally believed that, being defeated, he would bolt, or undertake the formation of a new Party. But he had done this; he had set up the cry of fraud, and immediately following the announcement of Taft's nomination, had sanctioned

the organization of the Bull Moose, or Progressive Party. He had accepted this independent nomination, hoping to poll enough votes on a third party ticket to beat Taft the Republican, and Wilson the Democrat. It was a daring, a presumptuous thing to do; and no other than a Roosevelt, an impetuous, self-reliant,—and as some have said, an egotistic Roosevelt,—would have attempted it. Done in the name of democracy and justice, on a platform of civic righteousness, and backed by Perkins and some of the big interests that had suffered the effects of Roosevelt's hammer blows from the White House, the Colonel contributed to a most spectacular campaign.

In Pennsylvania where Penrose was now at a great disadvantage, and where some of the big interests wanted to defeat Taft, the Roosevelt boom started auspiciously. Flinn and his faction had succeeded in taking Penrose out of the National Committee and that, of course, soured the Republican organization of the State. A young Pittsburgher, Henry G. Wasson, a follower of Flinn, had been put in Penrose's place. One crumb of comfort remaining was John Wanamaker, whom the National Convention had made a member of a National Advisory Committee, but Mr. Wanamaker for business reasons must keep out of campaign details.

As Mr. Wasson, who was for Roosevelt, was not to be trusted to manage a Taft campaign in Pennsylvania, the matter of a campaign manager for the

regular ticket in the Keystone State became a serious problem. It happened that I was Pennsylvania member and Secretary of the National Congressional Committee at the time. Our Chairman was William B. McKinley of Illinois, who afterward became Senator. Congressman McKinley had been the Taft campaign manager-general, and was now in close coöperation with Charles D. Hilles, the President's Secretary, who had been made Republican National Chairman.

In an effort to ascertain the Progressive or Roosevelt attitude toward the Republican nominees for Congress in Pennsylvania, I had had correspondence and controversies with Mr. Wasson, the State Chairman. They were not satisfactory, although assurance was announced at one time that the Congressional nominees would not be disturbed. But it was evident that the Progressives, who were extremely confident, intended to reserve all rights and would trade on minor offices wherever it would help their Presidential candidate. They were in high spirits, with Wasson holding the regular State Chairmanship, except for the disfavor in which Wasson and the Flinn following were held by manufacturers and others who were usually relied upon to furnish "the sinews of war." Philadelphia manufacturers and business men who usually aided in Presidential campaigns, were not disposed to contribute at all. It was an ominous situation and boded no good to the Republican Party.

Moreover a large number of citizens, not of the

“don’t care” or “what’s the use?” variety, were so disgusted with the general political conditions that they held aloof and cried, “a plague on both your houses.” As a friend and admirer of Roosevelt, disagreeing with his 1912 action at Chicago, I felt sad. His bolting tactics seemed to me to needlessly reduce the stature of one concededly great. I was now officially associated with the regular order by virtue of my membership in the Congressional Committee, and felt that Congress was of equal importance to the Presidency. It was at least our hope. Unless enough Republicans were elected to hold Congress, the outlook, with Roosevelt or Wilson, would be unpromising.

It was while we were preparing to aid the Pennsylvania Congressman that the National Chairman, Mr. Hilles, requested me to combine my work with that of State Chairman for Taft. What Penrose on the one hand—or Wasson, the State Chairman on the other—would think about this, I did not know. I wanted to know that it would be satisfactory to the President, and therefore I did not come to an agreement with Mr. Hilles until Mr. Taft assured me that he would be pleased to have me act. When I sought to learn why Penrose, or his Secretary, Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, who had made an efficient State Chairman, or some other practical man, had not been called to serve, I was told enough to satisfy me that “this was not considered a good year to have Penrose too conspicuous in the campaign.” I was also assured that

Penrose, while not active, would not oppose my taking entire control as Taft Committee Chairman independent of the Flinn-Progressive-Wasson-Roosevelt Committee. Later on Penrose evinced his interest, but at no time did he put in a personal appearance at the Taft Campaign Committee headquarters, or offer any interference to what was being done.

Conducting the campaign for Taft in Pennsylvania was no easy task. It was so dubious at the outset that, after calling upon as many prominent citizens as we could to launch the movement upon a high plane, I had to exercise the greatest care that each day found us in funds for the next day's work. Such canvassing as we did was discouraging. The contributors were apathetic. But we held many meetings, put speakers in the field and covered the State with our literature.

The Rooseveltians had more money for campaign use than we had, at every stage of the game. We were not without loyal supporters in every county of the State, and we were able to assist directly in many of the Congressional districts, but the Presidential tide was strongly against us. The total contributions to the Taft Committee did not greatly exceed \$30,000. To have been effective they should have reached a quarter of a million; but men prominent in many walks of life; men who had been friendly to both Taft and Roosevelt, gave nothing. Some of them refused even to vote; or voted for Wilson. The mailing campaign con-

ducted by Flinn, attacking Taft and upholding Roosevelt, was said to have cost six times as much as the total Taft collections. But this much can be said to the credit of the Taft Committee: it accepted no contributions from Federal office-holders, and it left no deficiency; it paid its bills as it went along from day to day.

Toward the close of the campaign, Vice-President Sherman, who would have gone down to defeat with the President, died at his home in Utica. He was thus spared the humiliation that fell upon the good-natured Taft. Had he lived, he would have been as cheerful a loser as the President was, for his sobriquet in the House of Representatives, where his colleagues esteemed him as companion and friend, was "Sunny Jim." He was always "a good fellow" despite his ability and firmness as a parliamentarian.

The election demonstrated the power of Roosevelt. It proved him strong enough to beat Taft; but not sufficiently strong to elect himself. While the vote he received was a tribute to his personal popularity, it showed that he was not able to secure the support of one-third of the entire number of voters. He had cut the Taft vote down and he had driven an enormous body of Republicans over to Wilson. He had elected Wilson by opposing Taft; that was the net result of all his energy; all his expenditure of time and money. It was the net result of his personal ambition; of his antipathy to Taft. He had beaten his old friend; and he had

elected a Democrat. If he had gained anything, the great Roosevelt had lost much in the friendship and admiration of untold thousands who had regarded him as invincible.

When the votes were counted, Taft, the President, was found to be low man. He had received 3,484,956 votes. Roosevelt's vote, taken largely from that which, under ordinary circumstances, would have gone to Taft, was 4,119,517. With 6,296,019 votes, many of them drawn from both Taft and Roosevelt, because of the Republican-Progressive quarrel, Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat, became the President of the United States, ultimately to be known as the War President.

The country now had two ex-Presidents, neither of them in agreement with their successful competitor. It's a trying, even an unhappy rôle—that of maintaining the dignity of a President of the United States, minus the authority, minus the salary. There is no retirement provision such as would preserve, in a foreign potentate, emoluments and a title. An ex-President of the United States must take care of his own future, at his own expense, subject to all his Presidential prestige, or he must seek oblivion—be a recluse. Some of them in times ago have been that. While the tireless Roosevelt was writing and speaking, and finally exploring that mysterious branch of the mighty Amazon, the “River of Doubt”; taking chances with life itself for the sake of something to do; the learned and affable Taft, who never was a rich

man, was delivering law talks at Yale, making public lectures, and writing editorials, or serving upon War Boards.

The situation as to these living ex-Presidents so impressed me that, hoping to do some good, I introduced in Congress a bill to solve the problem "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" The animating thought was to encourage justice and national self-respect, rather than sympathy. Why should our great national leaders be lost to the public service? Why, when they were equipped for the highest counsel, should we permit them to drift, in some cases, to compete for a livelihood to our national humiliation? My bill proposed to provide places for them in the Senate, to give them a status, a voice, and a salary; to place them where, for the rest of their lives, they might be useful to the country as counsellors, and where their self-respect might be agreeably preserved. This, it seemed to me, would be better than a pension by the Government, and infinitely better than an annuity by Carnegie, or any other private citizen-philanthropist. But the bill, while it was favorably commented upon, got no further than the Committee, and was still buried there when I left Congress.

After the battle of 1912, I met Mr. Taft more frequently than Colonel Roosevelt. But I met in Congress daily that patient member from Ohio, Nicholas Longworth, who for eight or more years was obliged to steer his bark between Scylla and Charybdis. A friend of Taft, he was the son-in-

law of Roosevelt. In the party of Taft, he had gone to the Philippines, taking occasion en route, to woo and win Miss Alice, the daughter of the President. It was hard sledding at times for the even-tempered son-in-law, for he knew the big Secretary of War as "Will," just as "Theodore" did. But, be it said of a very able Representative and a very clever gentleman, that Nick Longworth, though an admirer of his father-in-law and loyal to the core, suffering his own light to be hid because of the Roosevelt brilliance, was also a diplomat. He got along admirably under circumstances most provoking. There were times during the Wilson administration, when Roosevelt's irritation was difficult to conceal, that Nick could be seen reading, with the eagerness of a lover, a letter from the distinguished man at Oyster Bay. He loosened up enough occasionally to let us know that "Father" was still in fighting trim. That Roosevelt disapproved of Wilson's "watchful waiting," of his slowness to avenge the *Lusitania*, and of the "he kept us out of war" policy, became common talk on the floor of the House. Then we were approached to support the Roosevelt plan for organizing a separate command for service in France. But the regular Army wanted none of that. The Colonel's own grievances about disorganization in the Cuban campaign arose to plague him. He wanted to participate in the World War. His sons were in and he wanted to fight in France, but he wanted his independence. To this the War Department

would not agree. It wanted no more Rough Riders overriding the routine. The Colonel was disappointed but had to content himself that his sons had gone—one of them to die.

My last meeting with Colonel Roosevelt was at Senator Medill McCormick's house in Washington, while the World War was on. The Colonel had come over to tell some of us what he thought should be done. Isaac Bacharach of the First New Jersey district and I entered the house together. Scarcely had we handed our hats and coats to the attendants at the door, when we heard the Colonel's shrill voice at the head of the stairs. He had gripped a group of Senators and Representatives and was using his hands to emphasize. He had positive views about munitions and methods, and criticized the Departments freely. It was so indisputably the Colonel's night that night, that some of us fell into groups, and relayed as listeners. To break in upon him was perilous. George W. Fairchilds, a New York Representative, now deceased, tried it once or twice, but intimate with Roosevelt as he was, he got not much further than "Colonel, don't you think ——" The Colonel would snap in with "Yes" or "No" and proceed with his argument. He was vigorous, and ready for all comers, still combative in the extreme: anxious personally to figure in the fighting.

But the end approaches. Colonel Roosevelt died at Oyster Bay, January 6th, 1919. The country mourned; friend and foe alike paid homage to his

memory. Congress invited his lifelong friend and comrade, Henry Cabot Lodge, to deliver the memorial address. It was a masterful oration. When it was over and the tears of that vast assemblage were dried, Nicholas Longworth and I, who had some Congressional matters to settle, proceeded to Senator Lodge's office to congratulate him upon his splendid effort. We were with him in private where we could talk to him of the service he had rendered—rendered to his country and to his friend. It affected him—for Lodge and Roosevelt—scholars and gentlemen—had been as Damon and Pythias in their hopes and aspirations. Then with Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. McCormick, daughter of the late Senator Hanna, we proceeded to the Longworth home, to finish the business that called us together that afternoon. It was a day rich in memories of a great American; a day that softened the asperities of the political arena; a day that recalled that the great and the humble alike are human, and return to dust.

William Howard Taft was one of the mourners. He was a great American too. He had not been favored by fortune as Roosevelt was. Retired from the Presidency, he could not go to Africa, or Brazil; he went to work. He did not escape the public gaze; he travelled the country over, mixing with the people; talking to them, and smiling upon them. He displayed no ill will, despite an occasional jest or commentary in the presence of

friends. He met the iconoclasts, but he was no Jeremiah, carrying his woes to the people: far from it. "A good loser," the people regarded him, and finally when President Harding appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the one position he desired more than the Presidency itself, there was no dissent. Taft had recovered his popularity and the country was satisfied "with the eternal fitness of things."

In the four busy years I served as Mayor of Philadelphia (1920-23 inclusive) two events gave me the greatest personal satisfaction. One was a reception to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, at the ceremonies incident to the formal opening of the great highway, "The Roosevelt Boulevard," leading from Philadelphia to New York. The admiring Philadelphians acclaimed the modest lady who had been mistress of the White House, and her pathway was strewn with flowers. They honored her that day, in memory of the man whom she had encouraged and sustained throughout the career he had made so notable.

The other event was the coming of the Supreme Court of the United States, headed by Chief Justice Taft, to rededicate the restored original Supreme Court building, in the Independence Hall group. Memories of Jay, and Rutledge, and Ellsworth, the original three, were revived, but the big figure of the celebration was Taft. With Pitney, and Clark, and Chief Justice von Moschzisker of the State Supreme Court, seated in the chairs

of the first Supreme Court of the United States, Chief Justice Taft listened to the story of the earliest high court, as eloquently told by the Honorable Hampton L. Carson, former President of the American Bar Association.

When it was over we rode through Fairmount Park, the Chief Justice who had been President of the United States, and the cultured lady who made the White House famous for its hospitality during his administration. It was evident the rough edges had been smoothed with time and that this distinguished pair had not forgotten to be happy.

His usual good humor characterized every act and utterance of Mr. Taft that day. He chuckled at the people, and started a laugh, even as his predecessor would have grinned, and caught the crowd. He chuckled even when seriously informed that Gifford Pinchot, by a strange concatenation of political circumstances, was likely to become the Governor of Pennsylvania. He thought it strange that this should happen in Pennsylvania and—chuckled again.

And this was the same William Howard Taft who, when he learned of the illness of George O'Connor, whose songs had stirred him to laughter, walked over from the White House to the hospital to cheer him back to health, and who, as Chief Justice, when Gus J. Karger, Washington correspondent, died, marched to the funeral, a pall-bearer.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE AGITATOR OF THE FUTURE

LIKE a brilliant meteor in the political firmament, Theodore Roosevelt passed on. In his battles with the Old Guard he had won, sometimes by persuasion, sometimes by the use of "the big stick"; but in the last assault he failed. The glory in his victories was such as comes to one who fights a "foeman worthy of his steel," for the Old Guard of the political arena in Roosevelt's day were generals of no mean attainments.

When Roosevelt led against them they were handicapped by conditions which had grown up around them and for which it would be difficult to hold them personally responsible; but they were men of character and ability and loyal to their party. In such a government as ours the maintenance of party lines is politically important, but there is ever present the possibility that party names, like the "livery of Heaven," may be borrowed "to serve the Devil in." Herein was the weakness of the Old Guard. So forceful a contender as Roosevelt, fighting with or against men whom long service to party had set in high place, could scarcely fail to divide the people into hostile camps. He had his worshippers in one, and his critics in the other.

Adoration and criticism are human pastimes, as

ancient as they are modern. The near-great indulge them unto this day, and will, so long as mind presumes its superiority over matter. Of Roosevelt, there are those living who say he was right as there are those who say he was wrong. In Cæsar's day they said that of him. They said it of Washington; nor did Abraham Lincoln emerge unscathed.

A dead and gone iconoclast inscribed over the portals of his den:

“They say —
What do they say?
Let them say!”

He did not care what “they” said, for he knew that “they” is an intangible, irresponsible quantity. But all men are not callous. The more seasoned of them in public life recognize the right of criticism and become inured to it. They suffer abuse even, to avoid the expense and delay of controversy or suits at law. Roosevelt, while he attacked and thus invited counter attack, was extremely conscious of criticism. He was a party to at least two libel suits on this account. He was proud of his good name and insisted upon handing it down to posterity untainted. The money-getting habit, which sometimes induces others to ignore criticism or to hush it up, found in him an outspoken antagonist. He would not permit it to be said of him that personal gain had influenced any of his official acts. When it was said of him

that he drank intoxicating liquor, he resented it, and resorted to the courts for vindication. He was even meticulous as to this. Hence, apart from his many other characteristics, he took on the rôle of exemplar—agitator for the right. Such a figure naturally provoked the jibes and derision which the more practical men in politics are prone to bestow upon the professional uplifter.

But Roosevelt was not a professional reformer. He was eminently practical as we have seen, and he was a rare fighter, who could stir men to thought and action more than any man in his generation. Considering the lack of interest in public affairs when he broke into the picture, he was like a gust of fresh air sweeping across the country dispelling a none too wholesome political atmosphere. He made the people sit up in the midst of a deadly commercialism and take an account of stock. He forced a moral as well as a patriotic reckoning. Many thought he overplayed his part, but he put new life into the Republic.

“The illusion that times that were are better than those that are,” said Horace Greeley, “has probably pervaded all ages.” But Horace did not live to see what Roosevelt saw, nor did he have a chance to editorialize upon the Income Tax or the Eighteenth Amendment. He labored, sometimes adversely to Lincoln, during the Civil War, but he did not live to contemplate the aftermath of the Great World War and its effect upon morals and religion.

Roosevelt was more up-to-date. He struck out for social justice and he expected to accomplish it. And his methods were interesting. He liked publicity, but he also used it. It was life to his great undertakings. Without it he could not have been the formidable crusader he was. Nor could he have attained so strong a hold upon the public imagination.

David Lloyd George visited Philadelphia while I was Mayor and was escorted by me to Independence Hall. On the way we talked of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt. The great Welshman held all three in high esteem, but learning I had been in Congress when Roosevelt was President, said:

"He liked publicity, didn't he?"

"Yes," I replied, "he enjoyed it."

"This sort of thing?" he said, waving his hand toward the applauding multitude.

"Yes," I answered, "he was clever at it."

"I thought so," said Mr. George dryly.

But I remembered that Lloyd George was also clever in securing publicity. It is a part of the successful statesman's routine. Without publicity great lives droop and great deeds are innocuous.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But no scented rose need go to waste if the press agent chances to first inhale its perfume.

The campaign methods of Taft and Roosevelt, once close friends, have been contrasted. They illustrate the variations in dignity and popularity of rivals for the Presidency. Taft was big and cheery, but of judicial temperament. Stunts did not appeal to him. No one expected him to go after catamounts or lions, which would draw the headlines; nor did any one ever shoot him, as a crank in Milwaukee shot Roosevelt, thus enabling the latter to display his marvellous nerve, appearing before a wildly enthusiastic audience with the bullet in his body.

On one occasion these two contenders for the Presidency were billed to speak in an Eastern city. Roosevelt arrived with a flourish, and a great parade was had in his honor. The "hurrah boys" were out and so anxious were the people to see "Teddy" that one man of the crowd was crushed under the wheels of the automobile immediately ahead of the Roosevelt car.

Call it coincidence, or what you will, that was the big publicity stunt of the day. The Colonel leaped from his car, picked up the victim, and helped convey him promptly to the hospital. When his speech was over, his first demand was to be taken to the bedside of the injured man. It was the natural, humane thing to do, but it was good publicity. The parade was nothing; it was that "human interest story" that made the people talk.

When Taft appeared for his meeting there were no coincidences. He was still the big American, responding to Presidential dignity and poise, but the crowd was missing. The enthusiasm was not there. The Rough Rider had been received as of the Fourth of July; the President-Judge as of chill November.

Or take an incident of a day in Missouri, one of many told by Roosevelt's campaigning associates. The meeting was at a town well out from St. Louis, but strong for the Colonel. Just as the hurrahing was over a thunder-storm broke. It rained cats and dogs—a simile allowable in the "Show-Me" State. Roosevelt mounted a table—Rough Rider fashion—but the crowd demurred. "Spare yourself!" was the spirit of their song. But the situation just suited the Colonel. "No!" he called back, "if you are willing to stay in the storm and hear me, I am ready to get wet." And he did.

It was his way of reaching the people. The man who was drenched at that meeting would remember "Teddy" for a long time.

Roosevelt's success as a campaigner was due as much to the facts he massed to hurl into the argument, as to his "hammer and tongs" method of delivery. He usually knew what he was talking about.

Plutarch said of Demosthenes that when the eloquent Grecian was asked to define the first part of oratory he answered:

“Action;” and which was the second, he replied, “Action;” and which was the third, he still answered, “Action.”

Roosevelt cultivated that kind of eloquence. He acted as he talked. Had he gone in for camp-meeting oratory as Billy Sunday did, he would have made a great evangelist. With all his peculiarities, natural or affected, there was a moral soundness in him that compelled respect even from his enemies. He had seen enough of the loosening up of home ties; of graft and extravagance; of joy riding and jazz; of disregard for law and religion; of Old World intrusions upon the New; of cringing before wealth; of subservient thinking, and of that “aristocracy” which Wendell Phillips said “is always cruel,” to insist that things should be right even if he must fight and agitate to prove they were wrong.

In the New York Legislature and as Police Commissioner of the great metropolis, Roosevelt had come in contact with powerful interests which set at naught consistent efforts to enforce the law. He knew that once a money-getter ties up with a group that is strong enough to dominate the Legislature, patriotism yields to selfish interest. He also knew that publicity—his blessed publicity—was not always on the side of righteousness; that it is sometimes controlled by the designing and the evil-minded. These things, in his estimation, tended to lower the morals of the people,—to him

they spelled contempt for law; debasement of the citizen.

If, under these circumstances, it was sensational to restate moral principles, or to rediscover the Ten Commandments, he indulged the habit with deliberation and malice aforethought. "If this be treason," cried Patrick Henry defying George the Third, "make the most of it."

Roosevelt battled on in his own way, notwithstanding the political forces began to close in upon him after 1912. He continued Progressive until 1916, but there were then signs of his readiness to resume public life as a Republican—to continue to fight for his policies within the Republican Party. For ethical reasons, he had not sought the Presidency for a third term in 1908, but he did, as a Progressive, make a desperate and losing effort to attain it in 1912. In 1916 he was pressed by his Progressive friends to fight for it against Wilson, but that year he supported Hughes who was defeated. His health had now begun to fail, but even so he had not put the thought of the Presidency behind him. He believed he would yet go back to the White House.

At a Five O'Clock Club dinner in Philadelphia in the spring of 1925, James M. Beck, retiring Solicitor-General of the United States, related a conversation at Oyster Bay in which Roosevelt stated his belief that he would be President in 1920. Pressure had been brought upon Mr. Beck to run for Governor of New York, and he had gone over

to Sagamore Hill to confer with the ex-President about it. Colonel Roosevelt did not favor the plan for two reasons. The first was that Beck would be forced into a losing fight. The second, we may put in the former President's own words:

"I don't want you to run for Governor," he said, "because in all probability I will be the next President. If I am I want you to be Secretary of State. There must be new blood in the Cabinet."

But then came the blood clot, which shut out the Presidency forever. It took away all power of appointment; it fixed definitely the limitations of this extraordinary man who had influenced millions of his countrymen. With it also departed the tremendous driving power and endurance of a well-nigh irresistible leader.

The gap he made in the world's affairs is closing up. The world is moving on as it was inevitable it should, and new men have come forward to face its problems.

After Woodrow Wilson, the War President, with whom Roosevelt could not agree, Warren G. Harding became President of the United States in 1920; but he died in harness. There was no energizing, crowd-drawing Roosevelt in the Harding campaign. It was not necessary. The quiet, dignified Ohioan, who nominated Taft and defied the Roosevelt shouters in the Convention of 1912, was elected in regular order by an overwhelming vote, and along with him, Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts, the hero of a police-strike

in Boston, was elected Vice-President. Two things not wholly agreeable to Roosevelt Progressives thus ensued: the acceptance of an Old Guard type for President, and the unexpected but very wholehearted Western approval of a downright New Englander for Vice-President. I was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1920 and observed the ease with which Coolidge was put upon the ticket. It was one of the surprises of the Convention, for many of the former Progressives returned to the Republican ranks, had set their hearts upon Allen of Kansas or Lenroot of Wisconsin. Any New England man, especially one from the State of the Cabots and the Lodges, would ordinarily have had hard sledding in the West but Coolidge, because of the wide publicity given his State activities, had evidently captured that region. The incident of his nomination confirmed a fatherly remark of Senator Lodge at a Republican rally at Worcester, Massachusetts, when Mr. Coolidge's fame had not exceeded the State's boundaries. The Lieutenant-Governor (for that was Mr. Coolidge's title), cool, calm and expressionless, was on the program to speak. His time was limited, and what he said was characteristically profound, but there was nothing in it to provoke enthusiasm. The political workers accepted it respectfully, but as a part of the day's work.

Turning to Senator Lodge, I asked:

"Is Mr. Coolidge likely to succeed to the Governorship?"

"Oh, yes," he twanged, his eyes twinkling. "The boys look upon Cal as a man of destiny."

At that moment perhaps the Senator did not dream to what heights the silent "man of destiny" would attain.

Calvin Coolidge, advanced to the Presidency through the death of Harding, came into the White House of his own right by election in 1924, as Roosevelt did in 1904; but instead of opposing Coolidge, who was the regular nominee of the Republican Convention, the surviving Rooseveltians or most of them, voted for him, as against La Follette the candidate of the Progressive Party.

Thus the Republican Party came back and that "regularity" which Roosevelt had assailed was restored under a new leadership.

It may be too early to justly appraise the Roosevelt achievements. The record has been made and is of the past, but living men continue to speak of the author of "The Strenuous Life" in such personal and intimate terms that time must elapse before the proper adjustments can be made. Applied to human life the span from Roosevelt in his prime, to Calvin Coolidge, present occupant of the White House, runs from the birth of a child until it reaches the voting age. Much of upheaval has transpired. The map of the World has been changed by the greatest War of history. Dynasties abroad have been dethroned and new forms of government erected.

In our own country new issues have arisen—

financial, moral and political—and new responsibilities have been assumed by government. As these new conditions have ensued, laws have been enacted to regulate them, and as our population has increased, new and enormous expenditures have had to be made. Science has contrived new instrumentalities of service which have influenced the people in their living and thinking. A mad rush has set in for the things we want that come easy, things which the founders knew not; and presumably good citizens negligently withhold their support from the government under which they thrive. The apathy of the citizen with respect to Government is appalling. The President pro-tem of the Senate tells us that “Americans to-day find themselves governed by so many contradictory and ridiculous laws that all laws have been brought into disrepute.” Each session of Congress finds 20,000 or more bills making their way into the hopper, and double that number are introduced into the State Legislatures. A great churchman, Cardinal Hayes, tells us “the country has been overdoing luxury of living, pleasures, legislation and money.” He sounds a warning against too much of that education in youthful students which disregards the fundamentals. Chauncey M. Depew on his ninety-first birthday assumes that the world is getting better, but Uncle Joe Cannon, typical American, looking back from his eighty-ninth birthday is not quite so sure. He recalls the pioneer days of Lincoln in Illinois when orators held forth for God and

Country, and admits the world to-day, compared with those trying but patriotic times, is "a little swift." William Jennings Bryan died contending against the encroachments of science upon religion.

But even higher authority, the President of the United States, deals with the modern trend in government in a manner challenging patriotic thought. The local units of government—the State and municipal units in particular—are the product of the citizens who vote. In a Memorial Day address, President Coolidge spoke of the problems which confront the government-at-large in its relation to the lesser governments.

"If we are too weak to take charge of our own morality," said the President, referring to law enforcement, "we shall not be strong enough to take charge of our own liberty. . . . If we cannot govern ourselves, nothing remains but to have some one else govern us."

These are strong words from the White House. They are deep and full of meaning. They are a challenge to the patriotism of Young America, for they convey the impression that we who enjoy the citizenship of the United States still have a duty to perform to God and Country. They are a challenge to our citizenship against the blight of indifference which must, if further indulged, lead on to the gravest consequences.

Proudly we talk of our American institutions; of Washington and the Revolution; of Lincoln and the Union of States; of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence; of the Constitution. These we pledge ourselves to uphold, and we send our young men to war to defend them. In times of prosperity we paint for ourselves a glowing picture of American idealism. We point to our gigantic enterprises and boast of our National wealth. We fancy ourselves secure in our business and our homes.

And then we go to the polls!—"The palladium of our liberties," we say, "the bulwark of our institutions!" But whom do we find in command? The organized youth of America? Not in appreciable force. We have political parties, yes—we have civic societies—we have churches, we have contenders for the preservation of clean government, but many of them—an alarming number of them—are amongst the absentees when the voting is to be done. What is it that keeps half our population away from the polls? Are they too proud to vote? Is it apathy bred of prosperity and peace? Is it over-confidence in the political machines? Or is it downright indifference to what may eventuate? Whatever it is, the negligence of the voter is inconsistent with American ideals. It invites the sapper and the miner, and the "borer from within," to undermine the foundations of government. It calls for an awakening of citizenship, for remedial action, lest we be shamed as a people.

Fortunately at the last National election (1924) a President was elected who is safe and sane, but there was marked apathy at the polls. Only half of all the people entitled to vote, voted. And this

in free America where we proclaim the ballot our surest weapon against injustice!

Mark the difference in the Presidential election in Germany! Eighty per cent. of the people entitled to vote—eighty out of every hundred German men and women—rushed to the polls and voted. Can it be said—is it creditable to us to say—that patriotism is increasing in the land of Hindenburg and on the wane in the land of Coolidge?

Explain as we may—their distress, their misfortunes; our success, our prosperity—the cold facts stare us in the face! The people of Germany, hopeful of their Republic, voted. Half the citizens of the United States failed to vote; they treated the suffrage as of no value. It was as if they were willing “to have some one else govern us,” a suggestion of weakness abhorrent to the American spirit.

But we have the lesson! If presumably good citizens—half of all our citizens—because they are busy, because their private affairs engross their attention, ignore the right of suffrage, they may luckily secure good government—they gamble upon that—but they cannot escape responsibility for government, if it is bad. A prosperous people is not forever immune from adversity; when adversity comes it is increasingly difficult for good citizens to right the wrongs that have crept into Government.

We have the warning of the President as to law

enforcement. There has been a shirking of responsibility for government. The apathy of the citizen is thus creeping into the body politic. In the end the citizen must pay in taxes or humiliation. "If we are too weak to take charge of our own morality," says the President, "we shall not be strong enough to take charge of our own liberty."

Here is the call to the voter, a clarion call. It is more: it is a challenge to the old and to the young—to agitate, to educate and to organize; to protect and defend "our own morality," and the freedom of our institutions.

The Young America of Theodore Roosevelt would have welcomed such a call. Roosevelt's strident voice is stilled and his Young America can no longer bear the burden of the fight.

But Young America belongs to no man, nor to any time. It is omnipresent. It springs ambitions from every home, from every school. It awaits the chance to render service. Vigilant, clean-thinking, patriotic, it needs only to be stirred, to battle for the right.

In trade, in science, in the professions, opportunity beckons to Young America; but which of these may long endure if the foundations of government be not well laid; if "we be too weak to take charge of our own morality"; if we be unable "to govern ourselves"?

The dignity of the citizen is not lowered by patriotic service. One can be a politician and yet

serve his country. The polling place was not beneath a Lincoln, a Roosevelt or a Coolidge. Each of these knew his place in the precinct. Each of these became President of the United States.

